EIGHT PAGE EXTRA

HITLER'S WARTIME SPIES IN BRITAIN

Startling revelations from the secret diary of Germany's sabotage chief

Week ending October 26 1957 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

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CHANCERY 3344 OCTOBER 26, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2678

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Gunter Peis—a Nazi gave him the key to a fortune

On the last day of the war a file of high-ranking Nazi officers threaded despondently into an Allied prison cage. At the gate two American guards ran their fingers deftly over the captives' clothing, searching for fire-arms . . . or secret papers.

A tall, handsome Austrian, pressed into service as an interpreter, passed the line. Suddenly a parcel was thrust into his hands and a voice whispered urgently: "Hide this. One day I will claim it."

Gunter Peis guarded that parcel until his demobilization, but he never saw the Nazi officer again. The parcel held a typescript labelled ABWEHR II. For Peis—had he known it—this was the key to a fortune. Later he met Erwin von Lahousen, Hitler's sabotage chief, who identified the document as his diary.

Peis needed Lahousen's help for the book he planned. He got it when he settled in the Tyrol as Lahousen's neighbour after marrying Dagmar Rom, the Austrian ski-ing champion.

To write *Hitler's Spies In Britain* (which begins this week as a JOHN BULL extra), Peis called in Charles Wighton, a former newspaper correspondent in Berlin. For two years Wighton toured Britain and Germany interviewing Hitler's wartime agents and enlarging the skeleton story which Lahousen's diary supplied.

Wighton, in his forties, lives in Germany with his wife and family. He is now writing a book about a British agent in occupied France.

Peis, thirty, has found in the Lahousen diary material for four more books. When they are published he intends to study opera singing in Milan. "Maybe I have something to sing about," he says.

SIR JOHN GLUBB, who as Glubb Pasha made the Arab Legion the finest fighting force in the Arab world, had two ambitions when a boy: to be a soldier and to be a writer.

Circumstances made him a soldier—he left school at the time of the first World War. He served in France, returned to Britain as a regular officer and remained a soldier with the British and then the Iraqi and Jordanian armies. Soldiering left no time for writing.

But a year ago Glubb was ordered to leave Jordan—and in that personal tragedy he found his own solace. For now he can—and does—devote his time to writing. Our serialization of his book, *A Soldier With The Arabs,* begins on page 11.

Glubb, a small man with gentle voice and silver hair, writes at a desk in the large panelled drawing-room of his Sussex home. He lives quietly with his wife and their four children: Godfrey, eighteen, Naomi, thirteen, Mary, nine, and John, also nine. The three younger ones were adopted when months-old Arab babies.

There are few reminders of the old days in the house. "King Abdulla gave me an Arab Legion sword, but he had it studded with jewels. That's kept in the bank."

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Free Speech

- **Do our schools dictate too much?**
- **Honesty which doesn't pay**
- **Midget crops for the farmers**

ONCE the biggest enemy in my life was the income tax man. Now the tyrant with the whip hand is the headmaster of my children's school.

Every autumn he is responsible for my biggest single item of expenditure—on the school uniforms and clothes which he insists upon. Nobody ever questions whether it is all necessary. So I just have to pay up.

In August and at Christmas he has me scrambling desperately for heavily booked hotel accommodation after he has prescribed the number of weeks' holiday the school shall have. And at the end of every term he and his staff write a report on the children couched in terms sufficient to make any adult sue.

How is it that the implacable voice of our schools has gone so completely unchallenged for so long?—R. O., Surrey.

Pocket Lifesaver

Time, trouble and lives were saved during the war because every soldier carried a neat, easy-to-handle little packet called a "First Aid Field Dressing." Every motorist should be compelled to carry one today.—F. A. MANSER, Foxhall Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Head For Trouble

I read with interest the article about hat manufacture ("Man With A Head For Your Hat," JOHN BULL, September 14). But I noticed that no mention was made of the sizes of women's hats, which have always been troublesome to me. I have a small head, and my hair is fine and straight—which doesn't help a hat to fit me any better.

So I find myself scouring the big towns near my home knowing exactly what I want but rarely able to find a hat to fit me.—MRS. J. WALSHAW, Leeds, Yorkshire.

"There are so few people with heads outside the sizes six-and-three-quarters and seven that it wouldn't pay us to mass produce hats for them," says a millinery manufacturer, "although we have begun to make hats for teenagers in size six-and-a-half. Smaller firms can more easily make individual models than can the mass manufacturers who make most of the hats sold in Britain."

Rebounding Honesty

I was brought up to believe that honesty always pays and that I should always tell the truth. But when I wanted to change my job for a better-paid post nearer home I debated with myself whether to tell my employer that I wanted time off work to go for the necessary interview—or to make up an excuse for being away.

I told him the truth, believing that I was being fair and square with him—but before I knew whether I had been successful in the interview I was given notice to leave. Am I right, then, when I say that I intend to teach my children to tell the truth *only* when they think that they can get away with nothing else?—MRS. E. M. D., Hampshire.

Bare-knee Firemen

Reading that the Fire Brigades Union had turned down a suggestion for fire cadets ("Free Speech," September 28) reminded me that as a Rover Scout in company with several other Scouts, I attended Saturday evening classes at our local fire station. The fire chief drilled us each week until we were fully proficient, and we all passed a fireman's examination.—C. P. ROBERTS, North Reddish, Stockport.

BOB A JOB WEEK

"In the past eight years we have trained 744 Scouts and Rovers in elementary fire-fighting," says a Stockport fire officer. "But this training would not give exemption from any part of the auxiliary fireman's training course of 150 odd hours' duration. Any boy over eighteen can join the auxiliary fire service and undergo full training anywhere."

Recruits For Danger

Mrs. N. M. Gibbs of Devon criticizes cliff-climbers ("Free Speech," September 28). It always puzzles me why people who delight in taking risks don't take up work in which they could risk their necks and lives to some purpose.

I'm sure that the National Coal Board would welcome these recruits and do its best to ensure that the risks they took were calculated, and not foolhardy to the extent of endangering the lives of others.—C. J. WHITE, Rawlinson Terrace, Tredegar, Monmouthshire.

Hiding The Wire

As practically every home in the country now has radio, television or both, I wonder why builders don't incorporate a built-in tube for the aerial connection. This could be about half an inch in diameter and run from the top of the chimney to both living-rooms, and so avoid the present eyesore caused by wires both inside and outside the house.—MRS. MARGARET TRAILL, Union Street, Camborne, Cornwall.

"Many blocks of flats now being built go one better than this," says an architect. "They have plug-in points connected through built-in ducts to a communal aerial, which avoids a clutter of miscellaneous private aerials."

Short Measure Farming

I rarely get into the country, but when I did recently there seemed to be many changes in the appearance of crops. I passed barley little over a foot high and oats a meagre three feet tall. I remember heavy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Something new for every 'John Bull' reader...

HERE'S an exclusive pre-view of LAGOON—the brand new colour in the famous Phoenix range. Be the first to see this heavenly new sea-green at your local china or hardware store. And do look at the other glorious Phoenix colours at the same time—the brilliant red, yellow and blue you've seen in these advertisements. For design, too, you can't touch Phoenix—very elegant, very contemporary. *Yet it costs no more than ordinary makes of ovenglass!*

Guaranteed for 12 months against oven breakage

OVEN GLASS?
Yes . . . but only Phoenix looks as gay as this!
BRILLIANT COLOUR—THAT'S **PHOENIX**

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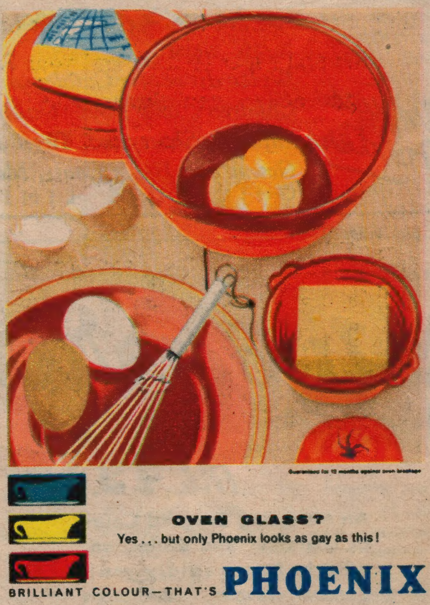

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OVEN GLASS?
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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

waving crops of splendid health growing to great heights. Are scientific methods taking too heavy a toll of our once vigorous acres?—MRS. E. MARTIN, Sunnybank Place, Edinburgh, 7.

"Experiments with new varieties are going on all the time," says the Ministry of Agriculture. "Shorter crops are less likely to be flattened in bad weather, make easier work for the combine harvesters and concentrate more goodness into the ears."

Slipping On The Gloss

When a housewife slips on a highly polished floor she will probably have to go to hospital. So it always seems paradoxical to me that hospital floors are often so highly polished that they are like skating rinks.

One person I know broke her wrist while visiting her husband in hospital, and my aged mother recently had to be escorted across the ward when visiting my sister because the floor was like glass.

Danger is danger whether in the home or the hospital, so why create danger in a public place?—MRS. M. G. HOWE, The Crescent, Langley Park, Co. Durham.

"Washable, nonslip floor surfaces are ideal," says a matron. "But few hospitals can afford them. Linoleum must be kept polished, otherwise the frequent washing necessary for hygiene would make it rot—and the possible spread of infection in a hospital is a far more serious risk than the possibility of a fall."

Money Spinning

Is the spun penny such an impartial settler of minor differences after all? A mathematician at my local club spun one three hundred times and in nearly seventy per cent of the spins the advantage remained in calling the opposite to the position at starting.

The height of the spin seemed to make no difference to the result, neither did it matter whether one started with heads or tails.—J. A. H. Harrow, Middlesex.

"Until somebody is prepared to spin a coin three hundred times a day for at least a year," says a mathematician, "I would hesitate to draw a conclusion. But I suspect that the results would even out in the end. Nevertheless, recent experiments by Dr. J. B. Rhine in America suggest that certain people can influence the fall of thrown dice by the power of mind alone."

Cooling Sounds

Psychology is a wonderful thing. It can even keep us cool. A friend living in Hongkong saw in the hot season a string of glass bells hung over an open window.

She was told that the bells were set ringing by the merest whisper of a breeze, so that the people in the house were sure that it was becoming cooler even though they couldn't feel a thing. And, she says, the trick works. —MRS. S. P. N., Fleet, Hampshire.

Firemen's Lift

One of the characters in the story "End Of The Holiday" (JOHN BULL, September 7) gave the impression that if a lift were available at the top of his hotel, he would use it as a means of escape should fire break out. This would be dangerous because many people have been burned to death while trapped in lifts between floors. — MISS ISABEL SUMMERS WILSON, Bruntsfield Crescent, Edinburgh.

"True," says the Fire Protection Association. "Four workmen who went up in a lift to fight a fire on a higher floor died in this way recently. But many of London's newer buildings are fitted with fireproof lift shafts and lifts which can be operated manually, if necessary, from inside."

Iceberg Graveyard

While in North East Greenland, I visited many of the places mentioned by David Howarth ("The Sledge Patrol," JOHN BULL, October 5). Not far from Ella Island is Kjerulf fiord, which is unique as a graveyard for icebergs. These are jammed into the narrow waterway by a freak of wind and current—each of these gigantic ice sculptures forming its own tombstone. — GEORGE SMITH, Wolsey Avenue, Walthamstow, London, E.17.

Allowance For Holidays

E. R. of Aldershot criticizes the young parents of today who go without holidays because they have children ("Free Speech," September 28). But we have two children and find that by saving the family allowances we have £20 16s. as a good start towards our family holiday every year.—MRS. J. H., Motherwell.

Textbook Utopia

There is still one world in which inflation is unknown; which carries on happily with prewar prices and which cares nothing for the constant increases with which we are cursed. It is the world covered by my son's arithmetic book.

"A tenant pays 16s. 2d. rent and rates," begins one sum. Another, mentioning "twenty-four pounds of sugar at 2¾d. a pound," goes on to demand calculations based on "three dozen eggs at 1¾d. each" and "six dozen loaves of bread at 5½d. each."

Just how unrealistic can we get? Why can't these textbooks be brought up to date so that, besides learning arithmetic, pupils also get some idea of the cost of commodities today?—A. C., Southampton.

Fan In The Audience

As a non-smoker my visits to cinemas and theatres were often spoiled by the foul atmosphere. In self defence I bought myself a small ivory fan, and now if I sit next to a smoker who insists on puffing in my direction I can fan the smoke right back.

It's laughable to see their expressions as they receive the full blast of their own exhalations.—MISS E. BATES, Newcastle.

Sugarless Pill

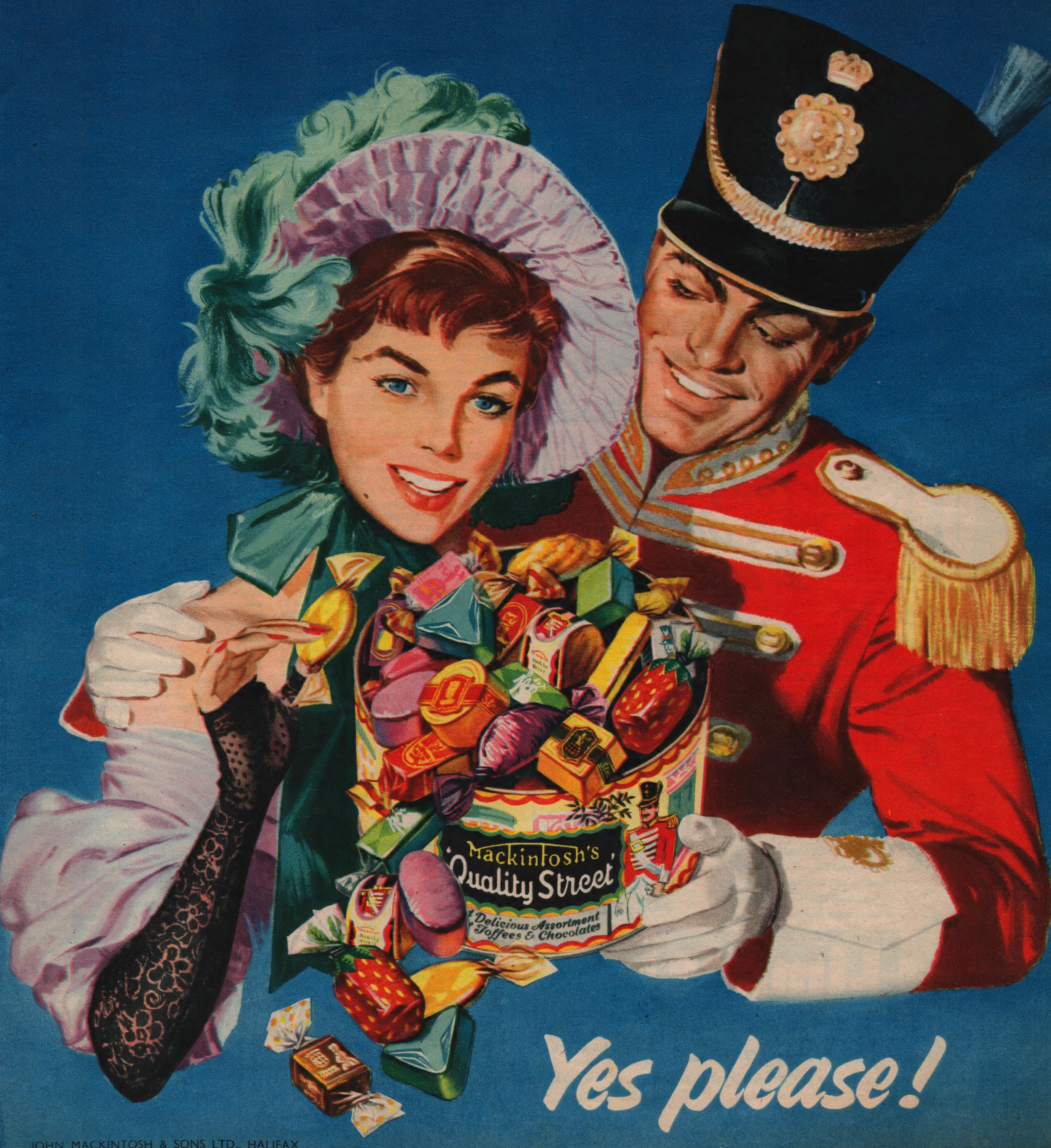
Why do diabetics have to pay so much for goods? In order to have a change of diet this week, I bought a seven-ounce pot of sugarless jam. It cost 2s. 11d. And I have to pay 2s. a quarter for sugarless sweets.

Chemists' charges for prescriptions are also high. Most of us need at least four items at a time, and although our insulin bottles count as one item, the other articles cost a shilling each.—P. J., Birmingham, 12.

"Sugar substitute for diabetics costs seven shillings a pound, and the margin of profit for jam and sweet

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Mackintosh's
'Quality Street'


Mackintosh's
'Quality Street'
Delicious Assortment
Toffees & Chocolates
Yes please!

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Smashing!
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sticks itself - and stays put!

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

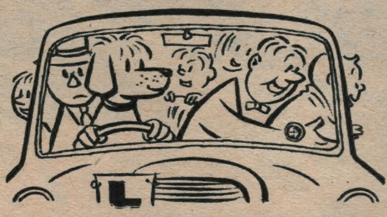
manufacturers is small," says the British Diabetic Association. "These products are not essential to a diabetic's diet although they make a welcome change. It is true that diabetics pay a shilling for each item at the chemist's, but if they need large quantities a doctor can, at his discretion, prescribe three or four months' supply at a time."

High Compression Ratio

I have recently driven behind five L-plate cars in which the drivers were obviously learners and where:

The experienced driver had a small baby on his knee. . . .

There was a child sitting between the learner and the full licence holder. . . .



There was a dog on the learner's knee while he was driving. . . .

A boy stood behind and was talking to the two front occupants. . . .

There were three people in front sitting in two bucket-type seats—and five people in the back.—MRS. E. ALISON BARR, Liversedge, Yorkshire.

Cruel Angling

I was interested in the comments by Mel West of Birmingham on people's complete indifference to cruelty to fish when animals and birds get so much sympathy and justifiable protection ("Free Speech," September 28).

Standing by the school aquarium the other day I heard one lad, evidently a keen fisherman, say what fine live bait the fish would make. Apparently without turning a hair this ten-year-old lad—and many more like him—would be allowed, even encouraged, to transfix with huge hooks small live fish to act as bait for larger fish. And this is the year A.D. 1957.—W. F. TURNER, Headmaster, Junior School, Sudbury, Suffolk.

Courtesy Abroad

We live near an American air base and frequently give car lifts to American servicemen, who invariably make an attempt at conversation and say "thank you" in a correct and grateful manner when reaching their destinations.

But how differently the average British serviceman behaves! He sits in the car, wordless and surly—and when you drop him you are lucky to get a grunt. Unpatriotic though it may seem, I'm glad on these occasions that we have no soldiers serving in America to imperil further our reputation for good manners.—D. PELLY, School House, Rugby School, Rugby.

. . . During my travels round the world with the Royal Navy I never came across the same friendly courtesy that we have in Britain. Once, when I sat down with two friends in a New York subway train an old lady aged about seventy came through the packed carriage looking for a seat. As I gave her mine, my American friends said: "Don't do that. You paid for the seat and it's yours."

Englishmen are noted the world over for their good manners and courtesy. Our captain used to say: "Remember, you are the ambassadors of Britain."—A. CARROLL, City Road, Manchester, 15.

Cheap Luxury

I have found at least three ways of cashing in on comfort at the expense of the social climbers. The gradual drift of customers into the saloon and private bars at the local pub leaves me the cheapness and privacy of the public bar whenever I want to have a quiet talk with a friend.

The same attitude is spreading among local housewives to such an extent that my wife now does her shopping twice as fast and far more cheaply by taking a five-minute walk to the "wrong" end of the town instead of to the "good class" shopping area which is becoming increasingly popular. And if she takes an afternoon train when visiting her mother on the Sussex coast she can count on a second-class compartment to herself. The first class will be filled with business men's wives on London shopping sprees.

Keep it up, snobs! I'm all for cheapness and greater comfort.—J. F., North London.

Germans Dial Direct

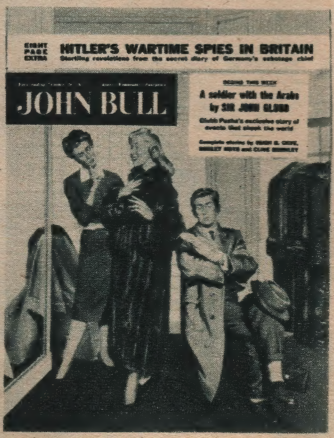
Dr. P. E. Hodgson anticipates an automatic telephone service for the whole of Britain which will enable us to dial long-distance calls as easily as local calls ("Wizards At Work On Our Future," JOHN BULL, September 7). But such a system is already operating in Western Germany.

You just press a button, dial a code number followed by the subscriber's number, and you are immediately connected to any home served by the automatic exchange of any town in the country.—MRS. ELISABETH PARIS, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

During the Middle Ages a man's social importance was measured by the fur he wore. But today, judges and peers of the realm excepted, it is gauged by the furs of his wife. The day she discards that old woollen topcoat may be remembered with mixed feelings, but cover artist Heseltine begs husbands not to spoil it by looking too closely at the price tags. Mink or sable or fox . . . it's a golden fleece that any man should be happy to bring home. Of course, he'll have to forget that terrific new car he spotted at the Motor Show this week.



EIGHT PAGE EXTRA

HITLER'S WARTIME SPIES IN BRITAIN

Startling revelations from the secret diary of Germany's sabotage chief

JOHN BULL

A soldier with the Arabs

Guinness pose a problem for young wives

Do YOU SERVE the Yorkshire Pudding before the joint or with it? Does it all depend on what part of the country you come from? Well, thank goodness there's no doubt when you should pour out the Guinness! Right at the start of the meal. It gives an edge to your appetite and helps you enjoy good food to the full.

Guinness sets off a table, too. It looks so rich and dark and tempting. The roasted barley that makes your Guinness such a dark-ruby colour also accounts for its clean, *roasted* flavour. Certainly, there's no more natural drink in the world. And my goodness, it's appetising taste always goes so well with food.

IT'S THE APPETISING TASTE OF GUINNESS THAT GOES SO WELL WITH FOOD

G.E. 2956

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KANGOL
seamless cap

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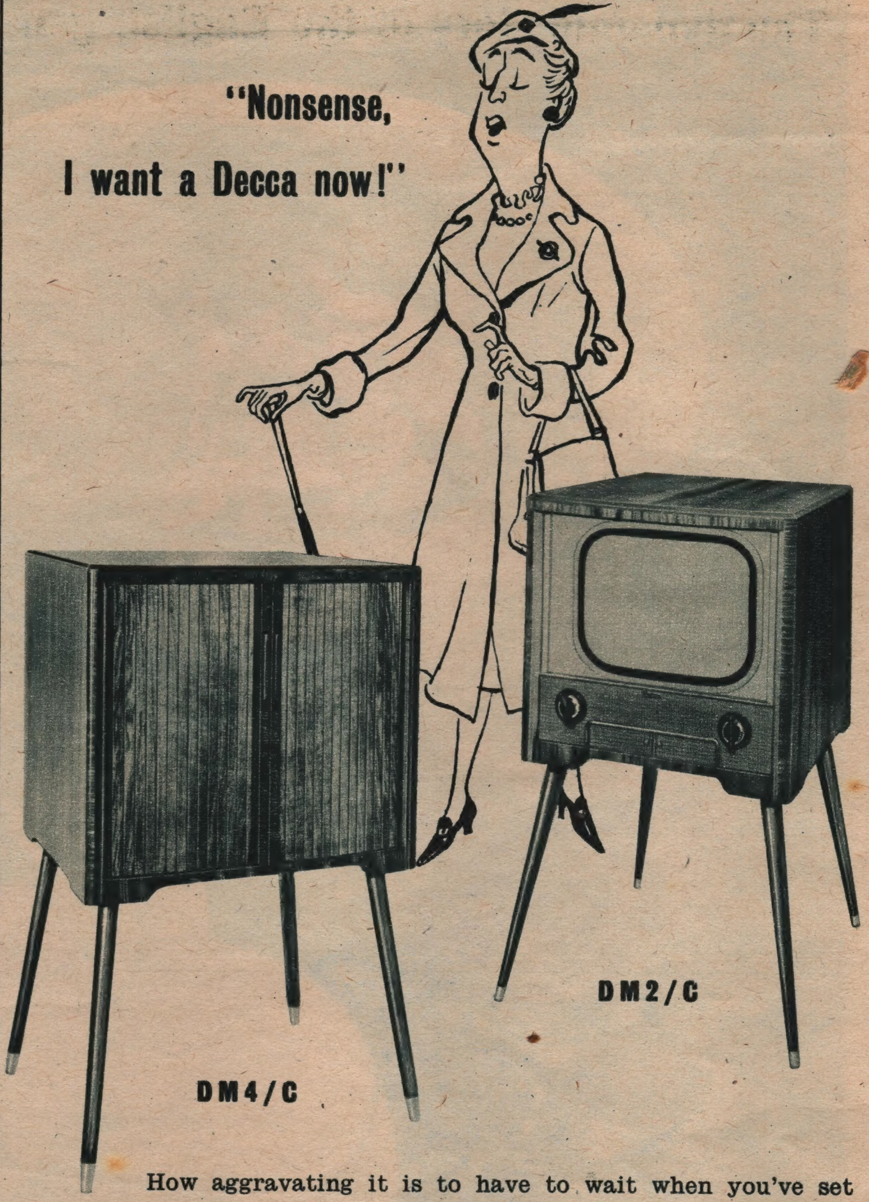

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I want a Decca now!"

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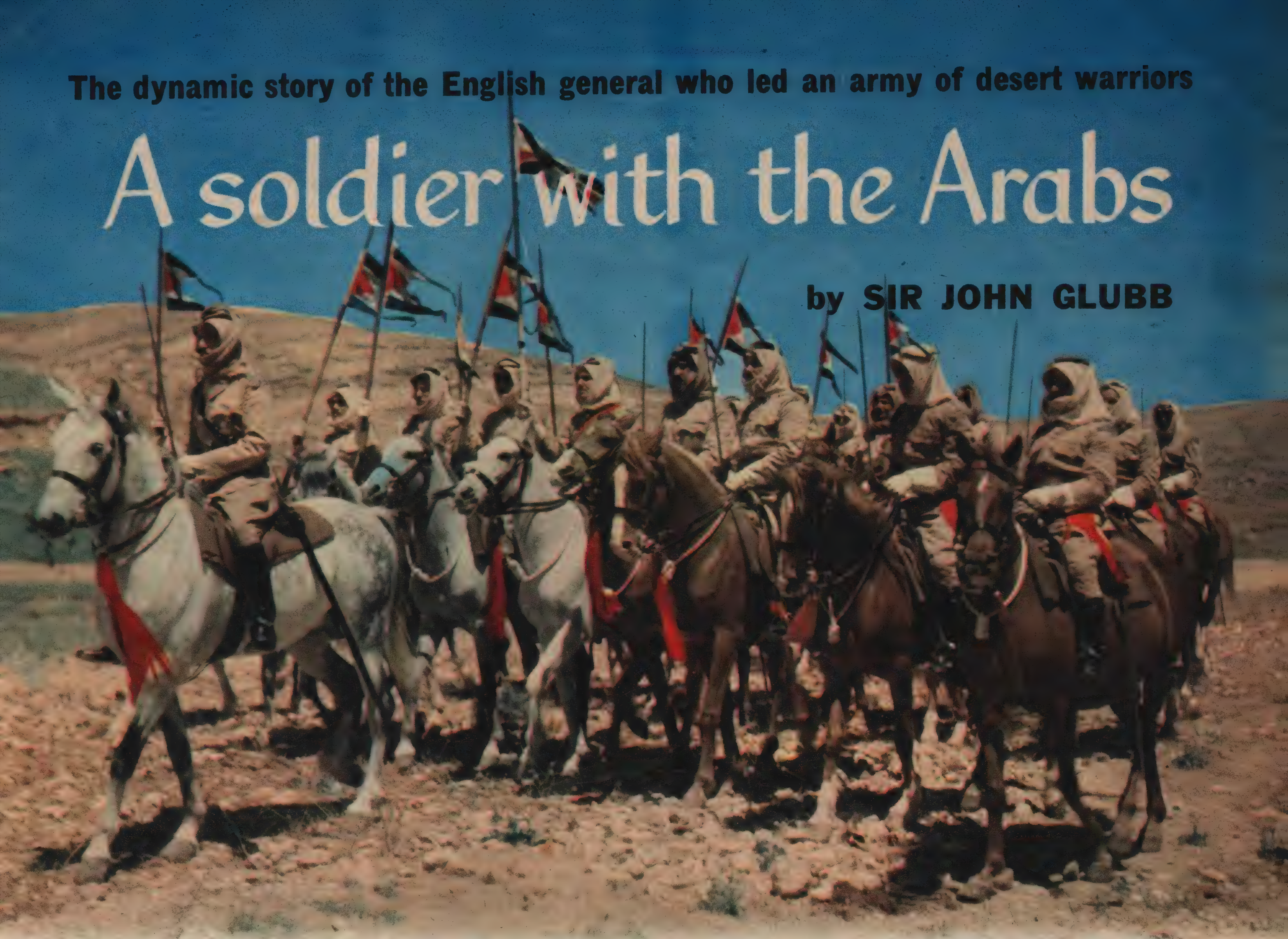
A soldier with the Arabs

by SIR JOHN GLUBB



Captain Abdul Ghani leads out the Royal Lancers to escort King Abdulla. Glubb helped Abdulla to create a modern state in land terrorized by wild tribes

AT 11.30 a.m. on March 1, 1956, I happened to be driving through Amman, the capital of Jordan, when I noticed that King Hussein's car was outside the white stone building of the Prime Minister's office.

"There must be a meeting of the Council of Ministers," I said casually to an Arab Legion officer who was with me.

I went to my office and started to work on the papers on my table. Then the telephone rang. It was the Minister of Defence.

"Could you come down to the Prime Minister's office?" he said.

"Certainly," I answered. "Do you want me now?"

"Yes," he said.

I got into my car and drove to the Prime Minister's office. I was shown into his private room. There was nobody there.

"His Excellency is in conference with the Council of Ministers," said the orderly.

A few minutes later the door opened and Sameer Pasha, the Prime Minister, entered, followed by Felah Pasha, the Minister of Defence, a stout jovial party and rather a friend of mine.

Sameer Pasha seemed nervous. "It is very sad for me to have to say this to you," he began. "His Majesty came here this morning and he said that he thinks it is time you had a rest."

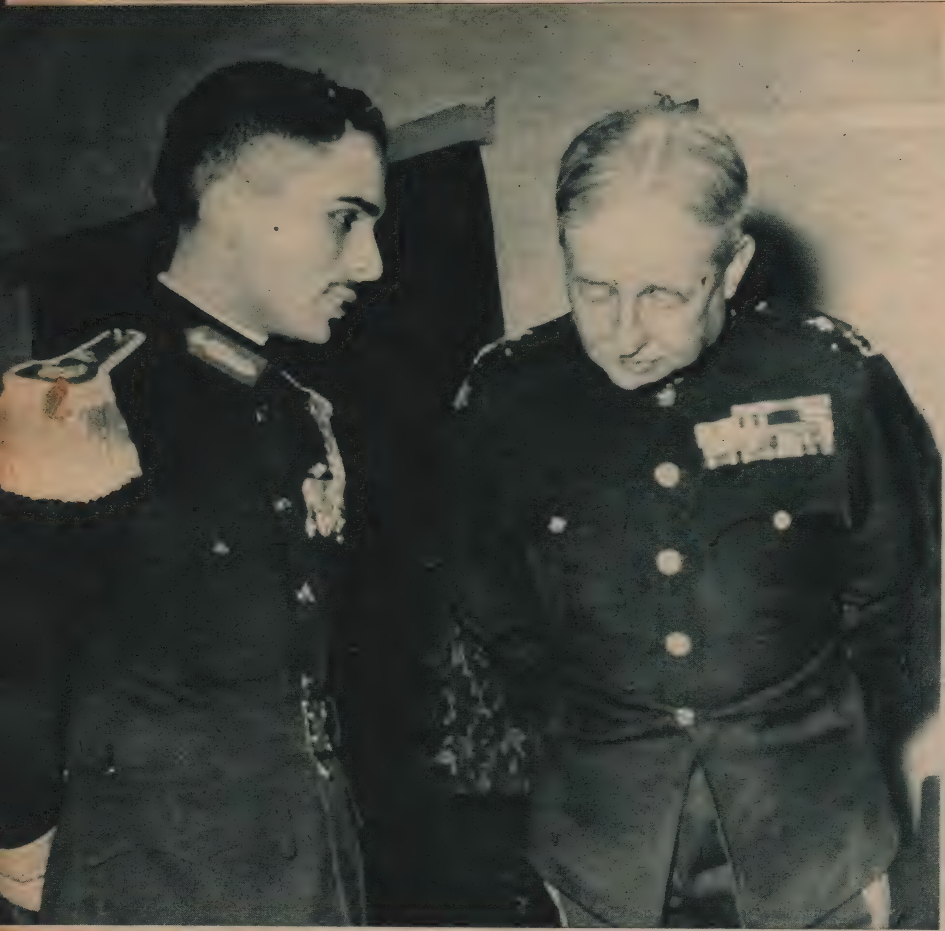
"Has anything happened?" I inquired. "What is the reason?"

"I don't know anything about it," said the Prime Minister, obviously relieved that I seemed to be taking the news calmly. "The King asked me to summon the cabinet this morning. When the ministers arrived, he walked into the room and said you were to be dismissed. 'These are my orders. I want them executed at once,' he said. I hope you are not upset."

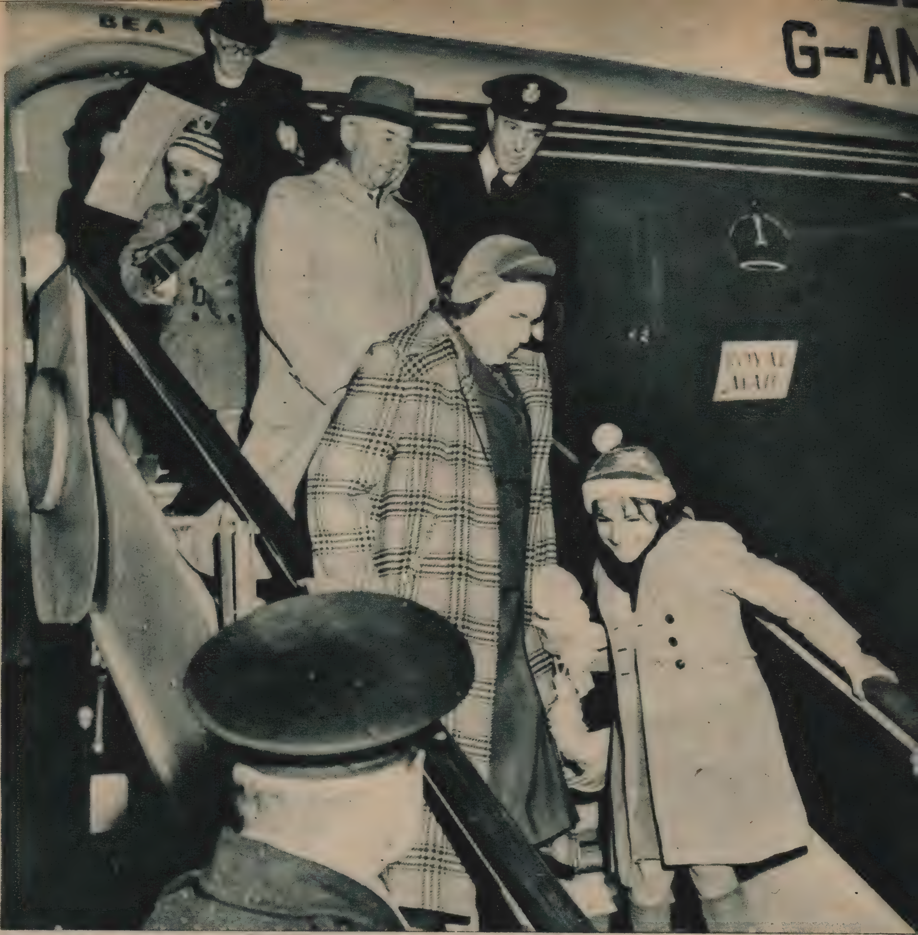
"You need not worry about me," I said. "I will not intrigue or make trouble. I have lived most of my life in Jordan. I shall never stir up trouble for her or the King."

"I dare say it's only temporary," said Sameer Pasha. "Perhaps in

Glubb, banished from Jordan, now lives with his wife in Sussex



A few days before his dismissal Glubb chats with King Hussein. For seventeen years until 1956 he led Jordan's army—the Arab Legion



With his wife and children, Glubb lands at London Airport after being sacked by King Hussein. He was ordered to leave Jordan within a few hours

a few days we'll all be welcoming you back. I've been Prime Minister several times, then I have been dismissed, and now I'm back again."

"That may apply to politicians," I said, smiling, "but I don't think it can apply to me."

I felt no particular emotion. When something happens suddenly to change one's life, one cannot realize it at once.

"Can you leave in two hours?" inquired the Prime Minister.

"No, sir!" I said with emphasis. "I cannot. I have lived here for twenty-six years. Almost all my worldly possessions are here, to say nothing of my wife and children."

"You could go and leave your family behind," he hazarded.

"I am afraid I can't do that either," I said.

Eventually we agreed that I would leave at seven o'clock the next morning. We rose and moved to the door. The two ministers shook hands with me; I had worked with them both, on and off, for twenty years or more.

When I got home, my wife was in the drawing-room. As I came in, she jumped up smiling.

"Hallo!" she said. "How nice! You're back earlier than usual. Were things slack today?"

"My dear," I said, "the King has dismissed me. We leave Jordan at seven o'clock tomorrow morning—and we shall never come back."

She looked at me for a moment with wide eyes. On the dusty hill opposite to us, on the other side of the valley, I could see the little cemetery where our second son was buried. It was nine years now since I had stood there and lowered that tiny body into the soil of Jordan. I remembered how I had thought that perhaps I should be buried there too, among the simple Jordan folk whom I loved.

"We'll have some tea now," she said. "Then I'll put the children to bed early, and we'll pack all night."

"Thank you, my dear," I said, and she walked past me out of the room.

I glanced round. Our drawing-room was so small it could contain only a piano, a sofa and three chairs. Eighteen years before, I had brought my wife here as a bride. It was a chilly evening in November, and we arrived after dark. I remembered how we had walked into the room, where my old Sudanese cook had already lit a fire and laid the table for tea. And how my little bride had laughed happily and said: "Isn't it lovely and cosy in here?"

I was married in November, 1938, in a little English church in Beirut, Lebanon. My father had died a few months earlier, and both my mother and my mother-in-law came to live with us. In fact, they both accompanied us on our honeymoon.

Munich was just past. In Amman, the world seemed to me all joy.

I had been in the Middle East for some while. I originally went to Iraq in 1920 as a regular officer of the British Army, seeking fresh fields of adventure and a wider knowledge of the many different forms of modern soldiering. But when I had spent five years among the Arabs I decided to change the basis of my whole career. I made up my mind to resign my commission in the British Army and devote my life to the Arabs. I loved them. . . .

It was fourteen years later, in April, 1939, that I was called to command the Arab Legion—the army of the little state of Jordan.

On a cloudless morning I entered the royal palace in answer to a summons from the Amir (afterwards King) Abdulla. The palace stands on a hill, overlooking the houses of Amman which are crammed into a narrow valley. Around the palace lie plantations of pine trees, in one of which is a little three-roomed cottage. It was there, in his later years, that the Amir loved to sit and work in seclusion.

I walked under a vine-covered trellis to the door of the cottage. An officer met me.

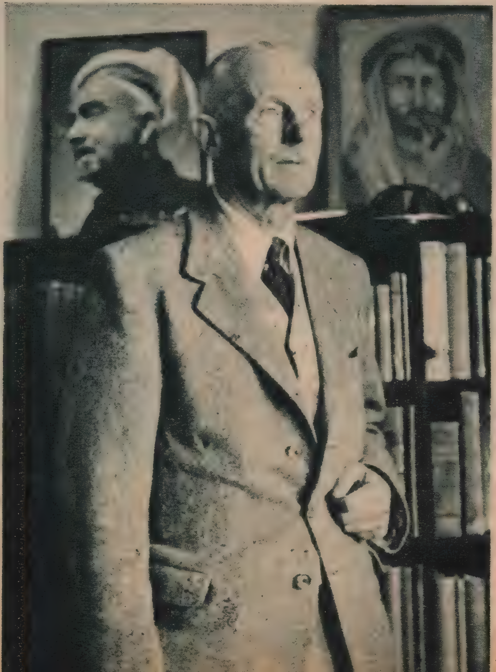
"Our Lord is waiting for you," he said.

The Amir was sitting behind his desk in the sitting-room. Ever since the State of Trans-Jordan had come into existence seventeen years before, the Arab Legion had been commanded by Colonel Peake Pasha. Now Peake had resigned, and I had been appointed to take his place. It seemed to me that His Highness was concerned at the departure of Peake, who had served him so long.

"You are English," said the Amir, motioning me to sit down, "and this is an Arab country and an Arab army. Before you take over command, I want you to pledge me your word that, as long as you remain in this appointment, you will act always as if you had been born a Trans-Jordanian. I know you would not wish to fight

Taufiq Pasha, with his daughter. When he made a treaty with Britain, Glubb was his interpreter

Colonel Frederick Peake fought with Lawrence of Arabia, and founded the Arab Legion



Twenty-five years of British rule ended when General MacMillan, commanding British troops, left Palestine. He was the last man to embark

your own countrymen. If it should ever come to fighting between us and the English, I will hold you excused. You may leave us then and stand aside. But if, by God's will, this does not happen, I want you to be one of the people of Trans-Jordan."

"Sir," I answered, "I give you my word. From now onwards I am a Trans-Jordanian, except under the conditions you mentioned, and which I pray God may never come."

Such great happiness seemed to me so incredible that I had a feeling it could not last. In September began the second World War.

After Alamein, and even more after the landings in Europe, we in Trans-Jordan were far better off than people in Britain. The active fighting had moved away from us and the final issue was no longer in doubt. We had henceforward no black-out, no rationing, and indeed felt not a little ashamed of ourselves for being so comfortable.

Just as the world seemed to be smiling on us again, a private tragedy overtook us. My wife, who was pregnant, was taken ill at home one evening after dinner. There were no medical facilities, and no doctors at hand. Frenzied telephoning eventually produced a British doctor and, two hours later, an ambulance with two army orderlies, who carried her down the garden on a stretcher. In hospital, she went straight to the operating theatre and received an anaesthetic. I was given a chair in the passage outside, where a dim light shone. I could hear whispered talking in the theatre. I sat with terror in my heart. There were more whisperings within. The door opened and the doctor slipped out in his white apron. He lifted the mask from his mouth.

"Your wife ought to pull through, but the child's dead. It was a boy," he said, and disappeared into the theatre again.

I sat gripping my chair and repeating mechanically to myself: "O God help us; O God help us." There were sounds from inside the theatre. My wife was coming round after the anaesthetic. I heard her crying: "Oh, doctor, is the baby all right?"

"Yes! Yes! He's all right," said the doctor, trying to soothe her.

Suddenly the doors opened and they brought her out. She was very white and seemed to be unconscious. They carried her into a room.

"You'd better leave her to sleep it off. Come back at nine in the morning," said the doctor.

I drove home through the dark streets. A pale light was beginning to appear in the east. At the house, our cook and my orderly were waiting on the garden path.

"Good news, if Allah wills," they said anxiously.

"The lady is well, but my son is dead," I managed to answer. I ran past them into the house and shut the door.

I buried him on the dusty hill across the valley opposite our house. It was a primitive little cemetery for Arab Christians. There were no British mourners. Not that they would have been unsympathetic, but there were few of them in Amman. Besides, I did not feel as if I wanted to tell anyone. Two Arab Christian priests read the burial service. My Arab orderly and my driver stood by the grave.

During the last year of the war, the strength of the military units of the Arab Legion rose to eight thousand. This force consisted of garrison companies, scattered over Syria, Iraq, Jordan and Palestine.

We also commanded the civil police force, which was two thousand strong. This meant that I was also directly responsible for the desert and its tribes, and for frontier liaison with the Saudi Government.

The wide dispersion of my units involved me in a considerable amount of touring. I had for many years imposed upon myself a rough-and-ready system, according to which I worked one day in the office and then spent one day on tour.

Some ministers seemed surprised at my constant mobility. A number of them expressed wonder and admiration at such energy, but others were slightly annoyed. In particular Taufiq Pasha Abu al Huda, who was several times Prime Minister, said to me: "You have read about Sinbad the Seaman, who went on so many journeys? I am going to call you Sinbad the Landman—you seem to travel as much."

On a visit to Britain, King Abdulla entertains Ernest Bevin, then Foreign Secretary. The King, says Glubb, kept strictly to Moslem customs. He rose at dawn—even on feast days

Travelling in Palestine was not always enjoyable, particularly in 1947 and onwards. Month after month the attitude of the Jews became more hostile. Life would seem to be normal and the streets of the cities would be crowded with Jews, Arabs, British and many other nationalities. Then suddenly there would be a loud explosion and a burst of shooting.

Unfortunately the Arab Legion was not only unpopular with the Jews. I remember well an officer of the garrison companies telling me bitterly how he had met some Arabs of the Mufti's party in Haifa, and how they had said: "We reckon the Arab Legion to be a greater danger to us than the Jews."

Such pettiness seemed almost incredible. The Mufti personally had doubtless hoped one day to be himself the ruler of Palestine, and the entry of the Amir Abdulla into the field perhaps weakened his chances.

In the spring of 1946, the Amir Abdulla visited England. A new treaty was negotiated with Britain, as a result of which the mandate for Trans-Jordan was terminated and the Amir assumed the royal title. On his return, he was inaugurated as king, and a ceremonial review of the Arab Legion was held, amid great popular enthusiasm. That day was the climax of twenty-five years of labour. In 1921, the Amir Abdulla had arrived in a wild tribal land, never before regularly administered. He was without a government, without an army, without money, without police or any of the attributes of a modern state. On this day, twenty-five years later, he was proclaimed king of a loyal, happy, proud and contented country.

Where formerly nomadic tribes had terrorized the villages, a modern state had been built up—a state which had gained the respect of the world. Although it contained less than half a million inhabitants, it was regarded as almost in the same category as Egypt, with forty times that number. On that happy coronation day, the future of Trans-Jordan seemed to be all hope, the prospects all propitious.

There can be no doubt that these twenty-five happy years in Trans-Jordan were principally due to the personality of King Abdulla. He alone was able to appreciate the need of his country for the assistance and advice of a great power, while at the same time he was firm

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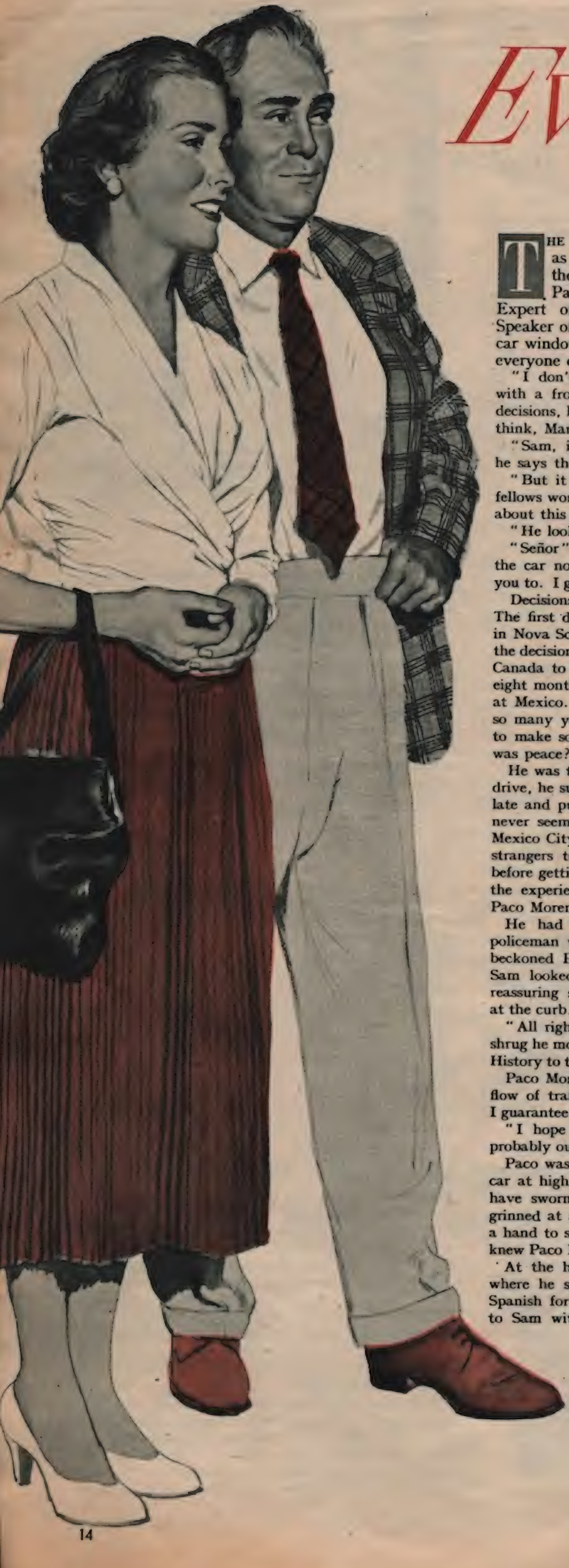
Everyone calls



THE card, hand-lettered and handsome as the young man himself, conveyed the information that he was Rodrigo Paco Gregorio Moreno, Reliable Guide, Expert on Mexican Life & History, and Speaker of English. He passed it through the car window and said: "My card, señor. But everyone calls me Paco."

"I don't know." Sam Bradley gazed at it with a frown of indecision. Weary of making decisions, he turned to his wife. "What do you think, Mary?"

"Sam, it doesn't matter where we stay, if he says the Viajero is full up."

"But it may not be. You know how these fellows work. And we don't know the first thing about this place he recommends."

"He looks like a nice young man. . . ."

"Señor"—Paco Moreno was practically inside the car now—"you will like this place I take you to. I guarantee it."

Decisions, Sam thought. Always decisions. The first decision to defy the doctors and stay in Nova Scotia; he had been wrong on that one; the decision to sell the boatyard and move across Canada to the Pacific coast; the decision, after eight months of aimless drifting, to have a look at Mexico. Why did a man of fifty-four, with so many years of hard work behind him, have to make so many decisions when all he sought was peace? Why was he so tired?

He was tired this evening because of the long drive, he supposed. They had left Tamazunchale late and pushed hard all day, over a road that never seemed to stop climbing. And now this Mexico City traffic—even the guidebook warned strangers to take a good look at a city map before getting into it. He was still shaking from the experience, though they'd been talking to Paco Moreno for all of five minutes.

He had pulled up to ask directions of a policeman who, understanding no English, had beckoned Paco from a nearby doorway. Now Sam looked at the card again, then saw the reassuring smile on the face of the policeman at the curb.

"All right, Paco, you win." With a helpless shrug he motioned the Expert on Mexican Life & History to take the wheel.

Paco Moreno eased the car smoothly into the flow of traffic. "Señor, you will not be sorry. I guarantee it."

"I hope you're right," Sam said. "But I probably ought to know better."

Paco was a good driver. He manoeuvred the car at high speed through openings Sam would have sworn did not exist. Now and then he grinned at a policeman on traffic duty or lifted a hand to salute a fellow driver. Lots of people knew Paco Moreno.

At the hotel he went straight to the desk, where he spoke to the receptionist rapidly in Spanish for some thirty seconds before turning to Sam with a grin. "The best room in the house is yours, señor." He thrust out his hand. "If you require my services at any time——"

"We're not exactly tourists," Sam said.

"Just ask at the reception desk. They always know where to find me," Paco finished, undaunted. "I see you later, señor." He bowed to Mary. "*Buenas noches*, señora."

"Wait." Sam had his wallet out. Paco tucked the note into his pocket and grinned. "*Gracias* señor!" Still grinning, he departed.

Not a care in the world, Sam thought enviously, gazing after him.

The "best room in the house" turned out to be nice enough. It was noisy, of course—that mad mass of traffic was bound to be noisy, even with the blowing of horns forbidden. But its big double bed was comfortable and the tiled bathroom was clean enough to suit even Mary.

"I like it," Mary said. "I'm glad we came here. I knew he had an honest face."

"He probably gets a cut from the management," Sam said.

"What if he does? Everyone has to make a living."

Except me, Sam thought, standing at a window and gazing down at the cars and people below. *I haven't got to make a living; I've just got to find a place to live in.*

He took a deep breath, filling his lungs to test them. Maybe this was the answer, this place. More than seven thousand feet, the guidebook said. Never too hot, never cold. It wouldn't be easy, learning Spanish and a new way of life at fifty-four, but other foreigners lived in Mexico and liked it. That fellow he'd talked to in Vancouver, Ted Gleason——

He sat on the bed and reached for the phone. "Gleason asked me to phone him at the Viajero when we got here. Said he'd help us find our way around. Maybe I ought to give him a ring."

HE put the call through and learned that Gleason had not yet arrived. "Tell him Mr. Bradley called," he said, giving his number. "By the way, have you any rooms there, or are you full up?"

"We have rooms, señor."

"Hold on a minute." Sam frowned at his wife. "They have rooms at the Viajero. Do you want to move over there?"

"Sam, I'm too tired," Mary said. She looked listless. "This place is all right."

"Okay. But just wait till that supersalesman tries his grin on me tomorrow. . . ."

The supersalesman was in the foyer when Sam and Mary stepped out of the lift the next morning. He approached with a bright smile and a confident "*Buenos dias!*" The freshly pressed suit he wore was the one he had worn yesterday, but this morning Sam was less tired and noticed the frayed turn-ups and mended elbows.

"No," Sam said.

Paco's eyes widened. "No what, señor?"

"Just 'no' to whatever you're going to suggest. Consider yourself lucky we didn't pack up and move over to the Viajero when we found out they had plenty of rooms last night."

"Oh!" Paco's mobile face registered first of all sadness, then a faint and hopeful grin. "Señor, this is a nice hotel—smaller than the Viajero, perhaps, but in many ways better. Are you not happy here?"

"That's beside the point."

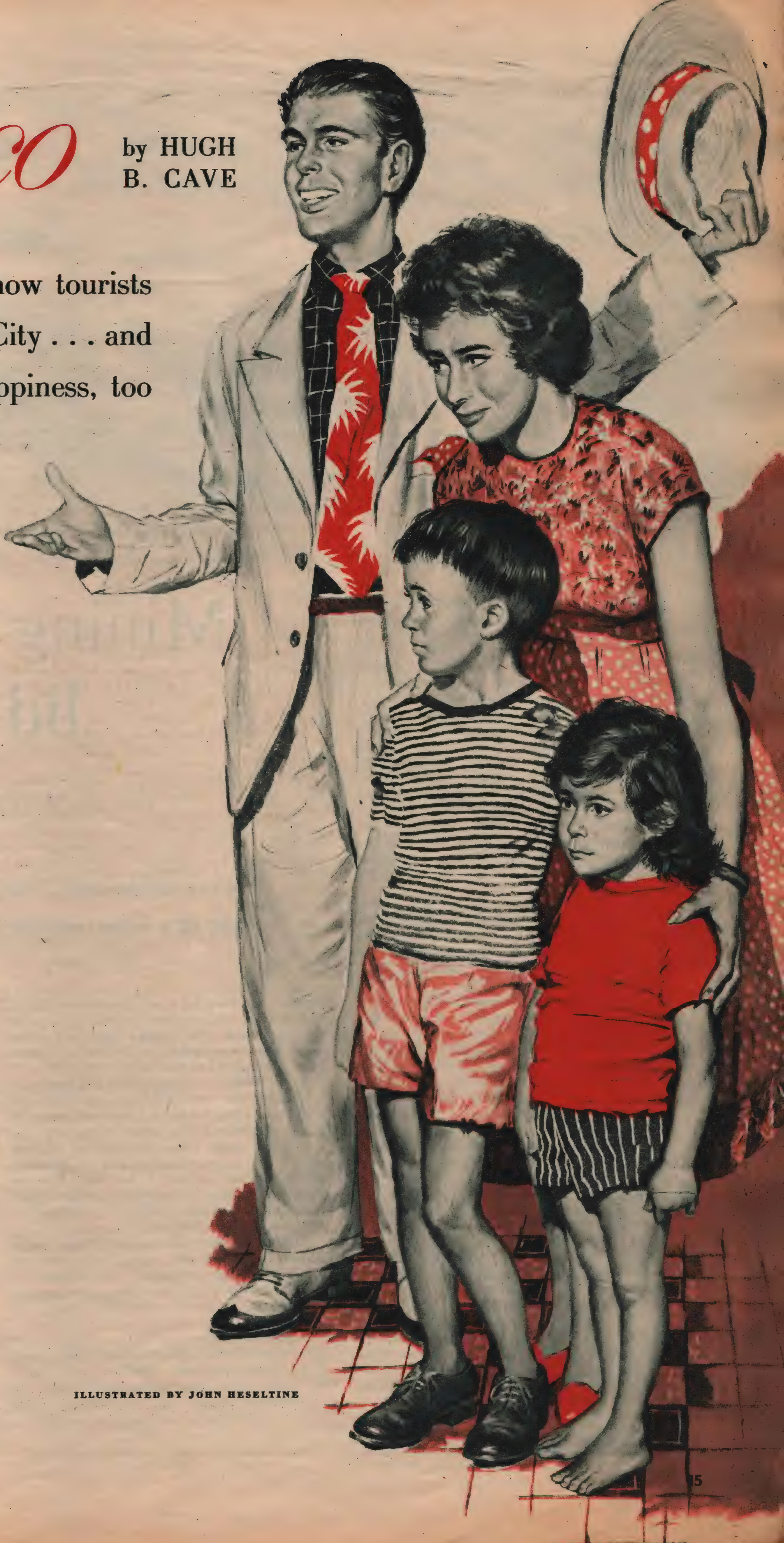
"A man must make the most of his opportunities, señor. If he can be of service at the

At the flat Sam and Mary were welcomed by Teresa and two children. Paco grinned proudly, reciting a string of names for each

me Paco

by HUGH B. CAVE

I am Reliable Guide. I show tourists all the sights of Mexico City . . . and perhaps the secret of happiness, too



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

same time. . . ." The grin persisted. "I am an honest man. Today you will find out. You will have twice the service you pay for."

Mary laid a hand on Sam's arm. "Sam, why not give him a chance?"

"No," Sam said. "It's the principle of the thing." He faced Paco with a frown. "We're not tourists. I told you that."

"But you will need a driver, señor." Paco Moreno was no longer grinning; his face had surrendered to deep concern, even desperation. "You will want to see the city."

"On foot," Sam said. "By ourselves. Come on, Mary." Grimly he marched her to the door.

They had breakfast in a small, clean-looking restaurant where the menu baffled them, but the eggs, when Sam managed to order eggs, were delicious. Thus fortified, they walked.

To Sam it was more than a sightseeing tour; it was a test. When they reached the Zocalo after a couple of hours of aimless wandering, he was beginning to be hopeful.

"Feet hurt, but my chest is okay," he said. "We may have something here, Mary girl, if you can stand the place."

"It—it certainly has some nice shops," Mary said.

"Plenty of things to do, too. Theatres, museums, old churches. We'd have a flat out in the suburbs somewhere, or a little house——" Sam saw the lost, frightened look on Mary's face and took her arm. "No need to make any decisions now. Let's look at the cathedral."

They sat in the cool, dark cathedral half an hour. When they emerged into the traffic noise and sunlight, Paco Moreno was waiting for them.

Sam put his hands on his hips. "Who told you to follow us?"

"Follow you, señor?" The mobile face was all innocence. "Why would I follow you when you have no use for me? I go to church often."

"Do you? Well, in that case I apologize." Sam took Mary's arm again.

"Señor——" Paco plucked at his sleeve.

"What is it?"

"You must be tired, both of you. Especially the señora. Would you not like some coffee?"

"Thanks, no."

"But it will cost you nothing, señor. It will be my apology for the lie I told last night." Paco frantically waved his hands. "Think, señor. Would I dream of doing anything wrong in the very shadow of the saints? Would I dare?" Hurriedly he crossed himself.

Sam hesitated. He was feeling better. He had no pain in his chest at all. He glanced at Mary. She did look tired. He had intended taking a cab back to the hotel, but a cup of coffee first. . . . "How far is this place you want to take us to?" he demanded.

"We are almost there, señor," Paco said.

They crossed the Zocalo and turned into a

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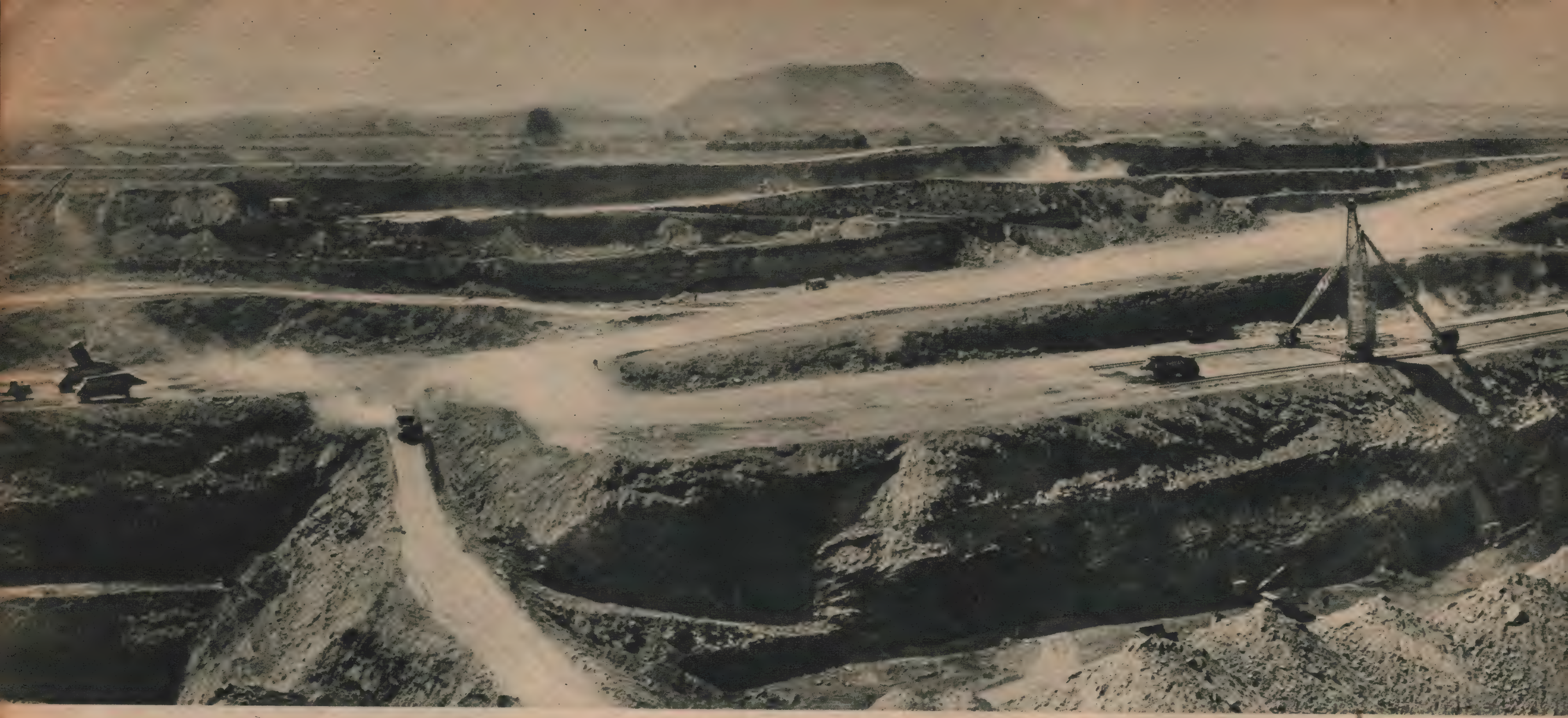


Acorn Bank, Northumberland, is Britain's deepest open-cast mine. An American engineer took

Mining with the lid off

by PETER JACKSON

For five million tons of coal, George Willetts's men flatten a hill, fill a valley—and dig the equal of the Panama Canal

AFTER a whole day of torrential rain in August last year, a two hundred foot waterfall poured into one end of the country's deepest open-cast coal site at Acorn Bank, Northumberland. A stream running alongside the site burst its banks and swept down into a cleared area of the cutting. George Willetts, the works superintendent, arrived on the scene to find the flooding forty feet deep. The water was threatening to break through a thin wall of waste protecting the main working and its valuable machinery.

Every available tipper, bulldozer and dragline was mobilized to strengthen the waste dam with more rubble, and then to fill in the flooded area as a "sponging" operation. But first two deep-sea divers had to be called in from a nearby naval establishment to retrieve submerged pumping equipment.

"Digging out ninety-five million cubic yards of overburden on this contract," says Willetts, a burly Welshman with a bold moustache, "we reckon to be excavating the equivalent of the Panama Canal. When I saw the Royal Navy at work in the cutting, I began to think that we could almost *be* digging the canal. But when you are mining with the roof off, you must expect the sky to fall in occasionally."

Acorn Bank is an example of the new approach to open-cast mining. A thousand sites have been opened up all over Britain. They have provided 155 million tons of coal since operations began, as a wartime measure, in 1942. The number of workings has now been reduced to 116. Only a few years ago most of these sites were considered to be physically and economically impossible to develop.

Yet open-cast production is increasing, and last year it accounted for more than twelve million of the 220 million tons of coal mined in Britain. The latest figures show that the National Coal Board makes a profit of 14s. 8d. on each ton of open-cast coal as against 2s. 7d. on a ton of underground-mined. Nearly three tons of open-cast coal can be produced for the cost of one ton of imported coal.

"Sites may be fewer and tougher, but they are also larger," says Willetts. "Once we went for the coal which was easiest to get. Now we go where there is most coal—and dig for it on a big enough scale to make it pay."

Under an £8 million contract to the N.C.B., Willetts's firm, Costain Mining, Ltd., aims to produce five million tons of coal from Acorn Bank's four hundred acres within seven years. It is part of the government's plan to continue open-cast work until at least 1966, and is the most ambitious project in Willetts's fourteen years of open-cast experience.

When Willetts first saw the site two years ago, a hundred-year-old farmhouse stood in the middle of rolling fields. A £4,000 modern-styled house was built on the fringe of the site, and the elderly farmer's family moved in, complete with their chintzy furniture and an aspidistra for the picture-window. A year later, the new farmhouse stood on the brink of a machine-made chasm more than half a mile long, eight hundred feet wide, and 230 feet deep.

Falls are a persistent threat to Willetts's white-helmeted, yellow-coated men, mining beneath the sheer unbattened faces. "The colours of their clothes make it impossible to lose anyone if we have to make a hurried retreat," he explains.

A quick withdrawal was once ordered from a point where a broken electric power line dangled down into the working. Willetts knew that if the cable was swept away and buried by hundreds of tons of rock, mechanical shovels would stand idle until the break was located and repaired. Calling for a gang of labourers, he arranged them in tug-o'-war positions about the cable, a hundred yards from the foot of the cliff. As the face toppled out towards them, they pulled the power line taut so that it was just beyond the arc of the fall.

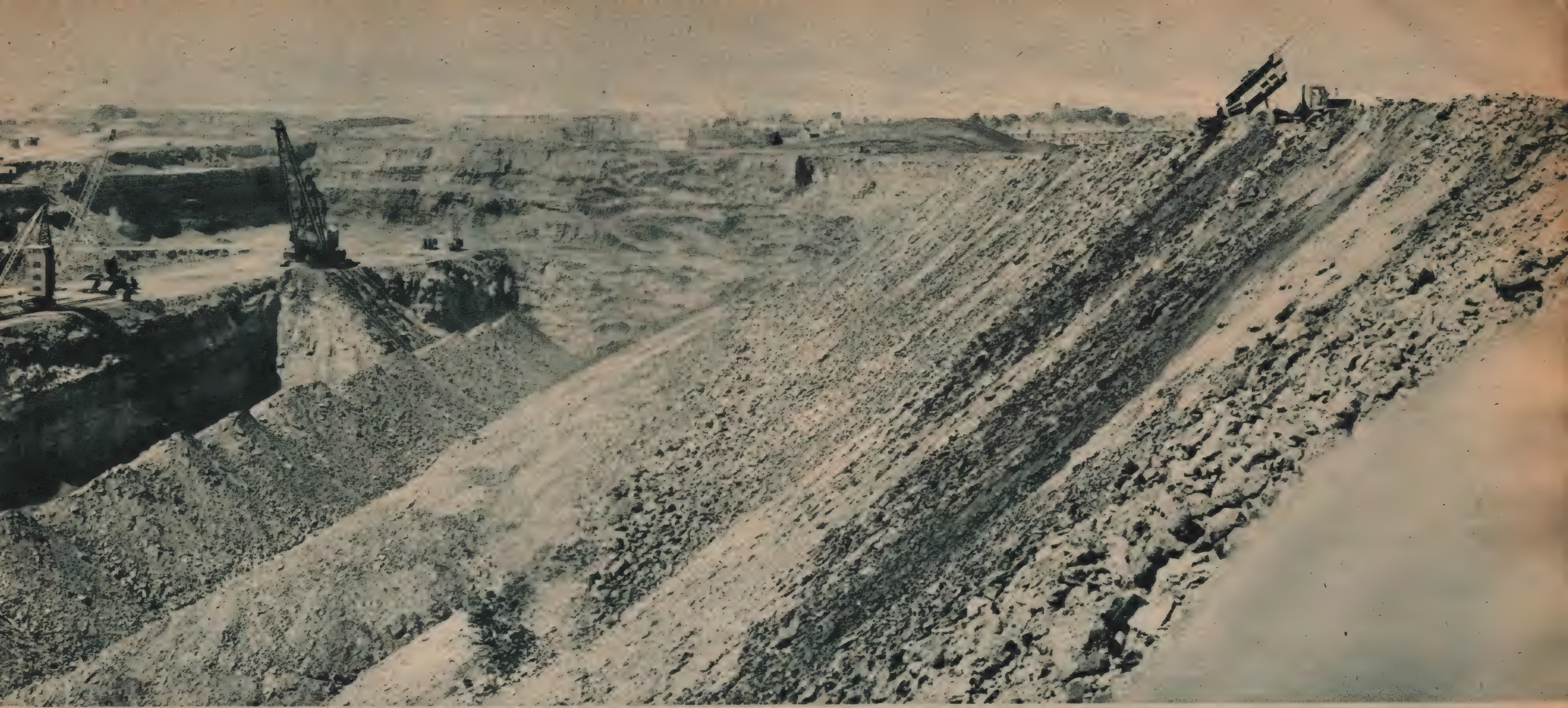
When a truck drove over the edge of the canyon last summer, it somersaulted three times before landing upright on its wheels. Willetts dashed to the rescue, but was met by the driver who climbed out of his cab with scarcely a bruise. Twelve years before, Willetts himself walked away unhurt when he tumbled to the bottom of a wartime working.

"It was only five feet deep," he explains. "We only scratched the surface then and never dreamed of going very much deeper."

Greater mechanization has enabled the open-cast men to give up the small shallow sites, often found in valuable agricultural land or popular beauty spots, and to concentrate on long-term contracts over established coalfields in South Wales, Scotland and the north country.

Near Tirpentwys, Monmouthshire, machinery has climbed 1,400 feet up a mountainside to expose coal. In Fifeshire, a seven hundred ton suction dredger is drawing off ten million cubic yards of peat, silt and sand from one site, and at Acorn Bank two of the biggest walking

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY



one look at its steep pastel-shaded cliffs of shale and sandstone and nicknamed it the Grand Canyon

draglines in use in this country have dug down thirteen feet, through seven seams of coal. Moving along the high wall of the canyon with a flat-footed waddle on shoes forty-eight feet long, these £500,000, two hundred ton giants work twenty-four hours a day, wielding grabs large enough to hold a family car.

Early on at Acorn Bank, Willetts and his men looked like digging out the coal faster than it could be carried away along two miles of winding country road to the screening plant.

Earth-moving equipment pushed aside a hill and filled in a valley; construction units erected two fly-over road crossings and threw a 240-ft. Bailey bridge high across the River Blyth—and a £100,000 private road was unrolled directly across country between the site and the screens. In a little more than three months, a procession of specially built coal haulers, each fifty-six feet long and carrying three times the largest lorry load allowed on a public highway, was passing to and fro along what Willetts's men soon dubbed the "autobahn."

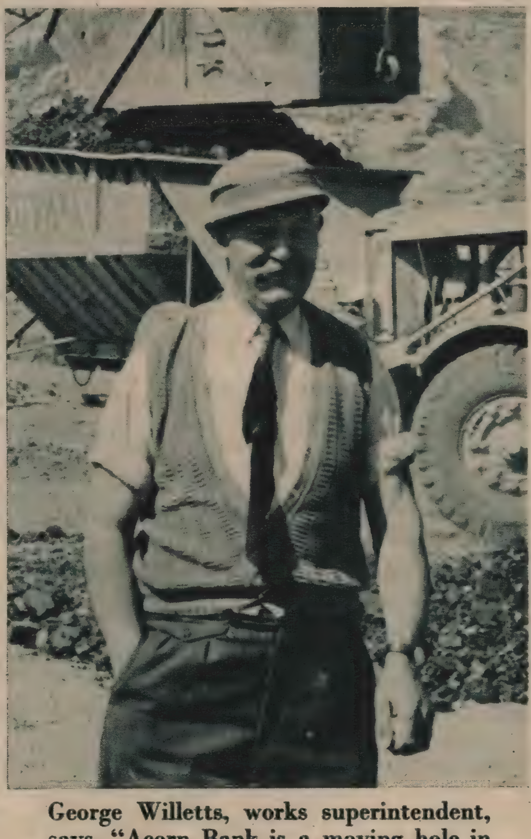
The landscape "face-lift" has also brought a dramatic touch to land restoration after open-cast working. When Willetts went with the advance party to a Welsh site, the farmer's home was hidden from a picturesque valley by a fold in the ground. Later that year, the farmhouse had the best view in the county. In returning the land to agriculture, the contractors had re-moulded the contours, so that the farmer's wife could look out across the valley from her kitchen window, and her husband had a better-drained field.

Most of the restoration work at Acorn Bank is being carried out as mining is in progress, using a method similar to a gardener's double-digging. The original box-cut was made along the side of the site where the coal was deepest. Since then, the inner face of the canyon has advanced along the steadily-rising seams. The overburden removed in this progress is thrown behind to fill up the cleared area and so keep the cutting at a regular width. "The effect," says Willetts, "is a hole in the ground which moves."

Working in the open, Willetts and his men are known to underground miners as the "sunshine colliers," but the tag is usually more benevolent than the weather. Heavy rain traps vehicles in thick mud, and drizzle washes away the soil to expose sharp rocks which slash open transporter tyres costing up to £800 each. Prolonged dry spells bring dust clouds to sweep the unsettled slopes and force the men to wear goggles and handkerchief respirators. Fog halts the tall derricks when the operators cannot see to control the steel baskets swinging far below. Snow chokes the depths of the artificial valleys, and ice makes the fiercely angled roads in and out of the cutting treacherous for trucks. Frost causes expansion in damp earth and can set off a landslide.

Despite all the hazards of open-cast mining, 15,000 tons of coal are produced every week of the year at Acorn Bank, and serious accidents are few. "That is due to taking every known precaution," says Willetts, "plus a blend of instinct and sheer luck."

One evening in February, 1956, he felt so uneasy about an apparently sound stretch of face that he refused to let the night shift go in. He went home to bed, but was restless, worrying whether he had held up work needlessly. He slept well after receiving a 3 a.m. message that there had been a large collapse along the deserted face.



George Willetts, works superintendent, says, "Acorn Bank is a moving hole in the ground. We fill it in as we go"

Acorn Bank's precipices proved too much for an underground miner who changed to open-cast after developing claustrophobia. He left after a week, complaining that he also lacked a head for heights. Many other underground men have literally moved up in the mining world with more success, preferring the fresh air and an average weekly wage of £17, or up to £30 a week for dragline operators.

As a youth at Brynmawr, Willetts worked for a time with his step-father in an underground mine. But he soon changed to building work and, eventually, to civil engineering. He worked on tunnels, factories, aerodromes, and reservoirs before moving to open-cast mines in 1942, three years after joining Costain's.

"It is fascinating," says Willetts, "to discover who has been down below before us."

On one site, excavators uncovered a derelict tunnel containing a basket used by the girl colliers of the eighteenth century. Near the ruins of a monastery, an engineer found a wooden spade with which medieval monks dug for coal at the end of a rope down a vertical shaft. Deeper still, a dragline unearthed an "ancient milk-churn" which proved to be an unexploded German bomb.

During lulls in work at the Acorn Bank canyon, Willetts can sometimes hear a dull rumble from underground workings only a short distance below. But the two forms of mining came into even closer contact on a Durham site a few years ago.

Open-cast miners relaxing in the bottom of their cutting during a meal-break saw a hole appear in their midst, and from it emerged a bunch of black-faced figures, wearing lamps on their helmets and blinking in the daylight. They were underground workers who had been following a sloping seam.

"If any of our men could have managed an Australian accent, the visitors might have been really worried," says Willetts. "Instead, they rather sheepishly returned through the hole to tell their deputy that as far as coal in that direction was concerned the sunshine colliers had beaten them to it."

THE END

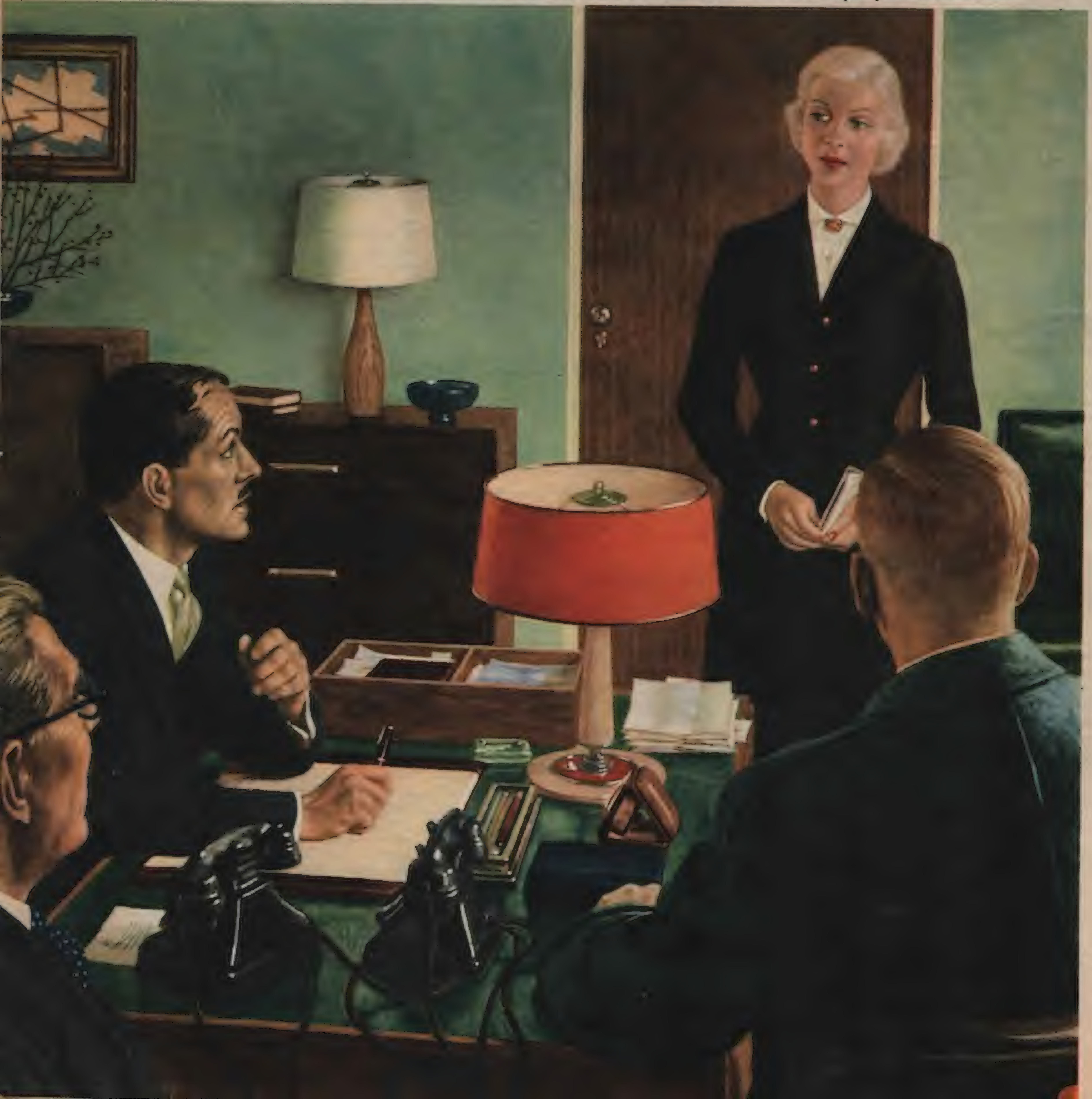
The man Inspector Craddock wanted was tall and dark. At the Hall there were three like that . . .

4·50 FROM PADDINGTON

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

"Miss Ellis," said Harold, "the inspector wants to know what I was doing on December the twentieth. I expect you have some record"



INSPECTOR CRADDOCK was baffled. A Mrs. McGillicuddy, travelling on the 4.50 from Paddington, claimed to have seen a woman being strangled on a passing train. But so far police inquiries into the affair had proved fruitless.

It was Miss Marple, that gentle amateur detective, who set the ball rolling, when she persuaded Miss Lucy Eyelesbarrow to take a housekeeping post at Rutherford Hall—which bordered the railway—and look for a body in her spare time. Lucy eventually found the corpse of a woman hidden in a sarcophagus left in a barn near the Hall.

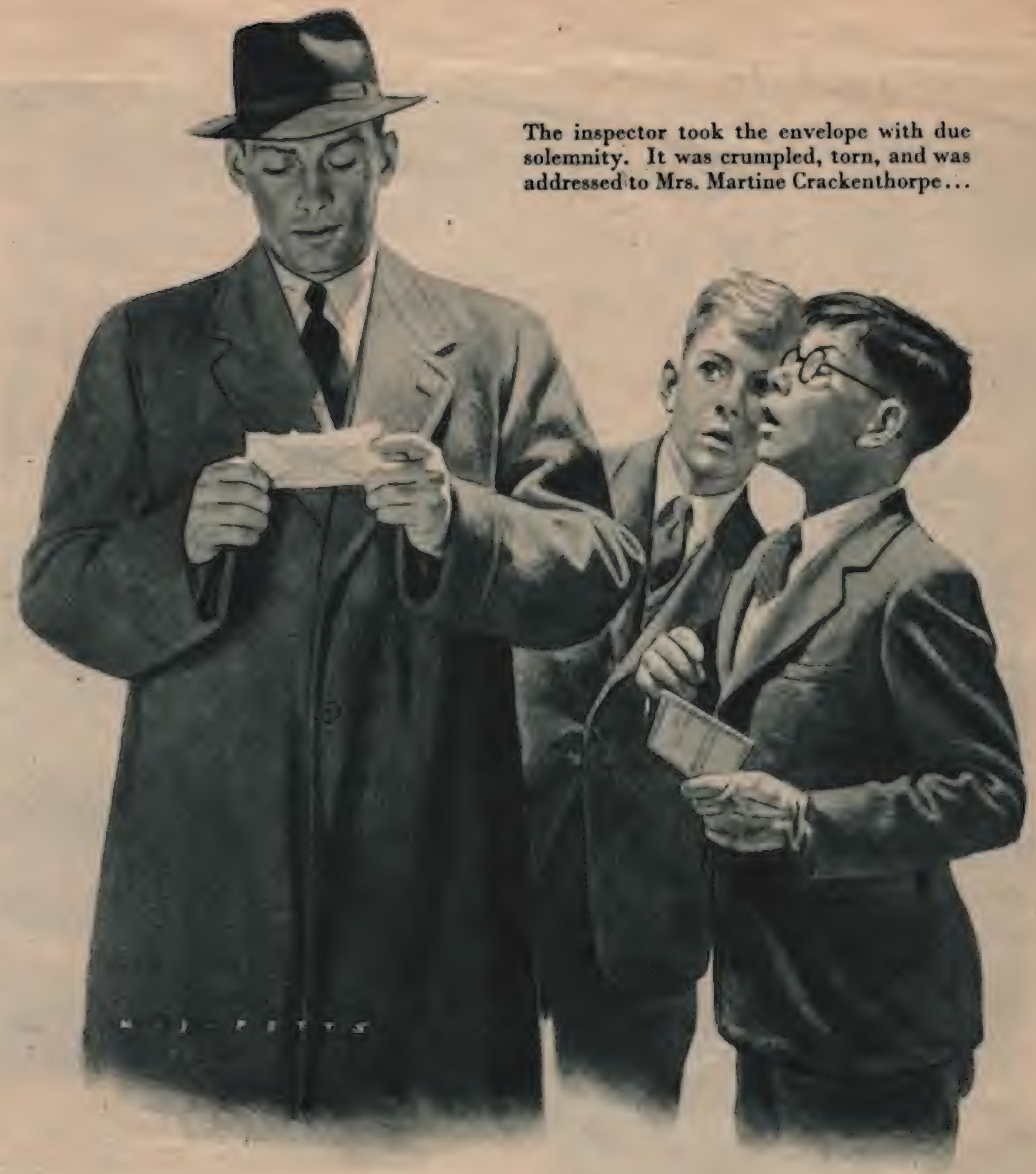
At Rutherford Hall lived old Luther Crackenthorpe and his daughter Emma. Also present, for Christmas, were Luther's three sons, Cedric, Harold and Alfred, and Bryan Eastley, his dead daughter's husband. Bryan's son Alexander and a school friend, Stoddart-West, were there, too, for part of their holidays.

Craddock had both to find the killer and establish the victim's identity. There was a possibility that the dead woman was Anna Stravinska, a missing ballet dancer. . . . Or she could be Martine Crackenthorpe.

Luther had lost a fourth son, Edmund, in the war. Only a few days ago, Emma had received a letter purporting to be from Edmund's widow, Martine, claiming support for a son. There was no record of Edmund ever having married, and, although Emma wrote to Martine, nothing further was heard of her.

Did Luther's father's peculiar will provide a motive for Martine's murder? It didn't look like it. Old Josiah's fortune was left in trust to his grandchildren and, if Edmund *had* left a son, he would eventually benefit. But Luther had the interest from the capital for life.

Mr. Wilborne, the family's solicitor, told Craddock this. He admitted, too, that Harold Crackenthorpe, who was a City financier, badly needed money. But, he added dryly, the only murder that would do Harold or the rest of the family any good was the murder of Luther Crackenthorpe. . . .



The inspector took the envelope with due solemnity. It was crumpled, torn, and was addressed to Mrs. Martine Crackenthorpe...

PART FOUR

Harold Offers An Alibi

THE appointment with Harold Crackenthorpe was at his City office. Inspector Craddock and Sergeant Wetherall arrived punctually. The office was on the fourth floor of a big block.

Harold looked up with a frank, welcoming interest. "Good morning, Inspector Craddock. Please sit down. I hope this means that you have some definite news for us at last."

"Hardly that, I am afraid, Mr. Crackenthorpe. It's just a few more questions I'd like to ask. I should be glad if you could tell me exactly what you were doing on the afternoon and evening of December the twentieth last—say between the hours of three p.m. and midnight."

Harold Crackenthorpe went an angry shade of plum red. He said: "I'm not at all sure that I ought to answer your question. Not, that is, without having my solicitor present."

"That, of course, is entirely up to you," said Craddock. "You are not bound to answer any questions, and you have a perfect right to have a solicitor present before you do so."

"Well, of course—I'm anxious to assist in any way I can. Let me see now. Such a thing isn't easy to answer off-hand, but we're very systematic here. Miss Ellis, I expect, can help."

He spoke briefly into one of the telephones on his desk and almost immediately a streamlined young woman in a well-cut black suit entered with a notebook.

"Miss Ellis, the inspector wants to know what I was doing on December the twentieth. I expect you have some record."

"Oh yes." Miss Ellis left the room, returned with an office memorandum calendar and turned the pages. "You were in the office on the morning of December the twentieth. You had a conference with Mr. Goldie about the Cromartie Merger; you lunched with Lord Forthville at the Berkeley——"

"Ah, it was that day, yes."

"You returned to the office at about three o'clock and dictated half a dozen letters. You then left to attend Sotheby's sale rooms where you were interested in some rare manuscripts which were coming up for sale that day. You did not return to the office again, but I have a note to remind you that you were attending the Catering Club dinner that evening." She looked up interrogatively.

"Thank you, Miss Ellis."

Miss Ellis glided from the room.

"That is all quite clear in my mind," said Harold. "I went to Sotheby's that afternoon, but the items I wanted there went for far too high a price. I had tea in a small place in Jermyn Street—Russell's, I think it is called. I dropped into a news theatre for about half an hour or so, then went home—I live at forty-three Cardigan Place. The Catering Club dinner took place at seven-thirty at Caterers' Hall, and after it I returned home to bed. I think that should answer your questions?"

"That's all very clear, Mr. Crackenthorpe. What time did you return home to dress?"

"Soon after six, I should think."

"And after the dinner?"

"It was half-past eleven when I got home."

"Did your manservant let you in? Or perhaps Lady Alice Crackenthorpe——"

"My wife, Lady Alice, is abroad in the South of France and has been since early in December. I let myself in with my latch key."

"Do you own a car?"

"Yes. I don't use it much except at week-ends."

"I presume you use it when you go down to see your father and sister at Brackhampton?"

"Not unless I am going to stay there for some length of time. If I just go down for the night I always go by train."

"Where do you keep your car?"

"I rent a garage in the mews behind Cardigan Place. Any more questions?"

"I think that's all for now," said Inspector Craddock, smiling and rising. "I'm very sorry for having to bother you."

When they were outside, Sergeant Wetherall, a man who lived in a state of dark suspicion of all and sundry, remarked meaningly: "He didn't *like* those questions—didn't like them at all."

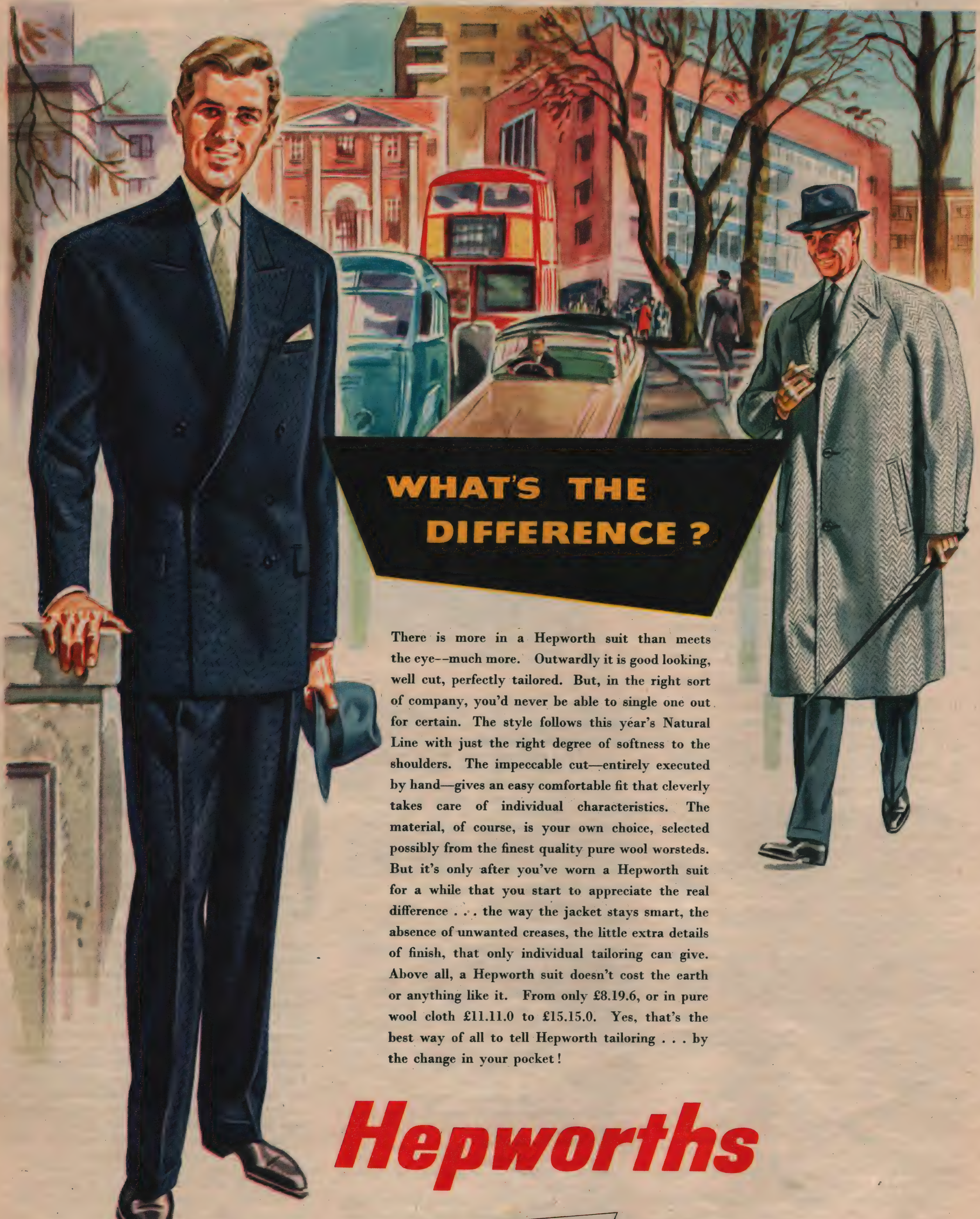
"If you have not committed a murder, it naturally annoys you if it seems that someone thinks you have," said Inspector Craddock mildly. "What we've got to find out now is if anyone actually saw Harold Crackenthorpe at the Sotheby's sale that afternoon, and the same applies to the teashop place. He could easily have caught the four thirty-three from Paddington, pushed the woman out of the train and caught a train back to London in time to appear at the dinner. In the same way he could have driven his car down that night, moved the body to the sarcophagus and driven back again. Make inquiries at the mews."

"Yes, sir. Do you think that's what he did do?"

"How do I know?" asked Inspector Craddock. "He's a tall, dark man. He *could* have been on that train and he's got a connection with Rutherford Hall. He's a possible suspect in this case. Now for Brother Alfred. . . ."

Alfred Crackenthorpe had a flat in West Hampstead of the modern built-in type, evidently rented furnished.

"I'm intrigued," he said. "Can I offer you



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE ?

There is more in a Hepworth suit than meets the eye--much more. Outwardly it is good looking, well cut, perfectly tailored. But, in the right sort of company, you'd never be able to single one out for certain. The style follows this year's Natural Line with just the right degree of softness to the shoulders. The impeccable cut—entirely executed by hand—gives an easy comfortable fit that cleverly takes care of individual characteristics. The material, of course, is your own choice, selected possibly from the finest quality pure wool worsteds. But it's only after you've worn a Hepworth suit for a while that you start to appreciate the real difference . . . the way the jacket stays smart, the absence of unwanted creases, the little extra details of finish, that only individual tailoring can give. Above all, a Hepworth suit doesn't cost the earth or anything like it. From only £8.19.6, or in pure wool cloth £11.11.0 to £15.15.0. Yes, that's the best way of all to tell Hepworth tailoring . . . by the change in your pocket!

Hepworths

Where the GOOD CLOTHES come from

YOU ARE NEVER FAR FROM A HEPWORTH BRANCH a drink, Inspector Craddock?" He held up various bottles invitingly.

"No, thank you, Mr. Crackenthorpe," Craddock replied, and then said his little piece.

"What was I doing on the afternoon and evening of December the twentieth?" Alfred said. "How should I know? I've no memory for times or places."

"The Friday before Christmas—it shouldn't be too difficult."

"I played golf one day with a likely prospect." Alfred shook his head. "I probably just mooched around. I spend a lot of my time doing that. I find one's business gets done in bars more than anywhere else."

"I think, Mr. Crackenthorpe, you *could* remember what you were doing on that Friday, if you tried. Of course you may have reasons for not wishing to remember——"

"You won't catch me that way, Inspector. It's very suspicious, of course, very suspicious indeed, that I can't remember—but there it is. Wait a minute now—I went to Leeds that week. Stayed at an hotel close to the town hall—can't remember its name, but you'd find it easily enough. That *might* have been on the Friday."

"We'll check up," said the inspector unemotionally. He rose: "I'm sorry you can't be more co-operative, Mr. Crackenthorpe."

"Most unfortunate for *me*! There's Cedric with a safe alibi in Iviza, and Harold, no doubt, checked with business appointments and public dinners every hour—and here am I with no alibi at all. Very sad. Won't you have a drink before you go, Inspector? Sure? Too bad I haven't been able to help you."

The two detectives left. They were silent most of the way back to headquarters. Then suddenly Sergeant Wetherall said: "I've placed him, sir. That chap. All the time I was trying to fix it and suddenly it came. He was mixed up in that tinned food business with Dicky Rogers. Never got anything on him—too cagey for that. And he's been in with one or more of the Soho lot. Watches and that Italian sovereign business."

Of course! Craddock realized now why Alfred's face had seemed vaguely familiar from the first. It had all been small-time stuff—never anything that could be proved.

"That throws rather a light on things," Craddock said. "I shouldn't have said he was the type to do murder. But it explains other things—the reason why he couldn't come up with an alibi. . . ."

When Craddock returned to Brackhampton he went to see Miss Marple and found Lucy Eyelesbarrow with her. They discussed the case and Miss Marple said: "Of course, I am somewhat handicapped by not actually being on the spot. It is so helpful, I always feel, when people remind you of other people."

Craddock nodded comprehendingly. "But you've been to tea there, haven't you?"

"Yes, indeed. Most pleasant. I was a little disappointed that I didn't see old Mr. Crackenthorpe—but one can't have everything."

"Do you feel that if you saw the person who had done the murder, you'd know?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, I wouldn't say *that*, dear. All one can do is to observe the people concerned—or who might have been concerned—and see whom they remind you of."

She added: "You know, dear Lucy, that as far as I am concerned you have fulfilled your contract. If you really want a holiday abroad before taking up your next engagement, you would have time still for a short trip."

"And leave Rutherford Hall?" said Lucy. "Never! I'm the complete sleuth by now. Almost as bad as the boys. They spend their entire time looking for clues." She turned to Craddock. "If they come to you in triumph, Inspector, bearing a torn scrap of paper with *Martine—if you value your life keep away from the Long Barn!* on it, you'll know that I've taken pity on them and concealed the note in the pigsty."

Craddock smiled. "Who's at the house now?"

"Cedric's there, and Bryan's down for the weekend. Harold and Alfred are coming down tomorrow. They rang up this morning. I somehow got the impression that you had been putting the cat among the pigeons, Inspector."

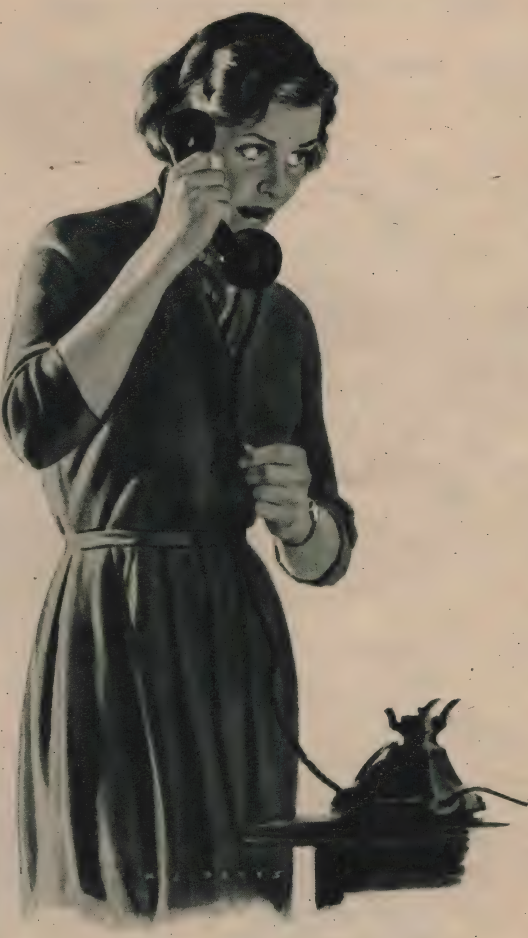
"I shook them up a little; asked them to account for their movements on Friday, December the twentieth."

"And could they?"

"Harold could. Alfred couldn't—or wouldn't."

"I think alibis must be terribly difficult," said Lucy. "Times and places and dates. They must be hard to check up on, too."

"It takes time and patience — but we manage." Craddock glanced at his watch. "I'll be coming along to Rutherford Hall presently to have a word with Cedric, but I want to get hold of Dr. Quimper first."



"Doctor Quimper?" she said. "This is Lucy Eyelesbarrow. I think you had better come over. Everybody is ill"

Miss Marple said: "Don't the boys go back to school soon?"

"Yes—next week. They go tomorrow to James Stoddart-West's home for the last few days of the holidays."

Craddock looked at Miss Marple thoughtfully. "Do you believe in the mysterious Martine?" he asked.

"I'm quite ready to believe that Edmund Crackenthorpe either married, or meant to marry, a girl called Martine."

"So, granted Martine," said Craddock thoughtfully, "there *is* a motive of a kind. Martine's reappearance with a son would diminish the Crackenthorpe inheritance—though hardly to a point, one would think, to activate murder. They're all very hard up——"

"Even Harold?" Lucy demanded incredulously.

"Even the prosperous-looking Harold Crackenthorpe is not the sober and conservative financier he appears to be. He's been plunging heavily and mixing himself up in some rather undesirable ventures. A large sum of money, soon, might avoid a crash."

"But Martine's death wouldn't do Harold—or any of the others—any good. Not until——"

"Not until Luther Crackenthorpe dies. Exactly. That occurred to me. And Mr. Crackenthorpe senior, I gather from his doctor, is a much better 'life' than any outsider would imagine."

"He'll last for years," said Lucy. Then she frowned.

"Yes?" Craddock spoke encouragingly.

"He was rather ill at Christmas time," said Lucy. "He said the doctor made a lot of fuss about it." She looked inquiringly at Craddock.

"Yes," said Craddock. "That's really what I want to ask Dr. Quimper about."

"Well, I must go," said Lucy. "Heavens, it's late."

Miss Marple put down her knitting and picked up a half-done crossword puzzle. "I wish I had a dictionary here," she murmured. "Tontine and Tokay—I always mix those two words up. One, I believe, is a Hungarian wine."

"That's Tokay," said Lucy, looking back from the door. "But one's a five-letter word and one's a seven. What's the clue?"

"Oh, it wasn't in the crossword," said Miss Marple vaguely. "It was in my head."

Inspector Craddock looked at her very hard. Then he said goodbye and went. . . .

He had to wait a few minutes while Quimper finished his evening surgery, and then the doctor came to him. Quimper looked tired and depressed. He offered Craddock a drink and when the latter accepted he mixed one for himself as well.

"What did you want to see me about?" Quimper asked.

"I understand that not long ago—at Christmas time I think it was—Mr. Crackenthorpe had rather a bad turn of illness."

He saw a change at once in the doctor's face. "Yes."

"Mr. Crackenthorpe was boasting of his health, saying he intended to outlive most of his family. He spoke of you as an old fuss-pot and said you had asked him all sorts of questions, not only as to what he had eaten, but as to who prepared it and served it."

"Go on."

"He used some such phrase as, 'talked as though he believed someone had poisoned me.' Had you any suspicion of that kind?"

Dr. Quimper said evasively: "Old Crackenthorpe leads a fairly frugal life. When the family comes down, Emma steps up the food. Result—a nasty attack of gastro-enteritis. The symptoms were consistent with that diagnosis."

Craddock persisted. "I see. You were quite satisfied? You were not at all—shall we say—puzzled?"

"Yes, I was puzzled. Gastro cases vary, of course—but there were certain indications that would have been, shall we say, more consistent with arsenical poisoning than with plain gastroenteritis. Mind you, the two things are very much alike."

"And what was the result of your inquiries?"

"It seemed that what I suspected could not possibly be true. Mr. Crackenthorpe assured me that he had had similar attacks before I attended him. But frankly I went so far as to write to old Dr. Morris. He was my senior partner and retired soon after I joined him. Crackenthorpe was his patient originally. I asked about these earlier attacks that the old man had had."

"And what response did you get?"

Quimper grinned. "I got a flea in the ear. I was more or less told not to be a damned fool."

Craddock hesitated. Then he said: "Throwing discretion aside, Doctor, there are people who stand to benefit pretty considerably from Luther Crackenthorpe's death." The doctor nodded, and the inspector went on: "He's an old man—but a

Continued on page 41

All steamed up for health

by RENÉ LECLER

Bernard Faer makes it hot for his Turkish Bath clients. He lets them sing, slim or sleep—or hold a rip-roaring party

One Saturday afternoon recently, Bernard Faer, manager of a London Turkish Baths establishment, was approached by a sarong-clad group of his regular patrons. In worried tones they explained that one of their number, a Turkish Bath devotee for many years, had failed to turn up for five weeks. "We are afraid that something might be wrong," they told Faer. "Could you find out where he is?"

With only the client's name as a guide, Faer began inquiries and presently discovered that he was in hospital with a broken leg after an accident. Faer passed on the information and the following week he led the anxious group on a pilgrimage to the hospital with cigarettes and fruit—a journey that was repeated regularly until the patient was discharged and ready to resume his weekly attendance at the baths.

A stocky, London-born physiotherapist with a briskly benevolent manner, Faer keeps a paternal eye on many of the hundred-odd patrons who every day visit the Imperial Turkish Baths in Russell Square. "For most of them," he says, "the baths are a sort of social club. They gather a circle of friends, establish a routine and heartily dislike anything that interferes with it."

Most of the people who visit Faer's establishment to lose weight, to sweat out the cares of the week, or simply to relax, have their special days. Friday night customers are mostly from the clothing trade; on Sunday mornings dozens of bookmakers meet there to discuss racing events. One well-known surgeon has been to the baths every Tuesday and Friday since they opened in 1913 and still has the same massage given to him underwater. Another customer, a famous author, visits the baths whenever he has to correct the proofs of a book. One northern business man who pays frequent visits to London regularly leaves his train at Euston Station in the evening, walks down to the baths, goes through the three-hour routine of the Turkish Bath and then sleeps in a small, antiseptic cubicle. At 7.30 a.m. he has a hefty breakfast and walks jauntily off to his business meetings.

Among his customers Faer numbers Cabinet ministers, jockeys, bishops, shopkeepers, actors who drop in after an exhausting performance, and one elderly financier who arrives every Friday afternoon with a bagful of teacakes. "I hear his car draw up," says Faer, "and then he comes down the stairs, singing." When this man celebrated his golden wedding anniversary some while ago, Faer held a special party for him.

Faer believes that a hot bath and exclusively male company automatically release schoolboy feelings in most men. "I have yet to meet a man who does not enjoy singing in his bath," he says. People have so often asked him for permission to run parties that he has set aside a special room where, with bottles of beer and sandwiches, his more boisterous patrons can enjoy themselves without bothering others. In one year more than thirty wedding-eve bachelor parties have been held in that room.

Most people get on speaking terms very quickly. "Bishops while away the time with jockeys, and rich men with poor men," says Faer. "You can't be superior with your clothes off."

Inhibitions are usually lost and social standing forgotten in the friendly atmosphere of the tall, pillared Victorian-style rooms. Quite often business deals result from chance meetings, and Faer knows of at least one property deal which came about when the two parties met amid clouds of steam. One young electrical engineer with

Many clients regard the baths as a kind of club. Bernard Faer, the manager, says: "You can't be superior with your clothes off"

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

A cold water plunge rounds off a spell in the hot rooms. Slimming courses are popular with women: one lost sixteen pounds in weight by taking a Turkish Bath every day for two weeks

bright ideas got himself a job when he sat down next to a man who owned a factory making electrical components.

Occasionally Faer helps with advice. One recent Friday a dealer in surplus goods arrived at the baths and confided to Faer: "I wish I could buy some clothing. My shelves are bare." Two hours later a prominent garment manufacturer went in wearing a worried expression. In answer to Faer's question he explained that, at the end of the season, he was left with five thousand coats on his hands. Faer smiled and told him: "You go and sit next to that man on the marble seat. You never know." He recalls: "When I saw them produce pads and pencils, I knew they had worked something out."

Most of his customers follow the same routine for their Turkish Baths—three hours, for which they pay 8s. 6d., with extras for massage and other forms of treatment. They undress in private cubicles and then walk into a large, medium-warm room before going through a steam room and three hot rooms with different temperatures. The last is so hot—about two hundred degrees—that few people can stand it. "But," says Faer, "we have one man here, an elderly watchmaker, who spends two hours in there doing Swedish exercises. He is all on his own, too. After twelve years, I myself can't stand it for longer than a few minutes."

TURKISH BATHS are reputed to be beneficial for arthritic and rheumatic conditions. They have proved to be efficient in reducing weight. One obese man who went to Faer a year ago weighing twenty-three stone has now gone down to sixteen stone, and Faer is frequently asked to run special slimming courses.

These are most in demand in the ladies' Turkish Baths which Faer also runs, as a separate business, a few doors away. In a fortnight one woman lost sixteen pounds by attending the baths once a day for three hours. Casting directors and play managers often send showgirls to Faer with instructions to his female staff to take an inch or two off their hips. "In most cases," Faer says, "we are able to do something for them—but we have no control over what they eat when they get out."

Though Faer rarely mentions the fact, Turkish Baths are considered a cure for hangovers and after-the-party feelings. A few weeks ago, one business man called on him at 3 p.m. and said: "I have had one of those lunches again. I've a most important business meeting at five o'clock. Can you get me right?" Faer helped him down the stairs, put him through a forced march in the hot rooms, gave him a massage and then a cold drink. "At five minutes to five," he recalls, "that man left me and walked off towards the West End completely refreshed."

Despite all this Faer believes that the Turkish Bath's greatest effect is to force people to relax completely. The steam opens the pores of the skin, gets rid of toxic elements in the system and relaxes the muscles. One well-known actor who regularly visits Faer asks for complete silence during his bath time and is left strictly alone for three or four hours.

Faer recalls one occasion when the noise could not be helped—the only time when women have ever been allowed in a gentlemen's Turkish Baths. Last year the cast and production unit of the radio comedy serial *People Are Funny* booked the entire baths for an afternoon party and proceeded to put on a sort of Arabian Nights entertainment of their own amid the mosaics, the pillars and the pools. "It was the most rip-roaring affair I have ever attended," says Faer.

Faer's Turkish Baths are one of the few places in London which stay open all day and all night, and he often gets customers in the small hours of the morning. Once he was still working at 2 a.m. when he saw one of his regular day customers drive up. The man wore an overcoat over his pyjamas. "I couldn't sleep at home," he told Faer. "I thought a Turkish Bath would put me right." Faer put him through a quick routine and within an hour the man was sound asleep.

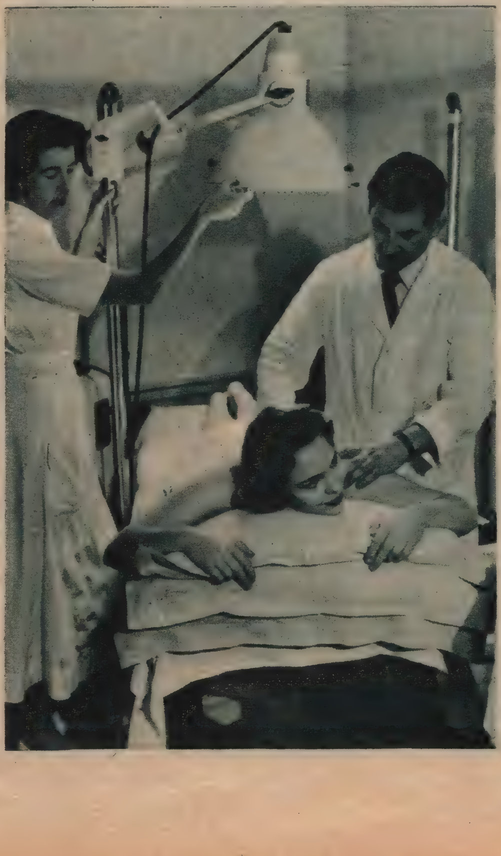
Another time, at dead of night, Faer's night supervisor admitted a stranger. Within a few minutes of the man's arrival police officers called to ask whether a man answering his description had come in. At 6 a.m., when the man walked out into the street, a policeman was waiting for him. "I never did find out where he had spent the early part of that night," says Faer.

Faer, who lives in Hendon with his wife and six-year-old daughter, handles his staff of twenty-four and thousands of customers with the jovial benevolence of a man who knows that people sometimes have to be mollycoddled. Often dressed only in a loin-cloth, he tours the steamy recesses of his underground empire, chats to every man and generally helps him to relax. "Modern life is often hectic," he says. "People live on their nerves. This is one place where they can really let go."

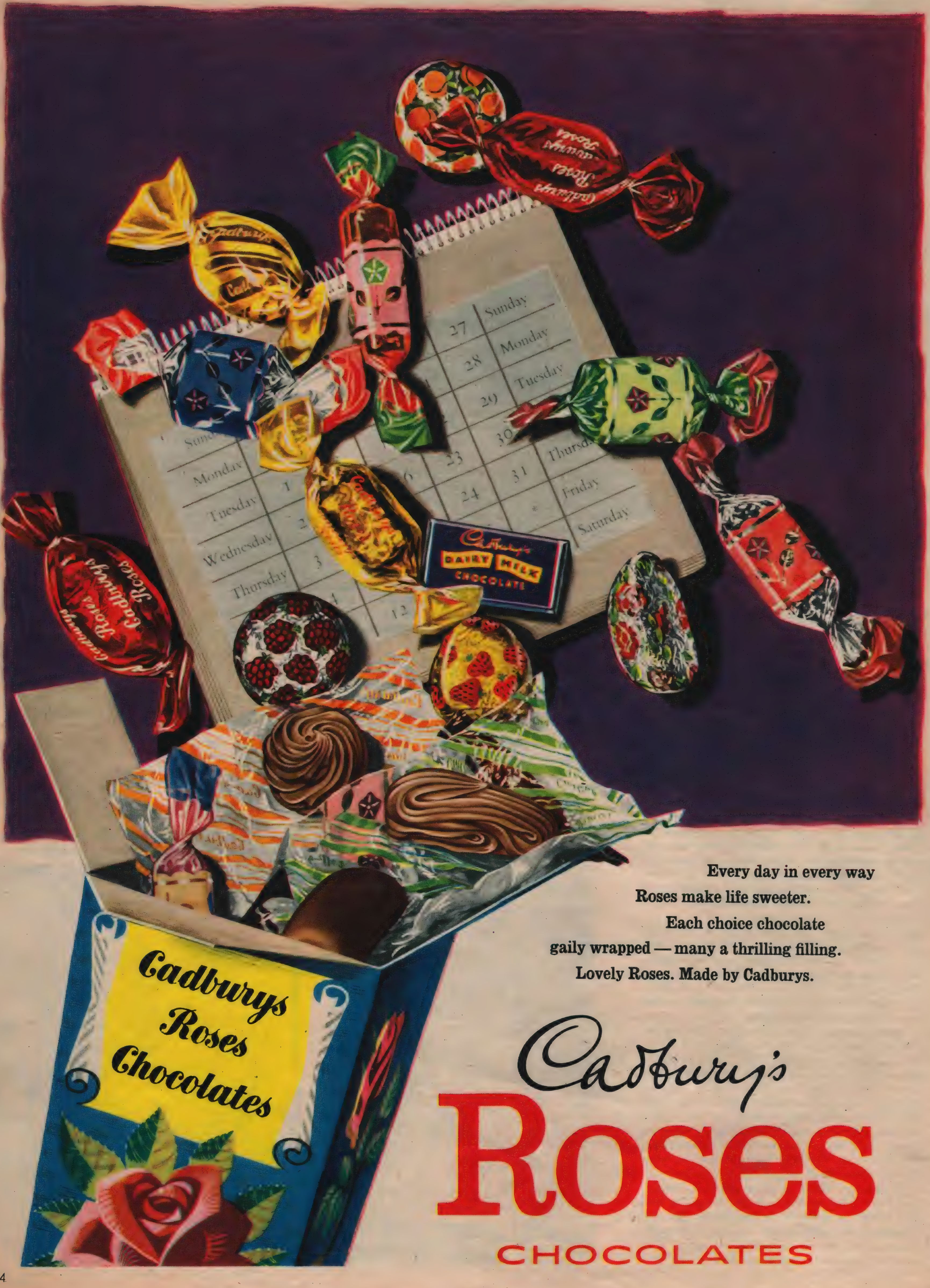
When an American business man started taking a tape recorder to dictate letters while in the baths, Faer gave him a special room. Another American visitor wanted to stay awake until a telephone call came from New York for him. Faer put him up and paged him for the call at 4 a.m. He was even able to accommodate a troupe of trapeze artists from a West End show who wanted to loosen their muscles and rehearse. Faer set them up in a steam room and told them to be careful of the wet floor.

He sees his clients as people in need of help, rest and anonymity. One recent Sunday afternoon he was walking with his family in Hyde Park when he was greeted by a stranger. They had a long conversation and finally the man suggested tea for the whole family. When Faer's wife asked who the man was, he admitted: "I haven't the slightest idea." A few days later the man arrived at the baths and Faer realized he had been a customer for years. He had not recognized him with his clothes on. THE END

Faer's massage relaxes a client after a bath. One man prefers massage underwater



One customer treats another with the besom, a brush for circulating the hot, steamy air


Cadburys
Roses
Chocolates
Cadbury's
DAIRY MILK
CHOCOLATE
Cadburys Roses
Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

Every day in every way
Roses make life sweeter.
Each choice chocolate
gaily wrapped — many a thrilling filling.
Lovely Roses. Made by Cadburys.

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CHOCOLATES

Children of the red desert

by LARRY FINN

Kramer was a policeman: he should know how to trap the man who was stealing his wife

As the starless night thickened about the encampment, the cold desert air bit deeper into the two white men squatting over the fire, numbing their tired bodies in spite of warm clothing and a generous ration of Cape brandy.

They had not spoken for some time, content to relax with their hot drinks once the camels had been fettered and the sentries posted. But now Mallory was uneasy. Superintendent Kramer was drinking steadily. He was gulping the stuff down, and tomorrow, when this dark desert changed to a blinding haze of yellow sky and blood-red sand, he would feel like death.

"I think I'll turn in, sir," Mallory said, ashamed and disappointed. He respected Kramer; and this was an important patrol—a dangerous one too.

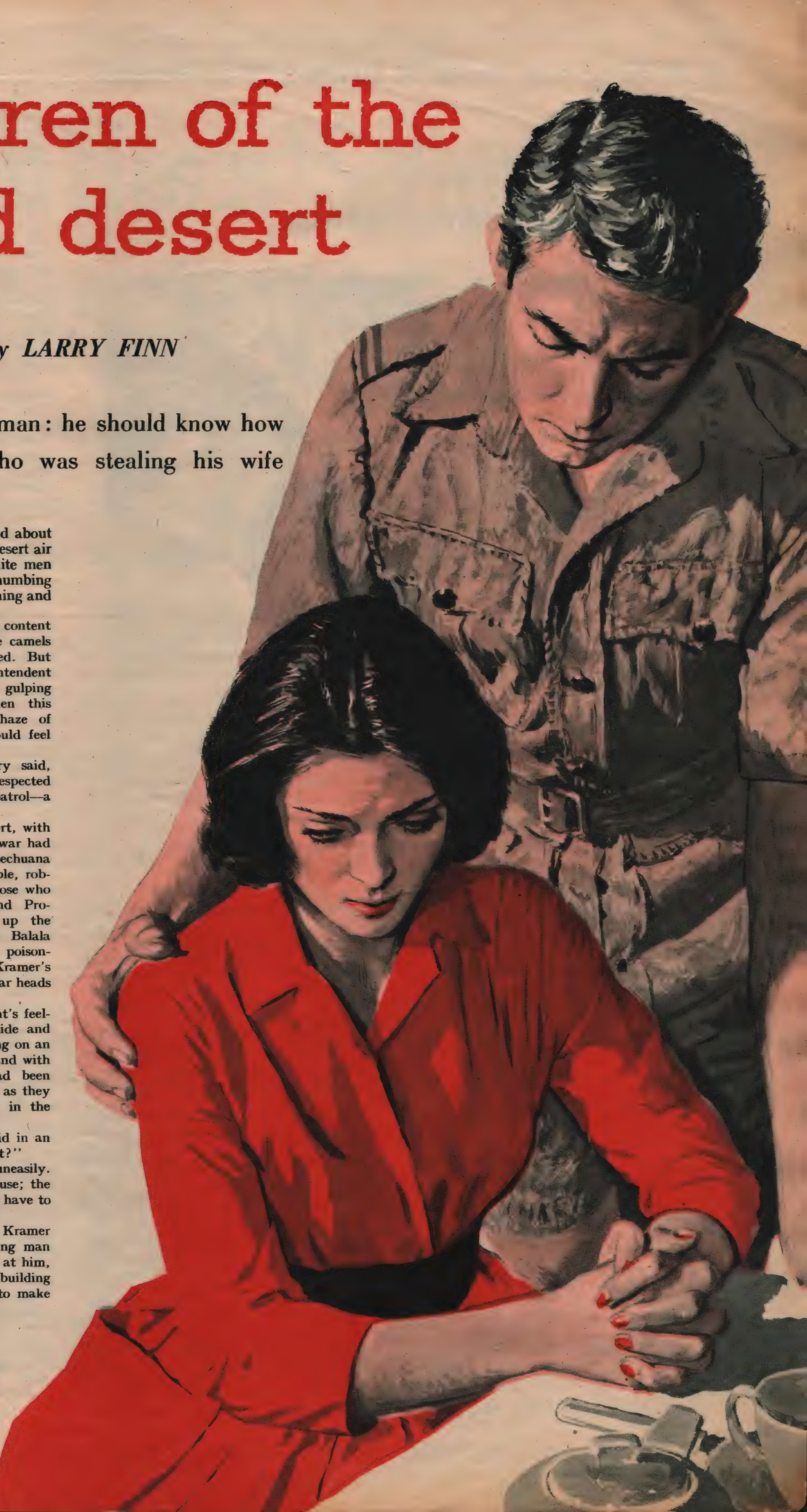
Here on the rim of the Kalahari desert, with its desolate wastes of red sand, a little war had started over goats. A clan of the great Bechuana had fallen on the primitive Balala people, robbing them of their flocks and killing those who resisted. Patrols of the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police were out to pick up the Bechuana ringleaders and pacify the Balala before they retaliated with their tiny, poison-tipped arrows. Mallory knew that, if Kramer's patrol were to survive, it would need clear heads in the morning.

Kramer must have sensed his assistant's feelings, for he tossed his empty mug aside and stretched himself out on the sand, resting on an elbow. He was a big man, red of hair and with a light, freckled complexion that had been burned brick-red by the sun. His eyes, as they rested on Mallory, glinted unnaturally in the firelight.

"My wife likes you, Mallory," he said in an odd, thick voice. "Did you know that?"

"No, I didn't sir," Mallory said uneasily. "But I'm glad she does." It was no use; the superintendent was drunk and he would have to humour him.

"She was always talking about you," Kramer went on, eyeing the fire, and the young man slowly raised his head and gazed across at him, aware that some kind of tension was building up between them. "She always tried to make



Now Mallory patted Maria's shoulder unashamedly. "I'll bring him back," he promised. "Somehow I'll get him back"

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

A thrilling new serial of adventure in Athens

Greek Fire

by WINSTON GRAHAM

Death in the morning, death striking swiftly in a seedy backstreet—and handsome Peter Vanbrugh finds he is a wanted man. . . . Wanted by the police, and by a ruthless politician; wanted by Anya Stonaris, one of the most beautiful women in Greece. A powerful writer's new novel of intriguing romance and dramatic suspense . . .

Vanbrugh with Anya—*one of Fancett's illustrations*

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

you feel at home, didn't she? She called you Peter and mothered you a bit, didn't she?" Kramer was becoming strangely insistent. "But I suppose it's natural when a woman is stuck out in a place like Sabutane, and there's a younger man around."

"I don't know what you mean," Mallory said, flushing.

"Don't you?"

Mallory's mind raced back over the events of the past three months, but he could remember nothing that had happened which would account for this conversation. There had never been the slightest trouble between them at Sabutane, where he had lived with the superintendent and his wife ever since being posted from headquarters at Serowe. On that bleak and isolated station they had become almost a family, though Kramer was naturally a taciturn man. Mrs. Kramer—Maria—was a dark, slender woman whom Mallory had instinctively liked, even before he discovered that she came from his home town, Pretoria.

"Is there something troubling you, sir?" he asked, unable to bear the silence.

There was a strangled snore from nearby as one of the native troopers turned restlessly under his blanket.

"I'm not blaming anyone," Kramer said, tightlipped. "You were bound to get friendly. I left you both alone often enough when I was on trek."

"Do you know the meaning of what you're saying, sir? You're accusing me of carrying on with your wife."

"I didn't say that."

"But you've almost said it," Mallory insisted, trembling a little. Why, the man was "bushed"; stark, raving mad. He couldn't have believed it of him, this man of iron who had always been utterly fair and just. He needed a change, a rest in a different climate.

Mallory went on: "Don't you think we'd better turn in, sir? You're upset . . . tired. . . ."

Both men lay down and covered themselves with their blankets.

"I want to talk to you about the tribesmen," Kramer said, after a while. "Things are too quiet for my liking. There's no telling what the Balala are up to." He spoke as if nothing had happened between them. "I mean, we should have met up with them by now, unless they're avoiding us. They're like children most times, but they can be cruel and savage when they want something—and they want their goats back. They'll have it in for us, too. They'll blame the police for not stopping the Bechuana in the first place."

"What do you think, sir?" Mallory asked, but without real interest. He could not forget what had happened.

"I don't know," Kramer said. "I'll have to think about it. Good night."

"Good night." Mallory closed his eyes, feeling bitter and still nursing his hurt.

When he awoke, with the sun already warm on his face, he found the superintendent standing beside him.

"There's a change in plans," Kramer said. He kneeled and spread out a map. "I'm still making for Point Sixty—there's a well there, and it's a permanent camp of the Balala." He sucked thoughtfully at his teeth. "It's the others I'm worried about, the ones out looking for revenge. They'll be scattered and could be anywhere."

This sounded more like the superintendent of old, and Mallory warmed to him. "We could break up, sir, and make two separate patrols," he suggested.

"H'mm. I was thinking of Sabutane," the superintendent said. He added casually: "I think you'd better return there at once, Mallory."

Mallory's brown eyes widened. "But you need me with you, sir. You said so."

The superintendent seemed to be studying the dunes opposite. "I'm worried about Maria. Some of the Balala might turn up there, to complain or something, and it might go badly with her. You can take four of the men back with you. If you travel in a direct route, you should do it in four days." Kramer looked directly at Mallory with an odd expression in his eyes. "I've thought it over," he finished, "and I think it's the best thing."

Mallory looked up at him, wondering exactly what he meant. "I'll start at once, sir," he said, puzzled and thoughtful. . . .

At dawn on the fourth day, Mallory's party rode into Sabutane. Someone, either a tracker or a native policeman, must have seen them breasting the rocky slopes that fronted the station, for Mrs. Kramer had already left the house and was running to meet them.

Mallory waved. *Of course,* he thought grimly. *She thinks something's happened to her husband.* "There's nothing wrong," he called down to her, as she met him. "Nothing to worry about. I'll explain it all to you in a minute."

She dropped behind, shielding her eyes, and allowed them to ride past her into the station compound. Then she hurried after them, waiting while Mallory dismounted and his camel was led away.

"Let's go into the house," he said.

MALLORY sank exhausted into a chair while she brought him oat cakes and a mug of hot coffee.

"He was worried about you, that's all," he said, sipping his drink. "He sent me back to see that you are all right."

"Am I in danger, then?" she asked.

He considered her question for a moment. "No, I don't think so. But you know what husbands are." He smiled, to cover the bitterness of a sudden memory.

"Then there's nothing really wrong, Peter?" She spoke carefully, watching him intently.

"Why, no." He took a cake, avoiding her eyes.

"It's strange he should send you back."

"I shan't be staying, of course," he said, with feigned cheerfulness. "A hot bath and a shave and then I'm off."

She turned on him. "But you can't do that. You must rest."

"He needs me," Mallory said simply. And he was certain of it. It was one thing to worry needlessly about your wife, but quite another when you permitted it to interfere with official duties. The superintendent was not himself. His judgment was no longer sound, and he had never needed an assistant more.

Maria said quietly: "I feel there's something you're not telling me."

He hesitated. He had no wish to talk about that conversation around the campfire. "Well, I think he needs a rest, if that's what you mean," he said. "He's worn himself out."

He had meant well, but all at once she started

Continued on page 51

Ingrid rides the Wall of Death

by *HILARY AGATE*

"You get used to the spills," she says. For 30s. she must risk her neck thirty times a day—and it's cheating to wear a crash helmet

FIVE HUNDRED Germans were watching as Ingrid McGunegall, a British rider, took a motor-cycle at forty miles an hour round the vertical wooden surface of the Wall of Death in a Munich fairground booth. At a signal from Kitty Muller and Martha Wiesmann, two German women riding in front of her, she clamped her legs against the machine's tank, stood up and, with her blonde hair streaming behind her, lifted her arms in the air. At the same time the other women joined hands and began swaying from side to side while travelling round the hundred-feet circuit.

On the third circuit, Kitty Muller's motor-cycle skidded and she was hurled among waiting riders and machines in the pit below.

Ingrid wrenched her machine away from the skidding motor-cycle. She missed it by inches and circled towards the pit with Martha Wiesmann, who had also managed to keep control. Ingrid had just crossed the hinged panel in the Wall through which riders enter when it opened. Her husband Norman, who had heard the crash and thought his wife was involved, rushed in. Had he opened the flap a second earlier, he might have seriously injured her.

"Kitty had concussion and was in hospital for two months," says Ingrid. "But I was riding fifteen minutes later. You get used to spills, though there are not many bad ones."

Twenty-year-old Ingrid, with the slim figure and good looks of a model, has had only half a dozen falls, none serious, in nearly five years' and eight thousand miles' riding on the Wall of Death. She is one of only two women performers in Britain—the other is twenty-year-old Juliet Mitchell, who rides at Southend, Essex.

Ingrid fell for the first time when she was sixteen—on her maiden solo trip on the twenty-foot high wall at the Wirral resort of New Brighton, where she has done most of her riding. She had been learning to ride on the slightly canted practice track at the foot of the wall for a month and was practising late one night.

"Suddenly I felt I could ride the wall itself. I headed the bike on to it and opened the throttle full. The exhilaration made me shout 'I've done it.'"

Her cries brought two fairground men to the top of the wall and, as they began clapping, she instinctively waved. "That was my undoing. I lost balance and, as the bike slid from under me, I fell off."

She suffered friction burns, but the ride had given her confidence. Later that week she rode in a bathing costume to attract customers.

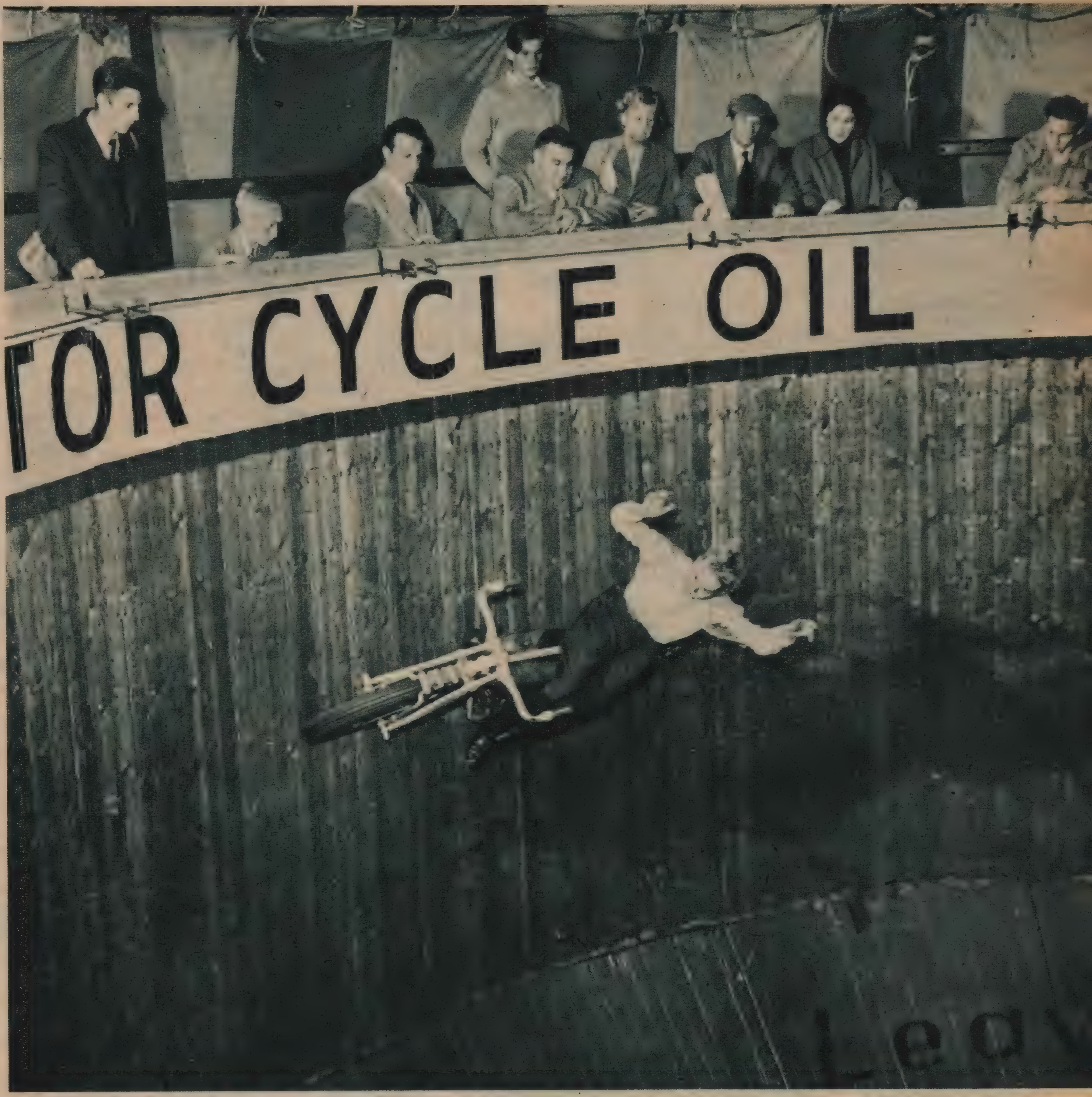
"Since then her confidence has never deserted her," says Peter Catchpoole, twenty-seven year old part-owner of the New Brighton wall.

Ingrid admits however, that over-confidence has caused her trouble. "You soon learn to keep relaxed and to lean away from the wall, but you may easily set the throttle wrongly when riding with no hands, or misjudge dips and turns."

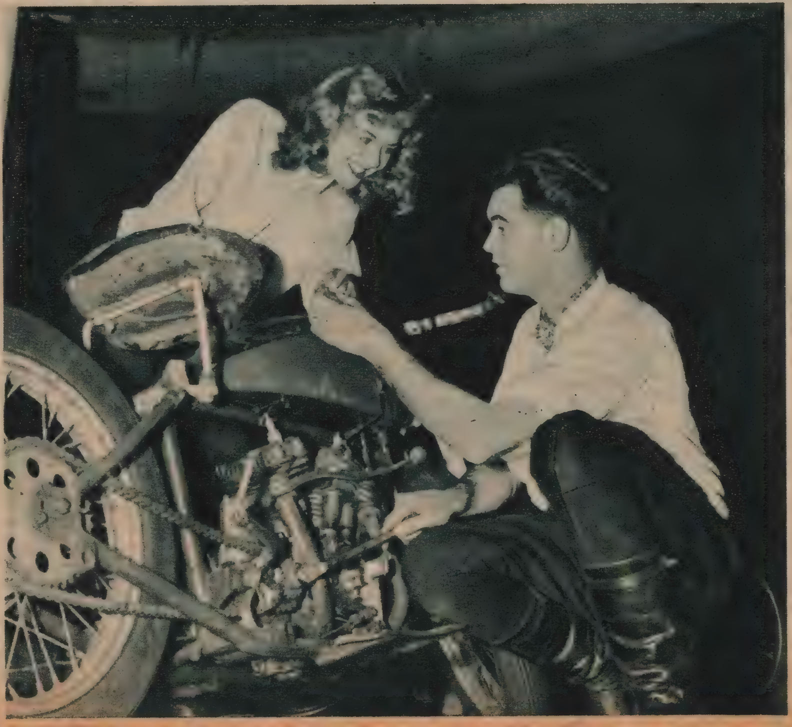
Recently, accelerating for the top of the wall to thrill a large audience, she turned her machine too late. Her leg hit against the safety cable which protects spectators and her machine careered towards the pit. She regained control only as she bounced on to the practice track.

Most accidents are caused by factors beyond a rider's control. Burst tyres, seized-up engines, and oil or water on the wall are the biggest hazards. Rain, leaking in or pouring in

Continued on page 44



Ingrid McGunegall takes a dare-devil ride at forty miles an hour on the Wall of Death. Her secret is—relax



Peter Catchpoole and Ingrid carry out minor repairs. She is one of a dozen women wall riders in the world

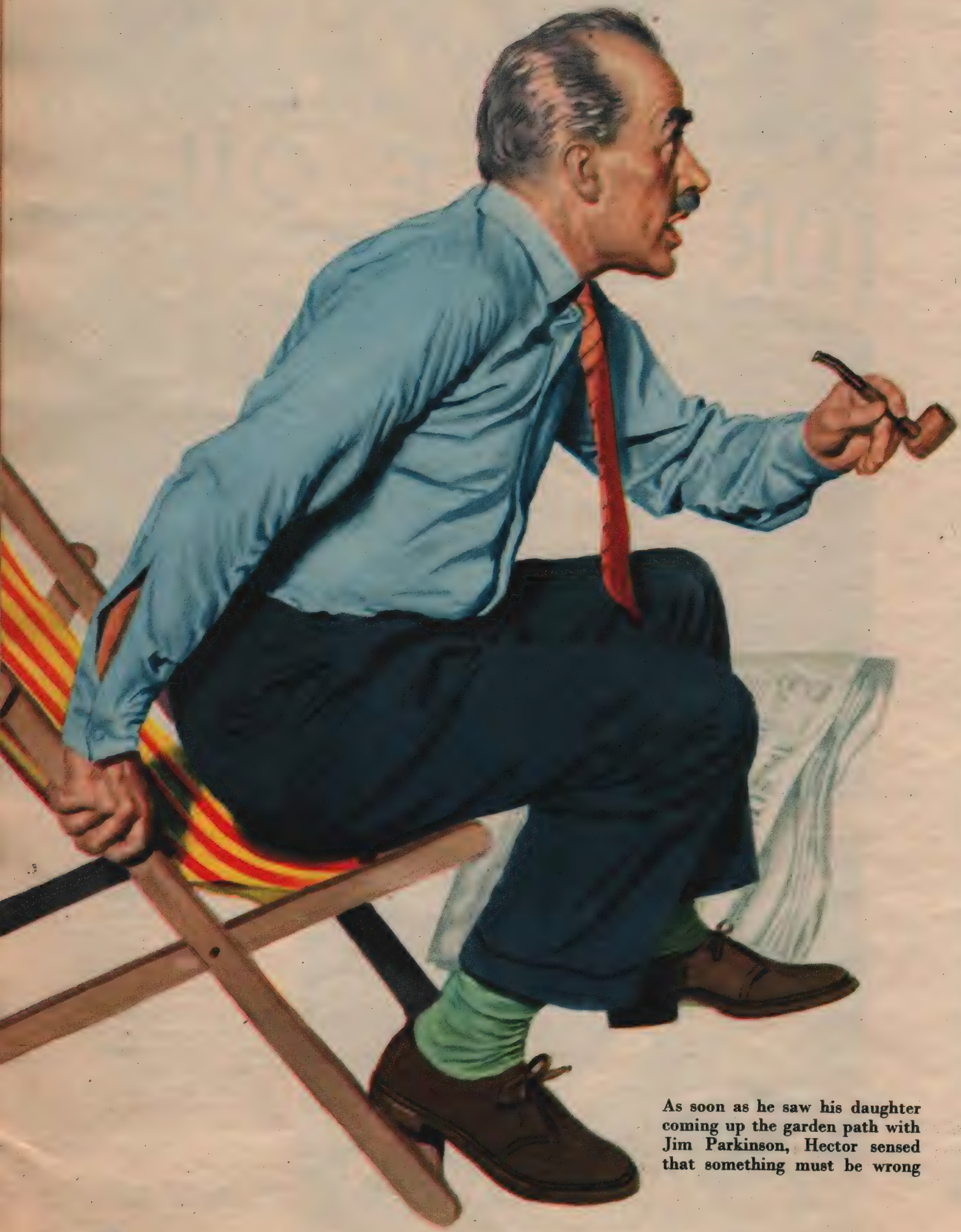
JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

FIFTY-POUND WIFE

by ***CLIVE BURNLEY***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Hector would do anything to uphold the honour of his family. Why, he might even put his daughter in pawn



As soon as he saw his daughter coming up the garden path with Jim Parkinson, Hector sensed that something must be wrong

JIM PARKINSON ought to have known better than to sell his estate wagon where, when and to whom he did. But then, he was new to the district.

He sold it in the last hour before "last orders" in the severe parlour of the Dog and Shepherd at Little Bedstow, where the air has a delicate scent of malt liquors and furniture polish and the only wall ornaments are a stuffed partridge and a notice about betting. There were three men in the room at the time, all drinking Messrs. Godge and Copstone's India Pale Ale.

One of them, of course, was Jim himself, a rangy young man with a face so guilelessly frank and open as to wear always a look of faint surprise. His hands were clean, his gaberdines nicely pressed, and his face not more weather-beaten than could have been accounted for by a couple of days at Margate.

Yet this man was a farmer, lately come to Clockhouse Farm in Curlew Lane, where he lived with his widowed mother and his sister. He was a farmer of the New Age, who knew that agriculture was a science and a farm simply a factory without a roof. He had a drawing board in the room he used as an office, upon which he worked out irrigation projects, cropping plans, soil analyses and modifications to the gearboxes of combine harvesters. In Little Bedstow they shook their heads and said he wouldn't last; but he did.

Sitting next to Jim, and tightly filling a wicker chair, was Silas Potter, clerk in a firm of solicitors at Morrowfield, a bald and shiny-faced barrel of a man with a sharp and greenish eye; he always smoked miniature cigars. And the third man, leaning his elbows on the glass-topped table, was none other than Hector O'Brien Hallett, his long Irish face never holding the same expression for two minutes together and his lumpy shoulders even lumpier in a leather jerkin.

Hector had a house not far from Clockhouse Farm and had some connection with a local firm of builders. But the curse of the Irish was upon him and he was known to be a clever, devious man whom it was not wise either to cross or to credit, and to whom it was impossible not to listen.

The subject under discussion was the estate wagon Jim wanted to sell: ten horse-power; not as young as it used to be; in need of a rebore, respray and a new offside rear tyre. Nevertheless, it was worth something; £45, Jim said, was his price for VZG 5, that being the vehicle's registration number.

The atmosphere in the parlour of the Dog and Shepherd was cordial, rapidly becoming convivial. Already it wasn't quite clear how much of what was said was spoken in deadly earnest and how much was thrown off by way of pure jocularity. Jim didn't try to make the distinction and sat back to enjoy it all.

In the first place Hector O'Brien Hallett offered not £45 but £50 for the van. He had his reasons and he explained them. He wanted the van and he wanted it at once: it was exactly the vehicle he needed for a small contract at Pedlar's Green. But it so happened that just at this moment he was waiting for interim payments on other jobs, paying off hire-purchase on two new concrete mixers, and spending a fortune to send his wife into Sussex to recover from influenza.

In short, at this particular moment, very temporarily, he didn't have £45. But he had a proposition. (These Hector never ran short of.) He would take VZG 5 now and he would pay for it in three weeks' time, making the sum £50 instead of £45 to represent interest on the deferred payment.

Jim had been long enough in the village to know who people were, but not long enough to know their secret histories; he therefore took Hector at his face value as an established local business man and near neighbour. Any slight misgivings he had were soon stilled; every tooth in Heck's head was a fragment of the original Blarney Stone and the India Pale Ale was slowly inducing in Jim a sanguine and trusting mood.

It was Silas Potter who appeared to have doubts. He emptied his glass and banged it on the table. "Not good enough," he said. "Jim's got to wait three weeks for his money, but what security has he got in the meantime?"

"He has me pledged word," answered Heck, looking as if he were in two minds whether to knock Silas down or not.

"Ah," said Silas, "but business is business."

"Just give me an I.O.U.," said Jim. "That'll be all right."

"No," said Silas firmly. "It won't do. This is where a thing called ethics comes into it."

"Ethics?" snorted Heck. "Now that's as much good to a man as the colics, and twice as painful."

Silas persisted earnestly. "As a member of the legal profession I insist that Jim's got to have security. Fair's fair, all the world over."

"I'm an easy man," said Heck. "Other people might take offence at being taken for a low-down chiseller, but not me. Everybody knows how I do business—an all-round square deal, straight and above board, and plumb-level; that's my way. I aim to please all parties. If Jim wants security, he shall have security."

"Don't bother," said Jim. "All I. . . ."

"I've got to protect you from yourself," said Silas, "I can see that. Lead with your chin if you must, but for the Lord's sake don't lead with a roll of notes. You've *got* to have security."

Jim sat back and laughed. This was a promising piece of leg-pulling time-passing, in the best traditions of bar badinage.

"Security!" roared Heck. "And haven't I said he shall have it? I'll give him security worth £100. He can have my television. There's only another six months to run on the payments."

"Oh no!" said Silas sharply. "No hire-purchase goods, thank you very much."

"It's 'no' all the time with you tonight," said Heck, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "You *are* a bald-headed little Molotov, aren't you? No hire-purchase, is it? Well, that cuts out the fridge and the gas-cooker and the dining-room carpet and the electric sewing machine." He paused and followed another line of thought. "Sure, it's a wicked thing, this hire-purchase: the finest way of having nothing to eat on two thousand a year. It's my belief. . . ."

"Never mind belief," put in Silas. "What about Jim's security?"

"Well," said Heck, continuing to rub his chin

reflectively. "Come to think of it, I don't have all that number of fifty-pound odds and ends lying about in the attics. Mind you, there was a time when I could have filled your pockets with diamonds, but that's another story. I've got a pedigree Boxer bitch, but she's not worth fifty, not at her age. How about a Prince Albert solid mahogany sideboard?"

"Furniture won't do," said Silas.

"There's no pleasing you at all," said Heck indignantly. "It's a cold war you're making among friends. I just don't know what I can offer you and that's the truth; only the old woman. But I'll be frank with you; she isn't worth it either, not with her rheumatism. Why, I have to lay me own fires and clean me own shoes."

"Very well," said Silas, with an air of decision, rapping on the hatchway to call up three more bottles of India Pale Ale. "Very well. If you can't find security, then it's my duty to advise my client to break off negotiations at once."

"Well, of course," mused Heck, "if you won't have the old woman, there's always my daughter Leilah."

"I never knew you had a daughter," said Jim.

"The darling child," exclaimed Heck. "And what would she be worth? You could make her security for the whole National Debt and still be in credit. Only I just don't see how I can put her in pawn for VZG 5."

"Easy enough," said Silas. "I just happen to know that since Mrs. Pocock broke her leg, Jim's only got one woman to housework in that big old farm of his—and Leilah's young and strong.

"So there you are. You just undertake to let Jim have Leilah for housekeeper for twenty-five weeks. Reckon the wage at two pound a week and there's your fifty. Free of tax."

Heck turned beet-red with rage. "Housekeeper?" he shouted. "My girl housekeeper to him—to a strapping young bucko like Jim Parkinson? I'll see her in her little elm box first. What d'you suppose they'd be saying at the Mothers' Union or down at the social teas at the Church Hall or at Fanny Weston's handicraft classes?

"Oh no, Silas Potter; if there's one thing dearer to me than life itself, it's me family honour. I'll be damned if I'll have it. He'll marry her or nothing; take my oath on that."

"Well, that's fair enough," said Silas easily. "A man's got to marry some time, and it might as well be one as another; pebbles on any beach are pretty much the same. Yes, I reckon we could come to terms in that direction."

"Not me," said Jim. "Single blessedness, thank you."

"Not a case of blessedness or any other sentimental poppycock," said Silas. "This is business. It's good sound security, on the hoof, real prime stock, and my advice as a member of the legal profession, is—you take it."

"Could any father offer more?" demanded Heck rhetorically.

"And only think now," urged Silas, "what a tarradiddle of courtship it saves you. I've seen men waste years dithering about on the edge of matrimony when they might as well have drawn names from a hat. An ambitious young man can't afford to waste time that way."

"That might be all right," agreed Jim, "if the lady thought the same way, but——"

"She's a good girl," said Heck, "and she'll do as she's told. Now there's a virtue you wouldn't find anywhere else if you took cross-sections of the people until you'd cut the nation into gammon rashers. Fifty pounds! She's worth a million. Aren't I pledging the dearest thing I have in the wide world?"

"A generous offer," agreed Silas. "On behalf of my client I have great pleasure in accepting the same. But we'll have to have it down in writing, signed, sealed and delivered." He called through the hatchway to the landlord: "Hey, Jack, give us a loan of that typewriter your boy brought back from business college. And three more bottles—and have one for yourself."

Jim thought it a hilarious evening. This was a rare jape to laugh at again whenever recalled to mind. The landlord produced the typewriter and Silas placed it on the glass-topped table and rolled his sleeves up to it. He wasted a few sheets before inspiration began to flow, but when Heck began tipping gins into his beer, he really got under way.

Ten minutes before closing time, amid gusty laughter, the document was completed, as follows:

WHEREAS we James Frederick Parkinson of Clockhouse Farm, Little Bedstow, of the first part and Hector O'Brien Hallett of Connemara, Foster's Lane, Little Bedstow, of the second part, have this day made an agreement between ourselves to wit these present presents:

I, James Frederick Parkinson, do hereby transfer and convey unto Hector O'Brien Hallett to him, his heirs, and assigns for ever all that locomotive vehicle or road engine of which the registered number is VZG 5.

In consideration of which I, Hector O'Brien Hallett, do hereby undertake that James Frederick Parkinson, shall within one month from the date hereof without let or hindrance excepting only plague, pestilence, acts of piracy on the high seas or attacks of the Queen's enemies receive in lawful marriage and holy wedlock the hand of my daughter, Leilah Rosannah O'Brien Hallett, now or lately residing at Tarporsworth, and being a spinster of full age, sound in wind and limb and without prior attachment.

UNLESS I Hector O'Brien Hallett shall on or before April 29 next ensuing, pay unto the above named James Frederick Parkinson, the sum of Fifty Pounds Sterling which he shall accept in full satisfaction of his claim upon me in respect of the aforementioned locomotive vehicle or road engine the herebefore recited covenant thereby becoming void.

TWO COMPLETE STORIES

A man's heroism against a deadly leopard . . .

JOURNEY INTO SNOW
by NORAH BURKE

A light-fingered swindler's gay bravado . . .

THE BIRD LOVER
by NEIL BELL

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

This amazing document Silas typed in duplicate. It was duly signed by all parties and witnessed by Potter and the landlord amid scenes of hilarity. Silas then borrowed some red sealing-wax and made imposing seals on each copy with a threepenny bit, after which he bought double gins all round and insisted on the parties singing "Auld Lang Syne" with linked hands.

Finally, Heck pocketed the log book of VZG 5 and drove the wagon away, giving Silas a lift as far as Morehill Cross. Jim returned to Clockhouse Farm on foot, whistling. What a lively pair of comics to pass an evening with! He had a very good mind to frame the document and hang it on the office wall. It was all good clean fun, as long as he had an IOU.

Then Jim recalled that he didn't have an IOU. Oh well, he thought, it didn't really matter. . . .

A month later he wasn't so sure of this. Heck had not paid his £50 on the due date, and every time Jim called at his house to remind him about it he was somewhere else.

In the next few weeks Jim managed to run Heck to earth four times, sometimes in the Dog and Shepherd, sometimes at home.

At the first encounter Heck was dramatically, tragically sorry, he just had to pay his men, but next week. . . . At the second meeting he was astonished. Hadn't it been sent? He would see his accountant about it at once.

The third time he swore he'd signed the cheque that morning. The fourth, he looked blank and said: "What fifty pounds?"

The fifth time was when Jim, pulling up in his ivory convertible in the station car-park at Clow Junction, drew alongside Heck and Silas just as they were about to drive off in VZG 5. The sight of Heck's large hands on the wheel of that van and his long, bland face behind its windscreen roused in Jim an unusual fury.

"Mr. Hallett," he said, "I've been very patient, but I won't wait any longer. I'll see my solicitors."

The large face swung round, remote as a judge's. "Mr. Parkinson, are you threatening me?"

"I am."

"I'm an easy man," said Heck. "It's not often I take offence. But—threats! I won't have that. You can't bully me. You see your solicitor. You sue me. D'you think I care?"

"You will, if you don't now."

"The day you take me to court," said Heck, "now that will be a great day of fun for everybody. You want to get your picture in the papers, I can see. Just what d'you think the court would make of that agreement you had me draw up?"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Jim. "Don't be absurd. That was a joke in a four-ale bar."

"Joke? So that's what it was? Well, you *would* insist. We tried to talk you out of it—didn't we, Silas?—but you would have it. And, joke or not, there it is, in black and white."

"I insisted? Now——"

"And I tell you another thing, Parkinson—it was a damned insult. If there's one thing that's more important to me than life itself, it's me family honour—and you dare to think you can buy my daughter with a broken-down jalopy like this. Why, I could have you certified."

"Now just a minute——"

"I can just imagine it," interposed Silas, rubbing his hands with glee. "Glory be, can't you see what a clever counsel could make out of that agreement? What a cross-examination! Talk about laughter in court. It'd get more

Continued on page 40

A JOHN BULL EXTRA

Hitler's Spies in Britain

by CHARLES WIGHTON AND GUNTER PEIS

They lurked in cities, masqueraded in country towns and even posed as farmers. Beginning the story of how Nazi agents stole our war secrets

In the war diary of General Erwin von Lahousen, chief of the sabotage division of the Abwehr, or German secret service, it is recorded that during the second half of August, 1940, there came a night dark enough for a flight to Britain. Two young Nazi spies—Hans Schmidt and Jorgen Björnson—were driven from their hotel to an aerodrome near Chartres. In a darkened hangar stood a Heinkel. It was painted completely black and had no German markings. All bomb fittings and unnecessary gear had been stripped from it to allow maximum speed.

The aircraft was wheeled out on to the tarmac. The pilot and radio operator climbed in. Schmidt and Björnson turned to their immediate superior, Dr. Randzau, a major in the Abwehr, who was with them. There were quick handshakes.

"Don't forget to contact me tomorrow if you can," said Randzau.

The door of the Heinkel was shut. The engines sprang to life and the bomber taxied slowly to the end of the runway. Three minutes later it was airborne over a sleeping France.

The pilot, who knew England well—he was educated at Oxford—was anxious to waste no time. Over the inter-com he told his two passengers that he must not cross the Channel on his return trip later than 5 a.m., otherwise he would be a sitting duck for the R.A.F. Spitfires on dawn patrol.

He produced a map of southern England, which had a large circle drawn around Salisbury, and pointed to a group of villages to the south-west of the city.

"I am going to drop you there," he said. "I happen to know the district. There is a valley with woods and fields. You will have no difficulty in finding cover."

Soon after crossing the English coast, the two spies, who were in what had been the bomb bay, saw the pilot give them the thumbs-up sign. Almost at once, the Heinkel emerged from thick cloud, which extended down to 1,000 feet, then straightened out.

"Salisbury is just to the south," said the pilot. "I can see the spire of the cathedral. Time for you to go, gentlemen."

The radio operator helped Schmidt and Björnson to put on their parachutes and the haversacks which contained their luggage. The pilot throttled back the engines until they

General Lahousen was Hitler's sabotage chief. His diary recorded the sensational activities of the agents he sent to Britain

Admiral Canaris built up the Nazi secret service. He was later arrested and hanged for trying to assassinate Hitler made only a murmur. And as the Heinkel swung to the south-west of Salisbury, the radio operator opened the door.

“Ready,” he called. “One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five!” Schmidt disappeared into the darkness.

“Now you,” said the radio operator to Björnson. A few seconds later the second Nazi had followed his companion. . . .

All that night Dr. Randzau, after leaving the airfield at Chartres, had been driven at high speed across northern France, Belgium and Germany. When at noon the following day he entered his office in the Abwehr headquarters in the Sophienstrasse, Hamburg, he was immediately handed a teleprinted message. It was from the pilot of the Heinkel.

“Operation successfully carried out,” read the message. “Agents parachuted into Salisbury area approximately 0300.”

The first German parachutists had arrived in England. . . .

This astonishing feat of getting enemy agents into wartime Britain had been devised by two of the most cunning espionage brains in Europe. It was in the early spring of 1938 that Lahousen, a lean, aristocratic figure, almost completely bald and wearing a monocle, entered the dingy portals of a former villa at 74-76 Tirpitz-ufer, Berlin. He asked to see Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, the chief of the Abwehr. And in a few moments Lahousen was shown into a shabby room on the first floor from where the little silver-haired admiral, who used to be a midshipman in the Kaiser's navy, controlled the world-wide network of German spies.

“Glad to see you in Berlin, Lahousen,” said the admiral. “I need you.”

The two men had met before, the previous year, but in rather different circumstances. Canaris, on a visit to Vienna, had been introduced to Lahousen, who was then the chief of the central European section of the Austrian secret service. Lahousen also happened to be one of the bitterest opponents of the growing Austrian Nazi party whose members were soon to betray their native country.

In March, 1938, Hitler invaded Austria, and the Austrian armed forces were largely taken over by the German High Command. The next engagement in Hitler's diary of aggression was Czechoslovakia in the autumn—and Lahousen was known to Canaris as the greatest living expert on cloak-and-dagger operations in Czechoslovakia, and in neighbouring Poland. It was therefore as one master-spy to another that Canaris invited Lahousen to his office in Berlin and asked him to join the German secret service.

Lahousen was hesitant. He was reluctant to associate himself with the Nazis in any way. Canaris, shrewd and penetrating as always, at once perceived the reason behind the Austrian's hesitation.

“I want you to bring your best men with you, Lahousen,” he said, “but none of your damned Nazis. I don't want any of those swine—or at least as few as possible—in the Abwehr.”

Even in Vienna Lahousen had heard rumours of the little admiral's revolutionary political views, but he had never dreamed that the head of the German secret service would show his hand so openly.

Lahousen, relieved to find that he was being invited to join a German—but not a Nazi—secret service, accepted.

Germany at the time was deeply involved in Sudeten-German intrigues. At first Lahousen was attached to the Abwehr section dealing with activity in Czechoslovakia. But in March, 1939, when Hitler finally entered Prague, Lahousen's work in Czechoslovakia came to an end. Poland was next on the Führer's list.

It so happened that in the late spring of 1939 one of the most important posts in the Abwehr—that of chief of the sabotage division—fell vacant. Such was the trust and understanding that had been built up between Lahousen and his German superior in the few months they had worked together that Canaris had no hesitation in appointing Lahousen to the vacancy.

It was a far-reaching decision. For the next four years until, in the normal course of promotion, Lahousen left Berlin, the two men, bound together by a common detestation of the Nazi régime, worked in the closest accord for Germany, but against Hitler.

Whether Lahousen and Canaris were ever real friends will always remain an open question, for their characters were too dissimilar ever to permit an easy comradeship. But that the two men were intimates in their work, and in their views, is beyond doubt. Both of them were deeply Christian. And both performed their military duty and expected to be judged by the standards of the Imperial officers under whom they had been trained.

Five days after the fall of France in June, 1940, Lahousen was warned by Canaris to prepare for “war in England.” Canaris had realized that for some considerable time to come the major theatre for Abwehr operations would be the British Isles. On June 22 Lahousen was summoned to “the fox's lair”—as Canaris's old-fashioned office in the Tirpitzufer was known to the initiated.

“Two days ago,” said the admiral, “Hitler was talking about the possibilities of invading England. He is not, however, very happy about the whole project.”

With a good-natured grin at Lahousen, the admiral went on: “Like most Austrians, Hitler is afraid of salt water. Nevertheless, whether there is to be an invasion or not, we in the Abwehr have got to get as many spies and saboteurs into England as possible.”

On July 19 Canaris ordered that the Abwehr's sabotage and espionage divisions, which hitherto had operated completely independently of each other, were to be integrated as far as possible. As a result of this new policy, Lahousen discovered that the espionage division had two parachutists, Hans Schmidt and Jorgen Björnson, who were almost ready for dispatch to England. It was consequently decided that these men should undertake sabotage as well as espionage.

Schmidt and Björnson had come in contact with the Abwehr shortly before the invasion of Denmark in April, 1940. Although of Danish nationality, they were fanatical Nazis, and had in fact been born Germans. They came from villages in the vicinity of Haderslev in South Jutland, which, at the times of their births, was part of Germany.

Schmidt, who was about twenty-six, slim and of average height, had darkish blond hair, blue-grey eyes and clear-cut features which made him look like Hitler's conception of the ideal Nordic man. Björnson was taller than Schmidt, about two years younger and more of an extrovert. He, too, had blue eyes, but his features were small and showed Celtic influence in his ancestry.

Schmidt was a mechanic and Björnson an electrician, which made them excellent pupils for sabotage training. They both spoke German and, like most Danes, excellent English—though with a marked Scandinavian accent.

After their arrival in Hamburg for training they were kept under observation for a time and then discreetly asked whether they would be prepared “to fight for Germany in England.” As good Nazis they accepted at once, although it was some little time before they realized that they were not to cross the Channel as part of Hitler's armies, but as German spies.

Early in June, the two young Danes were taken to the Hamburg office of a shipping company—or so it appeared—and there they were introduced to the “managing director,” Dr. Randzau.

Randzau closely questioned them about their willingness to undertake the dangerous mission to England, and warned them of the consequences.

“If you are caught by the British secret service,” said Randzau, “it will almost certainly cost you your necks.”

The two men insisted that they were willing to serve the Führer anywhere they were sent.

“All right,” said Randzau. “But remember, speak to nobody about what you are doing. There are British spies in Germany, even here in Hamburg.”

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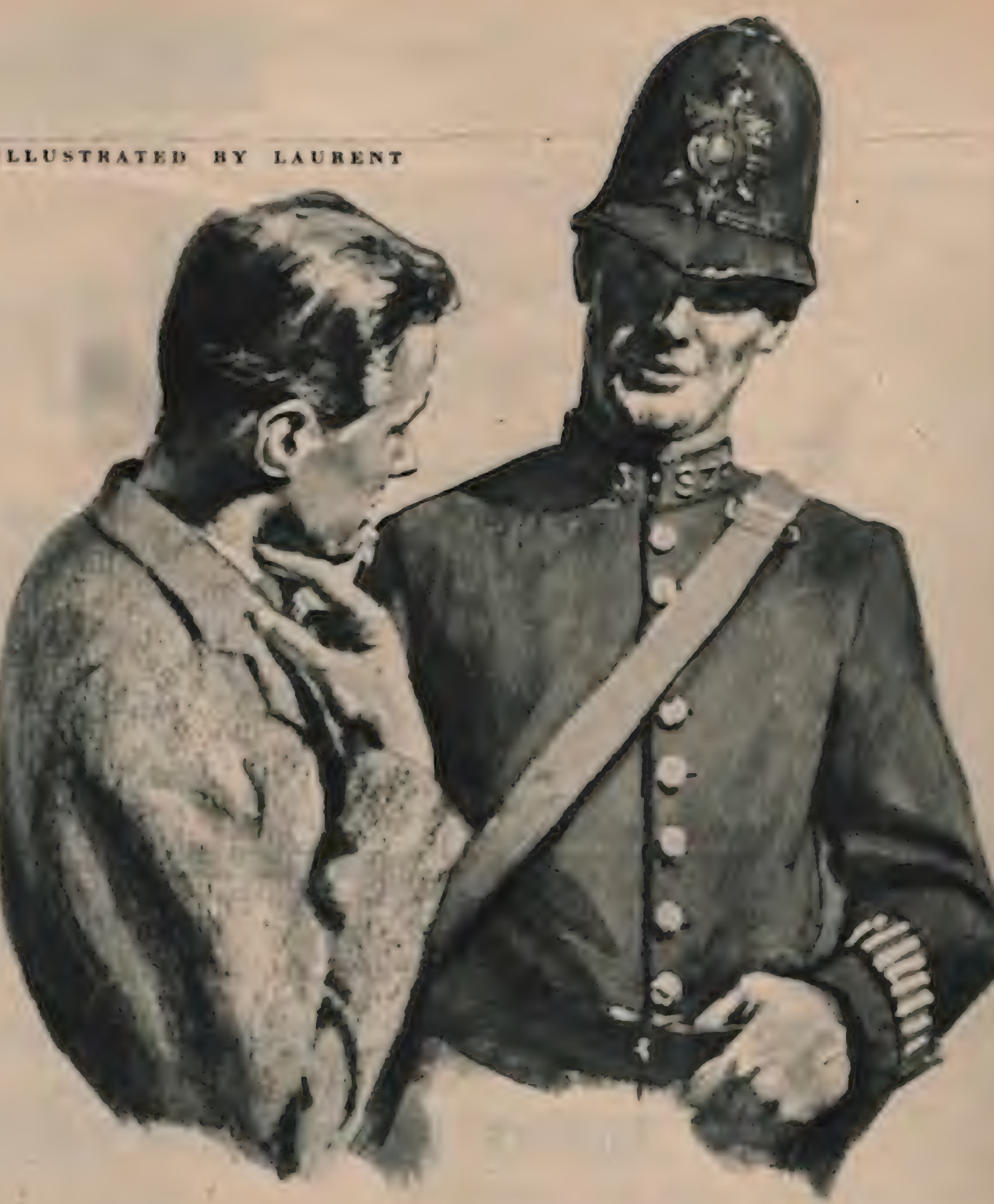


The stranger's accent aroused the policeman's interest. “You have an identity card ?” he asked. Schmidt reached into his inside pocket

First the men were taught Morse at the Abwehr radio centre just outside the city. Then they were instructed in the use of their personal code, which was based on the first four lines of one of Germany's more sentimental folk-songs. Also, they were shown their radio equipment—a transmitter-cum-receiver in a flat box disguised as a suitcase. It had been devised by some of Germany's leading radio experts and could transmit and receive signals between Germany and almost any part of Europe. In addition to being simple to maintain and repair, it was waterproof and virtually shockproof, and would remain undamaged even though hidden in wet ground or in a chimney.

Schmidt and Björnson went to a Luftwaffe school near Hamburg where they learned the characteristics of various British aircraft and were told what to look for at British airfields. They were shown how to make weather reports—and how to manufacture explosives from ordinary goods easily obtained from British grocery and chemists' shops.

Meanwhile, fake British identity cards and ration books, printed by the Abwehr in Berlin, were filled in with the men's names and marked with rubber stamps to indicate that the men were Danish refugees who had recently arrived in England.

Finally, Schmidt and Björnson were each handed £400 in British currency, and given their cover stories to memorize. These stories were quite simple—the men were Danes who had fled from their native land after the German occupation because they were wanted by the Gestapo. To corroborate this, the Abwehr in Denmark had their names inserted on the list of employees of a Copenhagen factory. The list was then falsified to show that the two men disappeared after the occupation.

By early August, when the invasion of England seemed only a matter of weeks away, the two men were ready for their assignment. It was decided to drop them near Salisbury to avoid R.A.F. fighters, and Luftwaffe bombers which were then starting their attacks on London.

Throughout the afternoon and evening following the spies' arrival in England Randzau hoped to receive a signal from them. But nothing came. Thoroughly disconsolate, Randzau went to bed. He had been asleep only a few hours when his telephone rang.

“A signal from Schmidt, sir,” said the chief radio expert at Hamburg radio centre. It reads: ‘Both landed safely in dropping-zone arranged. Will report further later.’ ”

“Was the transmission quite normal?” asked Randzau.

“Yes, sir,” said the expert, who had been Schmidt's Morse teacher. “I can assure you that he was not working under supervision or dictation. I know his touch on the keyboard. It was typical of him. He said that he would transmit again in another hour.”

The hour passed slowly as Randzau lay awake wondering what the next message would bring. But there was no message. Three hours later, the Hamburg radio centre reported that Schmidt had been heard, but that it had been impossible to understand his signal as a result of atmospherics—or some other type of interference.

Although Randzau did not know it at the time, there had been a stiff breeze when the parachutists were dropped. Schmidt made a perfect landing in an open field. He released himself from his parachute, rolled it up and hid it with his haversack among some bushes. The next move was to find Björnson. Schmidt made his way across the field.

“Björnson,” he called in a hushed voice. “Where are you?” There was no answer.

Half an hour passed. Schmidt became worried. Then he heard in Danish: “Help! I'm trapped.”

Schmidt looked up. High above him in one of the trees was a dark shape. He had to climb nearly to the top of the tree to discover that the shape was Björnson hanging from a branch by the cords of his parachute. Schmidt climbed out along the branch, and by cutting some of the cords was able to lower Björnson somewhat roughly on to another branch.

“My foot! My foot!” moaned Björnson in pain.

Schmidt edged Björnson along towards the trunk of the tree and eventually managed to get him down to the ground, where he collapsed exhausted. Clearly Björnson could not walk.

What now? thought Schmidt.

Dawn was beginning to break. Schmidt realized that they must find cover—quickly. As soon as it was light Schmidt found a small clearing surrounded by bushes and young trees, in which he thought it was safe to hide. He helped Björnson to the clearing, then fetched their parachutes and haversacks. By stretching the parachutes between the bushes, Schmidt improvised a tent over the half-conscious Björnson. By this time the sun was high, and Schmidt decided to have a look round.

In his well-cut Scottish tweed suit—acquired by the Abwehr from the British Consulate at Oslo—Schmidt was not particularly conspicuous as he headed across the field. In the distance he saw houses.

Consulting the map of Wiltshire which he had in his pocket, he decided it was the village of Stratford Toney. A little farther on he saw another group of buildings—West Harnham. But he wanted confirmation and finally climbed a high tree from which he could see, a few miles away, the magnificent spire of Salisbury Cathedral rising over the trees.

After spending most of the forenoon on reconnaissance, during which he ate some of the German chocolate in his pocket, Schmidt decided that he must return to Björnson. Salisbury, Schmidt decided, was too far to reach that day.

Björnson was in considerable pain, but he told Schmidt that his foot did not trouble him too much as long as he kept it still. He pleaded with Schmidt to send a message to Hamburg, but Schmidt was reluctant to erect the aerial and start transmitting in the daytime. He said that he would transmit at 3 o'clock the following morning. Finally, Björnson agreed to this.

Then from their tins of food and packets of chocolate Schmidt prepared a meal. They drank cold tea from the flasks in their haversacks, and then, completely exhausted, they both slept. Soon after midnight Björnson wakened his companion. Schmidt set to work to erect the aerial and test his transmitter and batteries.

Punctually at 3 a.m. Schmidt transmitted his call-sign, followed by the information that they had landed in the dropping-zone as arranged. Tensely the two spies waited. A minute later, Schmidt began to smile. Hamburg was answering. "First message received. Over."

"We'll report again in one hour," signalled Schmidt.

"Agreed," answered Hamburg.

Schmidt and Björnson heaved sighs of relief. Although isolated in an enemy country, they did not feel quite so lonely. An hour later Schmidt tried to transmit again, but there was intense interference on his wavelength. He wondered vaguely if a British Intelligence monitoring post had heard his first signal and was jamming him.

After their earlier elation, this failure to contact Hamburg caused both spies to fall into a deep depression. Björnson's ankle was swelling enormously.

"While we're waiting for the next transmission time tomorrow," said Schmidt, "I'll go to Salisbury and make a reconnaissance. That ankle must be seen by a doctor."

The two spies had another meal and then went to sleep again. It was nearly noon before they woke. Schmidt decided to leave for Salisbury immediately.

It was late afternoon when he halted on the outskirts of Salisbury for a rest. He noticed that the road was filling with cyclists on their way home from work. Deciding to wait until the traffic had eased off, he sat on a fence by the roadside, carefully listening to the chatter of the cyclists. He found great difficulty in understanding their English, and realized that he would have to be very careful not to give himself away.

When the traffic had thinned, Schmidt set out towards the centre of the city. Nobody paid any attention to the young man in the tweed suit out for a stroll.

Schmidt thought he would have something to eat and had just started to look for a small restaurant or snack bar when suddenly, in front of him, loomed the solid figure of a policeman.

For a moment Schmidt wanted to run. He was terrified. Here was British Authority—and he was a spy. But he realized that safety lay in looking as normal as possible. He nodded to the policeman and asked: "Where can I get a meal at this time of day?"

His foreign accent at once attracted the policeman's attention. "And where are you from?" asked the policeman.

"Denmark," answered Schmidt. Thinking hastily of his cover story, he added: "I haven't been here long. I'm a refugee."

"You will have an identity card then," said the policeman. Schmidt was even more alarmed by this polite approach than he would have been by the belligerent attitude of a German policeman.

"Here it is," he said hurriedly, and reached for the document so carefully prepared in Berlin. As Schmidt drew the card from his wallet, the policeman noticed Schmidt's ration card and a couple of British £1 notes.

"All right. Put it away," said the policeman. "I see you've everything you need. Now where are you going, my lad?"

"To Bristol, if I can get a lift in a lorry," Schmidt lied, "but now I would like something to eat."

"Go around the other side of the cathedral and you'll find a place there," said the policeman.

"Thank you very much," replied Schmidt, and started to walk in the direction indicated. He had to force himself to walk casually. He wanted to run as far away from the policeman as he could. He had encountered the British law and nothing had happened. But he was suspicious—far more suspicious, no doubt, than a British agent in Occupied Europe would have been. Schmidt had lived in Nazi Germany, and he distrusted the easy-going British way of things.

He walked slowly to the end of the street, turned the corner and took to his heels. He did not dare go to the restaurant which the policeman had suggested, for he was sure that the policeman had been laying a trap and would follow him. Schmidt never stopped running until he had reached the outskirts of the city.

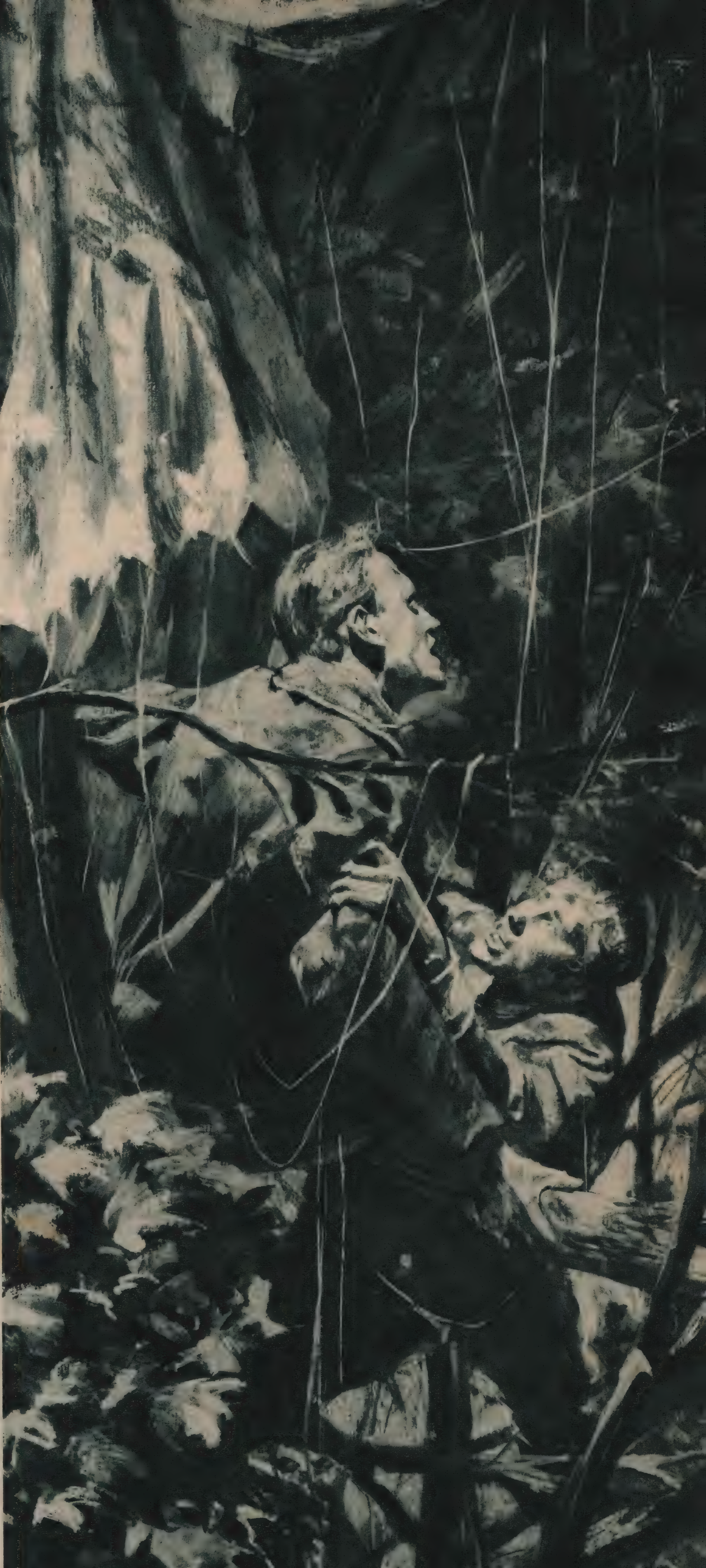
After a few minutes he realized that he had been acting like a fool. By running through the streets he had done what he had been most anxious to avoid—he had attracted attention. By this time the sun was setting. Deciding that he might lose his way if he attempted the trip back to the hide-out in the dark, he slept in a haystack until eight o'clock the next morning. After combing his hair and smoothing out his crumpled suit, he walked back into Salisbury.

Not far from the cathedral he found a small café where he was able to get tea, toast and fish cakes for breakfast. To his surprise, after what he had been told about the food shortage in Britain, the waitress did not ask for any coupons.

After breakfast, he decided to buy some provisions, and seeing a small general store he went inside. He asked for a loaf of bread, half a pound of butter and three ounces of bacon. The elderly man with glasses behind the counter looked a little curious on being asked for such an unusual quantity of bacon, but said nothing. Schmidt produced his ration card. As the man snipped out the coupons, he began to ask Schmidt questions. He inquired how long Schmidt had been in Salisbury, where he was staying and so on. Schmidt answered as best he could with a feeling of utter panic. He was sure the man was a spy of the British secret service.

The man handed over the groceries, and after holding Schmidt a few minutes longer in conversation with yet more personal questions, he cheerfully wished the Dane: "Good day."

As soon as the door closed behind him. Schmidt wanted to run. But by now he was more in control of his nerves than he had been on the



High in the tree Schmidt struggled to free his fellow spy. Björnson moaned in pain: "My foot! My foot!" He was obviously near to collapse

previous night. With a tremendous effort he set out for the clearing, walking along the main road out of Salisbury as casually as he could.

He had not gone far when a car drew up behind him. In a moment Schmidt was on his guard. He was being followed. The man in the shop *had* been a spy.

In the car was a buxom, middle-aged woman with two dogs. "Would you like a lift? Where are you going?" she asked.

"I'm going to Stratford," answered Schmidt, uncertain what to say.

"All right. Jump in. I'm going that way, too," said the woman.

Schmidt was most suspicious. And as the woman plied him with questions about himself he was quite sure that the car would suddenly shoot through some gates into a house where he would be arrested. But the car reached Stratford in a few minutes and the woman, after wishing him a cheerful goodbye, set him down at the far end of the village.

It was many weeks before Schmidt realized that the pointed questions of the grocer and the interrogation of the woman were nothing more than the friendly curiosity of British country folk.

As soon as the car had disappeared, Schmidt set out across the fields towards where he had left Björnson nearly twenty hours before. As he approached the hide-out, he whistled a Danish tune as a recognition signal, but there was no reply.

"Björnson!" shouted Schmidt.

Still there was no response. Anxiously Schmidt pushed through the bushes to the clearing—and saw Björnson stretched out on the ground unconscious. His face was red and his breathing rapid. Schmidt felt his companion's pulse and found it racing. He undid the bandage round Björnson's injured ankle. The ankle had swollen enormously.

Schmidt took out his flask, which he had filled at the brook, and poured some water down the sick man's throat. Then with a rag of parachute silk moistened with water he bathed Björnson's brow.

SLOWLY Björnson opened his eyes. "I think I fainted with pain during the night," he said. "I don't know how long I have been unconscious."

"We don't need to be scared about the British," said Schmidt. "I've been into Salisbury and they are not looking for us. But I must get you a doctor with that ankle."

"No," said Björnson. "We were both given a mission. It is up to you to leave me. This is war. Just send a letter to the police telling them where I can be found."

"I'll do no such thing," said Schmidt firmly.

That evening, as dusk fell, he radioed to Hamburg: "Björnson's foot badly injured. Danger of being discovered. You must help, repeat help, us."

Randzau was alarmed at this turn of events and wondered what could be done. He sent a message to "Johnny," the Abwehr's master spy in London — a fiercely anti-English Welshman whose real name was Arthur George Owens—who agreed to help.

Not until daylight did Schmidt receive the order: "Proceed to Winchester to arrive railway station at 1430 today. In main hall will be a small, dark man in brown suit and brown soft hat. He will carry *Manchester Guardian*. Address him as Dr. Roberts. Later he will reveal himself as Johnny."

As soon as the signal was received Schmidt cooked a meal for Björnson and tried to make him comfortable. Then he set off for Salisbury, from where, within a few minutes, he was given a lift in a lorry bound for Stockbridge. From there he got a delivery van which drove him right into the centre of Winchester. It was not one o'clock when he reached the station, and being hungry he had a fish and chip lunch at a small café before setting off for his appointment with Johnny.

At exactly 2.30 Schmidt walked into the entrance hall of Winchester Station. But to his horror he saw *two* small, dark men in brown, both carrying newspapers. After several moments of agonizing indecision, he asked one of them: "Dr. Roberts?"

"I beg your pardon?" said the man coldly.

"Sorry," muttered Schmidt and retreated to the bookstall, where he watched the second man from the corner of his eyes. This man quickly started to read his paper, making it easy for Schmidt to see the words: *Manchester Guardian*.

Schmidt approached him and asked for the second time: "Dr. Roberts?"

"Yes," said the man. "Pleased to meet you." They shook hands and at once moved out into the street. For the next ten minutes Schmidt was led through Winchester, turning corners and passing rapidly from one street to another, until the Welshman was satisfied that they were not being followed. Then in a quiet back street Owens said: "I'm Johnny. Where is your friend?"

"In a wood, not far from Salisbury," said Schmidt.

"I can make arrangements in Salisbury," said Owens, "but we mustn't go there together. I think I am being watched."

He pulled out a packet of cigarettes. "Have one," he said. "And take the paper behind it. On the paper you will find an address in Salisbury. Come there tonight after dark. You'd better go back to Salisbury by train. I will travel another way."

They shook hands and parted, Schmidt making his way back to the station.

On inquiry Schmidt discovered that he would have to wait some considerable time for the next train to Salisbury. So he decided to return in the same way as he had come—by hitchhiking. He was less successful on the return trip and it was almost eight o'clock in the evening before he reached Salisbury. He inquired the whereabouts of the address on the paper given to him by Johnny, and found his way to it. Rather apprehensively he knocked at the door. It was opened at once by Johnny himself.

"Come inside quickly," he said. "I don't want anybody to see you at the door."

In the house was an Englishman who greeted Schmidt with a friendly handshake. Johnny had obviously given him a satisfactory explanation about the two young Danes.

The three men sat down for a meal, and Schmidt was surprised to find how, contrary to Goebbels's propaganda, the British were still able to enjoy good meals. There was soup, a fat capon of a quality as fine as he had ever tasted in Denmark, and excellent Cheddar cheese. The beer, Schmidt thought, was terrible. Lukewarm and sticky, it was quite unlike any beer he had ever had before.

As they ate, the three of them discussed what could be done about Björnson. Johnny said that he would take him to a doctor who would cause no trouble.

Schmidt was invited to stay the night and return to the hide-out in the morning, but he was alarmed about Björnson and said he must go back to the wood. The Englishman agreed to drive him there. And when they parted in the black-out beyond Stratford, he told Schmidt to bring Björnson to the same spot at nine the following morning.

At 3 a.m. the following morning Schmidt told Hamburg: "Successful contact with Johnny. Björnson going to doctor. Am separating from him. Will report same time tomorrow."

DAWN was just breaking when Schmidt rose and quietly buried the parachutes, tins and other traces of their stay in the clearing. He then woke Björnson and hoisted him to his feet. Slowly they started through the wood towards the road. It was an exhausting task struggling through the morning mist across fields with a man with virtually only one leg. They made slow progress because Björnson had to stop frequently to rest. It was nearly nine o'clock before the two Danes reached the hedge bordering the main road. The road was deserted.

At nine o'clock precisely, Schmidt saw a car approaching and warned Björnson to be ready. As it passed, Schmidt jumped up and waved, but the car sped on. A quarter of an hour later a second car appeared. This time, Owens was in it. As Schmidt appeared the car halted. Quickly Schmidt helped Björnson into the back.

"Goodbye," shouted Owens to Schmidt. "See you again some time." The door banged and the car disappeared.

The spies had separated—for good, as it turned out. Björnson did reach a doctor, but soon afterwards was caught and spent most of the war in an internment camp.

Schmidt, however, was free. He headed for Southampton. The following night, in a wood not far from Southampton Water, he reported to Hamburg: "Björnson taken to doctor by Johnny. Now proceeding on mission."

From Southampton, Schmidt made his way along the south coast to the Brighton district, where it did not take him long to make friends with the talkative British troops in that area. Soon afterwards he was able to report to Hamburg their moans about the general who was their commander. This general, said the troops, had an obsession about physical fitness. Everyone had to do long cross-country runs.

"The general is a small, dark man with a sharp nose and a biting tongue," reported Schmidt. It did not take the experts of the Abwehr long to identify the man in question as a certain Major-General Montgomery.

Schmidt made his way from airfield to airfield through Sussex and Kent, counting the aircraft he could see at fighter stations and trying to count the number of bomb craters on the runways.

One day he was reporting bomb damage to an airfield on the south-eastern outskirts of London, at Bromley; a few days later he was transmitting from near Deal.

Schmidt purchased here and there the chemicals named by the Abwehr chemists. With the aid of fuses which he carried in his haversack he was able to place small bombs on railway sidings and in factories, where the resultant damage was no doubt attributed to Luftwaffe time bombs.

Schmidt saw most of the Battle of Britain from the roads and fields of Kent. And when the blitz on London started he went to the London docks to report on ships and warehouses which had been bombed.

By the middle of October, Lahousen had begun to suspect—correctly as he discovered many years later — that Schmidt's regular transmissions had attracted the attention of British secret service monitoring posts. At the end of that month, Schmidt was instructed to go to Wales, for his own safety, where a Welsh sympathiser hid him for several weeks on a lonely farm.

Schmidt was back in the London area by early December, 1940, but by this time he had a serious problem. His constant travelling and lodging in hotels and boarding houses had almost exhausted his supply of money. Shortly before Christmas he sent a signal: "Money almost exhausted. Must have funds to carry on operations."

This was not as simple a problem to solve as it might appear. The Abwehr had little contact with Johnny at that time. Canaris and Lahousen mentioned the matter to the Japanese military attaché in Berlin, whose government still had an embassy in London. Long exchanges followed between Berlin and Tokio, and at last the Japanese Government agreed that their military attaché would make £1,000 available to Schmidt through a Japanese agent in London.

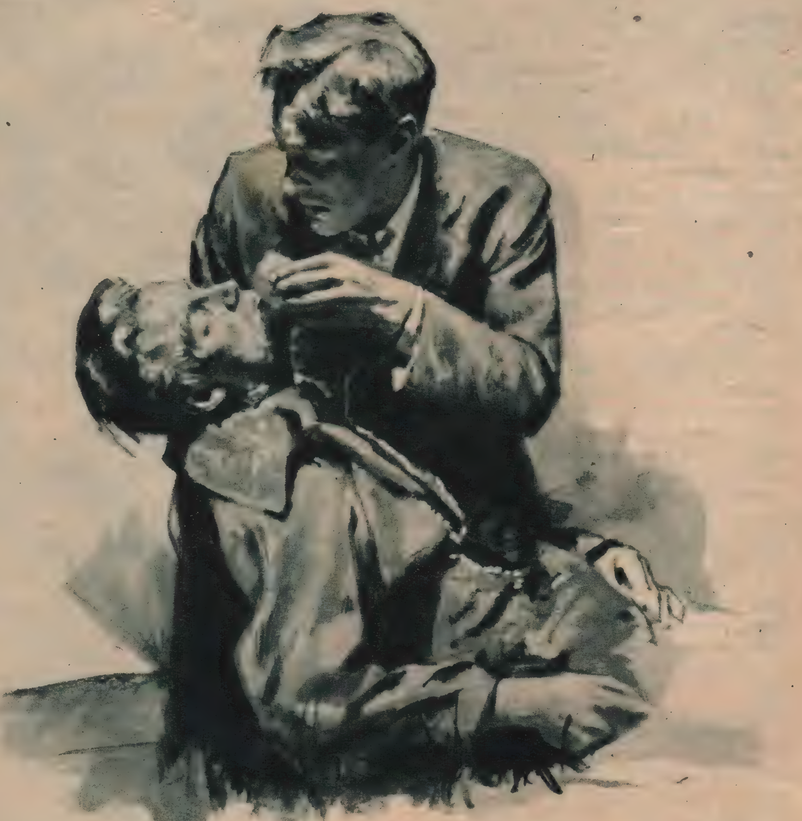
From Hamburg, Schmidt was given the contact plan to meet the Japanese agent and was warned: "Don't be surprised by the agent."

One wet, dreary day just after Christmas, Schmidt waited at the No. 49 bus terminus at Shepherd's Bush. He knew he would see a small, dark, stout man carrying a copy of *The Times*. From the warning and the description Schmidt expected to see a Japanese. But when at three o'clock the small man appeared, Schmidt was astounded to see that the contact was an unmistakable German Jew.

Neither of the men gave any sign of recognition. But trailing the Jew as he had been told, Schmidt followed him on to a No. 49 bus. In separate seats upstairs they travelled to Kensington High Street. There the Jew got up and left. Schmidt followed and, as the Jew crossed the street towards the entrance to High Street, Kensington, Underground station, Schmidt was at his heels.

They both bought tickets and Schmidt followed the Jew on to a platform where he boarded an Inner Circle train. Schmidt followed close behind and, apparently by chance, sat down beside him.

"Is there anything interesting in



As Schmidt gave him water Björnson opened his eyes. "Leave me," he said. "Just send the police a letter saying where I can be found"

The Times today?" asked Schmidt.

"Not very much," answered the Jew, "but please take this copy. I've finished with it." He handed Schmidt the folded newspaper, raised his hat and got out at South Kensington. Schmidt went on to Victoria where, in the men's washroom, he opened the newspaper and found £1,000 in £5 notes inside it.

In Berlin, Lahousen and the other Abwehr chiefs were becoming worried about the daring young Dane. It seemed obvious that sooner or later he would be picked up because of his constant travelling and staying in hotels. So Lahousen instructed him early in 1941: "Get a job, and don't transmit again until you are settled."

Early in the spring of 1941, Hamburg radio centre picked up Schmidt's call-sign.

"I've got a job," he reported. "I am working on a farm. I will continue to operate, but cannot report very frequently. I must travel ten miles to an area where I can transmit safely."

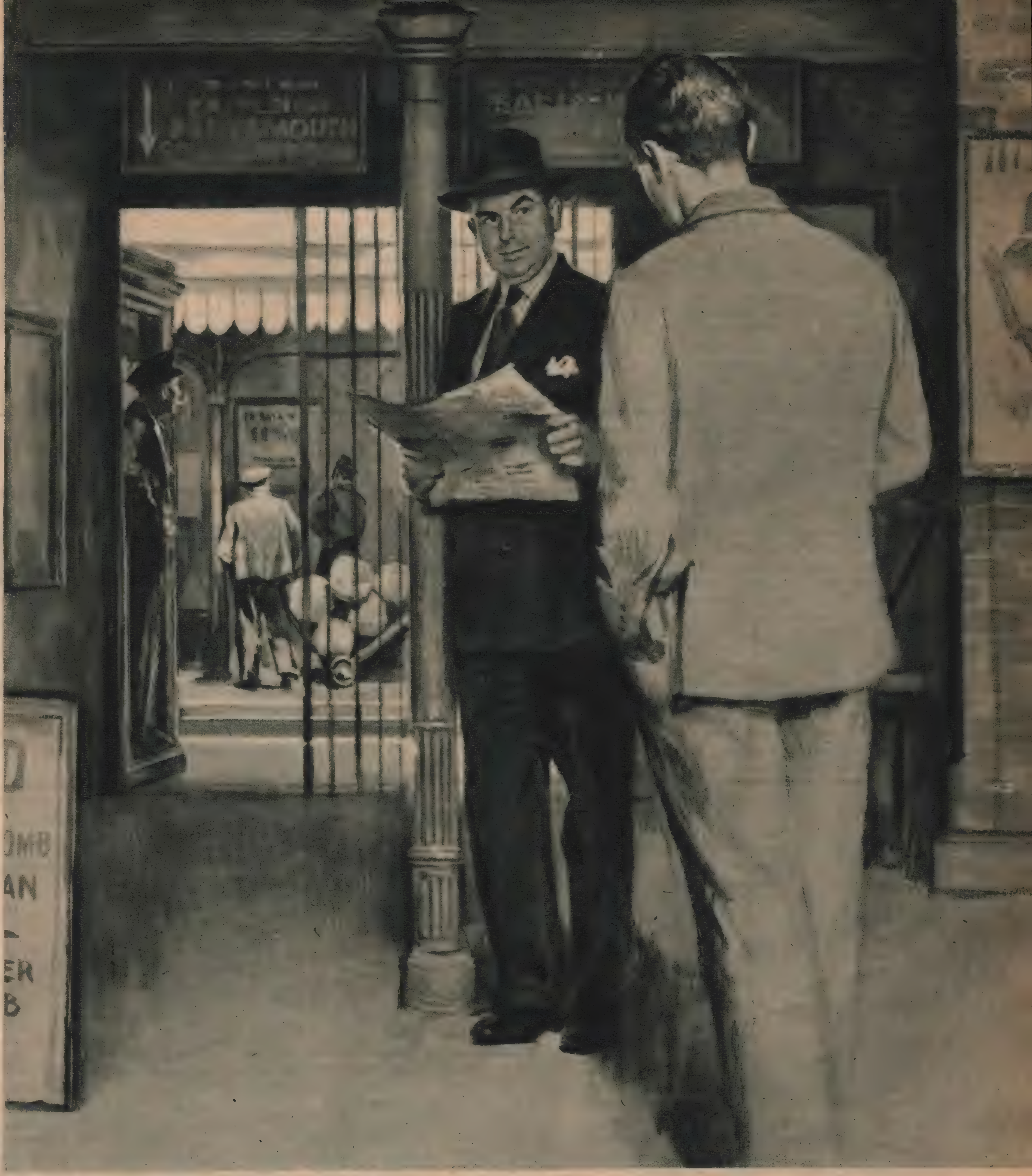
From that time onwards, Schmidt was one of the most reliable and trusted German spies in Britain. He was used only on special missions and listened at agreed times to receive orders.

He made an arrangement with the farmer for whom he worked to have time off when he wanted it. And in due course, in response to inquiries from the German High Command, Schmidt reported concentrations of Canadian troops around the Southampton area just before the Dieppe raid in 1942. The following year he reported on an important exercise held in roughly the same area when the British attempted to fool the Germans into believing that the Second Front was about to open.

When the real Second Front was imminent in the spring and early summer of 1944, Schmidt sent long reports on the Allied preparations in progress. Day after day he moved about the restricted coastal area of southern England. He had been resident among the British for so long that he felt completely confident in his pose of a Danish refugee travelling from one livestock sale to another. During the months after the landing of the first Allied troops in Normandy, he transmitted detailed and accurate messages about American divisions which he had discovered in south-west England—the same divisions which were to gain fame as General Patton's Third Army. He sent his last message in April, 1945, as British troops closed in on the Hamburg radio centre.

Schmidt, the farmer, it might be added, did not confine all his spare-time activities to the German Army. One day in 1942, Lahousen was astounded to receive a signal which stated: "Just married daughter of employer. Leaving on honeymoon. Uncontactable for fourteen days." A year later came another message: "Now father of 7 lb. son."

Some years after the war, on the curious German secret service grapevine which still exists, Lahousen heard that Schmidt was still in England—living in the London area with his wife and family, and dreaming of the days when he was one of the top German spies in Britain. . . .



Cautiously Schmidt approached the man in the station hall. "Dr. Roberts?" he asked

The amazing adventures of Arthur Owens—Johnny, or Abwehr V-Man No. 3054, as he was alternatively known to the Germans—had, of course, started long before his dash to meet Schmidt at Winchester in 1940.

Just how exactly he first came in contact with the Germans is still a matter of some dispute. Most likely the Germans first became aware of his extreme anti-British views through some of the agents who were sent by various Nazi organizations to Wales in the years before the war. In Berlin it was believed at that time that the more fanatical Welsh Nationalists—not the Welsh Nationalist Party—might provide useful recruits for cloak-and-dagger work in the event of war with Britain.

Among those sent to Wales to make contact with Welsh extremists before the war was an alleged engineer, Hans Heinrich Kuenemann, a loud-mouthed, flamboyant German who masqueraded as the managing director of a German engineering firm with a branch in South Wales. He escaped from his house in Marlborough Road, Cardiff, only twenty-four hours before the start of the war in 1939.

Also, there was Professor Friedrich Schoberth, a visiting lecturer at Cardiff University for a time. There was Franz Richter, who had appeared as early as 1933 as manager of an enamel factory at Barry and who had slipped away with his wife a week before the outbreak of war. Then there was a nurse who claimed to come from the Channel Islands and appeared in Pembrokeshire in 1938. After various adventures her body was found in mysterious circumstances near Wantage in 1943. And finally there was the German Consul in Liverpool, Dr. Walter Reinhard, who concentrated on the Welsh extremists in North Wales and was expelled from Britain for spying in 1939.

Which of these first got on the track of Owens is now uncertain. What is known is that Owens, who at that time lived with his wife and son in Hampstead, London, was a visitor to a German club in the Bayswater district which was one of the main centres of German clandestine activity. It was there that he is believed to have obtained the address of an Abwehr agent whom he contacted at the Metropole Hotel, Brussels, during a business trip in the spring of 1937, when he was selling electrical goods to Belgian firms.

Owens made it clear to the Abwehr man, with whom he formed a friendly association, that he was urgently in need of money for private reasons. He also revealed himself as a "passionate Welsh Nationalist bitterly opposed to everything English."

The Abwehr agent was cautious, but he soon decided that Owens would make a valuable contact in England and he hinted that it "might be more profitable to do business with a friend of mine in Hamburg." Finally the Abwehr man said he would give Owens the name of this Hamburg friend. Owens carefully noted it—Dr. Randzau, the managing director of an export-import firm.

The agent in Brussels sent the Abwehr full details of Owens—"a short, dark man, about forty, with a hawk-like face"—and in due course Randzau was instructed to make contact with the Welshman.

Randzau wrote to him, introducing himself as the managing director of Reinhold and Co., Gerhoffstrasse, Hamburg. He invited Owens on his next trip to Europe to visit Hamburg, where he said he was "sure they would be able to do business to their mutual advantage."

Some weeks later Owens arrived in Hamburg and went to the Gerhoffstrasse address, which was in fact a cover address used by the Abwehr. He was warmly greeted by Randzau, who invited him to dinner. After the meal the two men went on to the famous beer house, the Münchener Kindl. There, over drinks, the Herr Doktor disclosed the nature of his real activities.

The Welshman at first pretended to appear disconcerted, but Randzau dealt at length on Owens's Welsh sympathies and after a time Owens agreed to consider how he could "make money by methods other than selling electrical equipment."

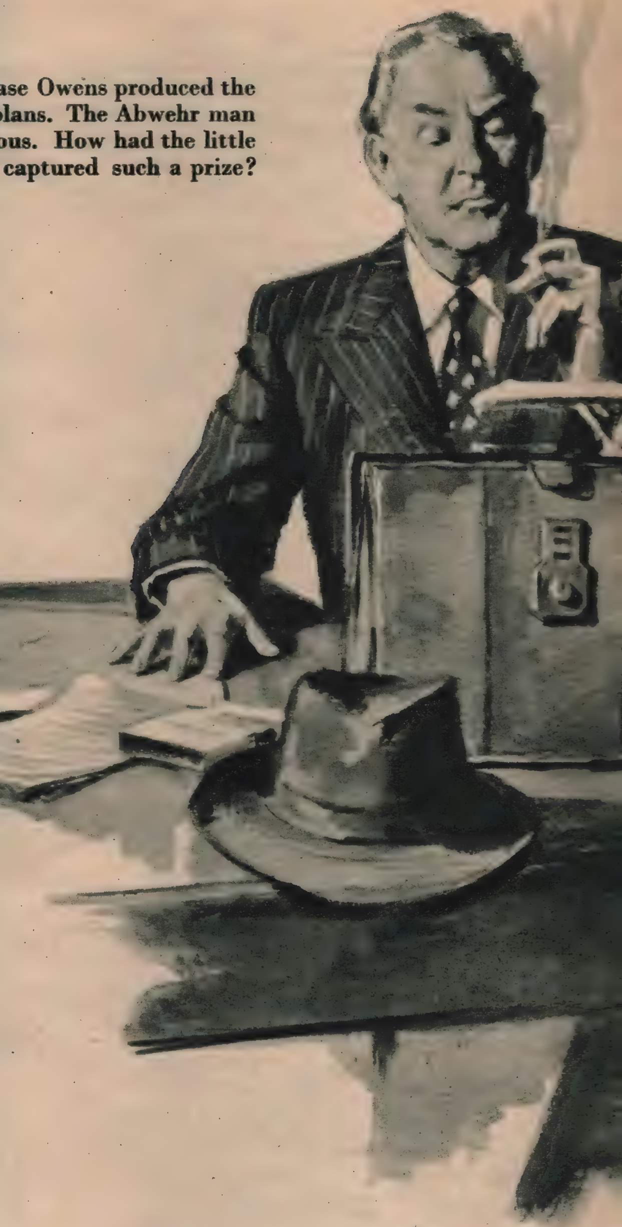
Randzau replied that if Owens would go back to England and report on certain matters he could give him money right away.

Owens accepted the money and was instructed to report on certain questions concerning Woolwich Arsenal. This was purely a test of the Welshman's ability; the Abwehr had long been informed about the Arsenal.

Owens took the train for the Hook of Holland the following afternoon and a month later returned to Germany. He brought with him all the information that Randzau had requested.

The results of the test were satisfactory, so Owens was asked to find out all he could about airfields which the Luftwaffe knew were being built in East Anglia and along the Great North Road. Randzau promised him all expenses, plus £90 to £100, according to results, for each mission. Owens was told to keep on with his electrical business, to conceal his espionage activities, and to continue to go to Brussels and other cities.

For the following two years Owens visited Hamburg almost once every month, reporting on the missions which



From his case Owens produced the top-secret plans. The Abwehr man was suspicious. How had the little Welshman captured such a prize?

he had been given. He proved to have outstanding talent for espionage, and the Abwehr chiefs in Berlin became increasingly impressed by “Johnny the Master Spy.” He was still not aware that Randzau was a German officer, but in the course of his repeated visits to Hamburg he had become close friends of Randzau and his wife, who was quite unaware of her husband's spying activities.

Almost every evening when he was in Hamburg, though, Owens was a visitor to a cabaret where he became fascinated by a system of table telephones by which it was possible for him to call up an attractive girl he might see at another table. This eventually led to complications.

The Abwehr kept a strict watch on Owens during these evenings and Randzau became alarmed when it was discovered that the little Welshman had been talking too much to a girl, a blonde. She was quietly “arrested” and told to get out of Hamburg without further question. In her place the Abwehr provided a still more fascinating blonde, Ingrid.

On his next visit to the cabaret Owens was delighted to receive a call from Ingrid at a table a few yards away. From that time onwards there was no further risk; his girl friend was one of the most trusted female agents on the payroll of the Abwehr.

After the Munich crisis the Abwehr chiefs realized that war might come at any time and Owens's monthly visits to Hamburg would end. By now he was accepted as almost a full member of the Abwehr, and Randzau was informed by Berlin that in order to maintain future contact, Owens had to be given radio instruction.

Owens was not a particularly good pupil and he was never a really satisfactory operator. But during the war, when he transmitted regularly from London, the Abwehr had little difficulty in deciphering his messages.

During his long visit to Hamburg most of his evenings were spent in the Randzau flat, where he revealed that he had the musical genius of his race and enthralled everyone by singing the folksongs of Wales in a fine tenor voice.

After his instruction in radio work, Owens continued to visit Hamburg once every six weeks or so. Early in 1939 he told Randzau that he had left his wife. On the next trip he arrived with a girl friend, Lily, who was also entertained by the Randzau family. The Randzaus had genuinely come to like the little Welshman.

Owens was paid by results. Each time when he left Hamburg he carried a considerable sum in pound notes. By the summer of 1939 he was enjoying an income of something like £2,000 a year tax free from his work as a spy.

By the middle of 1939 Canaris and Lahousen in Berlin had become convinced that war was imminent, and on orders from Abwehr headquarters Owens was informed when he visited Hamburg in June of that year that he must start experimental transmission as soon as he returned to London. For that purpose he was provided with one of the new German radio sets for spies. This was sent to him through the German diplomatic bag to avoid the British Customs. The first transmission proved to be very successful, and regular transmissions began as soon as war was declared.

Radio. though, was of little use for sending plans of British aircraft or details of new industrial processes, and much thought was given to the problem of future communications. Finally Randzau produced a fantastic plan. In late 1939, Owens was instructed to buy a motor cruiser and keep it at an East Anglian pleasure resort. The idea was for Randzau or some other Abwehr officer to meet Johnny in the middle of the North Sea—in mid-winter.

Randzau had believed that the German Naval High Command would provide a submarine, but Admiral Doenitz's staff refused to risk a submarine on such a wild-cat adventure on the Dogger Bank. Randzau had better friends in the Luftwaffe, however, and finally he obtained the use of a seaplane for a rendezvous with Johnny.

An urgent signal was sent by radio to Owens telling him where to meet the seaplane. And two days later a Dornier set out for the Dogger Bank. For two hours in mist and rain and in considerable danger from R.A.F. patrols, the slow, awkward Dornier circled the agreed rendezvous position. But Johnny failed to appear. Finally the German plane retreated when British aircraft appeared in the vicinity. Next day Randzau received a signal from Owens: “Sorry impossible leave English coast which is under strict watch.” Since the time was just after the start of the war this was scarcely surprising.

Randzau had to meet Owens. In the middle of April, 1940, when the Abwehr chiefs in Berlin knew that the German armies would be in Belgium and France within a few weeks, Randzau signalled Owens asking him to go to Lisbon. On June 1, when the last British troops were embarking at Dunkirk, Owens answered: “Agree to meeting. Will contact you Lisbon June 12-17.”

Randzau, although having suggested Lisbon as a rendezvous, was disturbed to receive Owens's message; so were the Abwehr chiefs in Berlin when it was passed to them for approval. How was it possible for Owens, a travelling salesman, to leave Britain at such a crisis in the war?

RANDZAU was instructed to go to Lisbon and meet Owens on the dates that he had given. Berlin arranged for Randzau to become a diplomatic courier for the time being. He was given permission to travel by a German aircraft which operated a top-secret service between Stuttgart and Barcelona, carrying gold on the outward trip and wolfram from Spain on the return journey.

Between Barcelona and Lisbon, Randzau travelled by a circuitous route in an attempt to put the British secret service off the trail—if, that is, they were there at all.

Randzau, as he thought over Johnny's trip, became more and more convinced that the little Welshman must have some sort of official British permission to leave the country. One day he recalled a conversation he had held with Owens before the war. “If you ever get into difficulties in England about this work for us,” Randzau had told Owens, “the best thing for you to do is to come clean. Go to M.I.5 and tell everything. That might save you.”

Had Johnny remembered that advice? Was that how he had managed to get permission to travel to Lisbon? Randzau would soon find out.

On June 12 Randzau reached Lisbon, which was already teeming with refugees who had fled from France. The Portuguese capital also contained agents of every known intelligence service who had poured in with the refugees. Randzau dared not risk a public meeting with an Englishman who would almost certainly be watched by the British secret service.

Randzau had accordingly made arrangements to work through a man known as The Don, who was one of the Germans' top agents. The Don had direct communication with Canaris and the other Abwehr chiefs in Berlin through the German Embassy in Lisbon, where an Abwehr radio operator, whose real position was known only to the Ambassador, worked almost night and day on the enormous German intelligence traffic between neutral Portugal and Berlin. Before leaving Hamburg, Randzau had instructed Johnny by radio to make contact with The Don.

On the forenoon of every day between June 12 and 17, Owens had been told, a lean, dark man with a sharp nose would sit on a terrace of one of Lisbon's best-known cafés. Owens was instructed to carry a copy of *The Times* and to order a large glass of lemon juice. When the dark man spoke to him, Owens was told to identify himself by saying: “Jack told me to say he was asking for you.”

In Lisbon he made no attempt to look for Owens or The Don.

He knew that The Don would soon learn of Owens's arrival. On June 14, therefore, Randzau was not surprised to receive a message inviting him to tea with a Senorita Juanita the following afternoon; he presumed that the lady was on The Don's payroll. At the appointed hour he duly arrived at the address he had been given. In his best halting Portuguese the Herr Doktor introduced himself to the elegantly dressed young woman who opened the door. He was not surprised at the burst of pure Berlin dialect with which she answered him as soon as the door was closed. Laughing, she escorted him to the next room where he was given a cordial greeting from The Don.

At once The Don informed Randzau that Owens was already in Lisbon and would join them later.

When Owens arrived at the flat and saw Randzau, he advanced with a broad smile and outstretched hands. “Doktor, you have no idea how pleased I am to see you,” he said. “There's so much to tell you, and it has not been so easy to get here.”

As Randzau took Johnny's hand, the German noticed that the little man was shaking with excitement. They chatted informally in front of The Don and Juanita for a time, then arranged for a further talk next morning at a hide-out which the Abwehr kept in Lisbon.

Next day, when they were alone, Randzau went straight to the point. “Come on, Johnny,” he said. “How did you get out of England? You didn't just come out as an ordinary traveller. Since we invaded Holland, Belgium and France, that has been impossible. Tell me everything.”

“Well,” said Johnny, “I had a terrible job. At first I contacted a Welsh sea captain at Swansea who said he would take me as a stowaway to Lisbon. But after the invasion of France things were tightened up. He got scared and said he would get into serious trouble if he took me.”

“And what then?” Randzau asked sharply. “Did you take the advice I once gave you in Hamburg?”

“No,” said Owens. “I simply applied for an official permit to leave on the grounds that I was selling electrical equipment abroad. I was interviewed by a captain, who was, I think, in the Field Security Police. I could see he did not really believe me. He asked me where I had done business previously and I said in Belgium. He asked if I had ever done business in Germany. As I thought they could probably trace some of my prewar trips to Hamburg I said I had also done business with an export-import firm in Hamburg.”

“Did you give my name and address?” asked Randzau anxiously.

“No,” said Owens. “I realized that might be dangerous. I made up a false name and gave him another address in Hamburg.”

“Next?” continued Randzau.

“The following day I was interviewed by a colonel in red tabs, and he really put me through it for an hour. I told him that as a result of the German invasion of the Low Countries I now wanted to meet my Swiss business contacts in Lisbon, which was a sort of half-way house.

“After a lot of argument, the colonel became quite polite and said that it was the British Government's policy to maintain as much trade as possible with neutral countries. He even wished me a good journey and said: ‘Watch out for U-boats.’”

Randzau eyed Owens quizzically. It was a remarkable story. Sometimes, however, the British—so astute on many occasions—did incredibly stupid things.

Owens had seen Randzau's puzzled look. “You do believe me, Herr Doktor, don't you,” he pleaded. “You know how faithfully I've worked for you—and you know how I hate the English.”

“Of course, of course, Johnny,” said

Randzau, trying to smooth the ruffled feelings of the Welshman. "Now you're here with me, everything is all right."

"I knew you would trust me," said Owens. "See what I have brought."

First he handed over long and detailed information about new R.A.F. airfields in the Home Counties. Then he produced an explosive charge, shaped like a fountain pen, which he said the R.A.F. was already beginning to drop to Resistance workers in occupied countries. Next he drew out of his dispatch case his chief offering—a copy of a technical report on a secret British radar set so small that it could be fitted into the cockpit of a two-seater night fighter. With the report he handed over drawings.

For a moment Randzau wondered how Owens had got his hands on such a valuable prize, but before he could put his thoughts into words the Welshman burst out: "I got it from a new contact—somebody really good who is willing to work for us. He says his name is Jack Brown and he has just been chucked out of the R.A.F. He was a squadron-leader specializing in radar and is willing to tell what he knows for cash. I have sounded him out; he's willing to travel to Lisbon with me on my next trip."

"Come, come, Johnny!" laughed Randzau. "I can't believe that the R.A.F. has thrown out a senior technical man at *this* stage of the war."

"But it's true. He is Welsh like myself and hates the English. As far as I can make out he's a Communist. He needs money desperately and is willing to tell you everything if you pay him enough."

Randzau thought the matter over. If this renegade R.A.F. technician was all that Owens claimed, he might be a mine of information. He could very well be a Communist agent who for some reason was willing to hand over information to the Abwehr, for officially Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany were allied by the notorious Ribbentrop—Molotov pact.

"All right," said Randzau. "Bring him with you the next time—if you can. In the meantime tell me all about him."

"I first met this chap, whose name is Jack Brown, in a pub in Bayswater which is frequented by Welsh Nationalists like myself," said Owens. "We started to chat and met several times afterwards. After a few meetings he began to tell me his story. He had been a squadron-leader in the Technical Branch of the Air Ministry working on radar and other secret devices. Suddenly he had been summoned before a very senior officer. Without any explanation being given, Brown claimed, he was told that he must resign from the R.A.F. at once. He told me, though, that he was sure that it was because of his political views.

"At the time he was confiding in me," continued Owens, "he was getting desperate for money. I told him that I might be able to help him if he would do something for me. I let him understand that I had foreign business friends who were interested in latest British technical developments such as radar. Next time I met him he turned up with this stuff about the radar set and the drawings. I gave him £25 from the money you sent me last time."

Owens said that he told the renegade R.A.F. officer that he would take this material to Lisbon, and if it was satisfactory he would buy more such material. When the R.A.F. man heard that Owens was going to Lisbon he asked if he could go too.

"I pointed out to him that he would never get permission to leave the United Kingdom," said Owens, "but he answered that he had a good Communist friend who was the captain of a cargo boat trading regularly between Swansea and Portuguese ports. This captain would smuggle him out of Britain without difficulty."

Randzau at this stage would very much have preferred to consult Lahousen in Berlin. He was chary about the whole business, but did not wish to doubt Owens, who had previously been so reliable.

"Here's some money for you," Randzau said, and handed Owens £500 in counterfeit British notes, fresh from the Abwehr presses in Berlin. When they parted a few hours later Owens suggested that they might meet again in Lisbon in early October.

"There will probably be no difficulty about my exit permit now," said Owens. "I think the security colonel was quite satisfied with my reasons for wanting to travel. We shall meet again here in two or three months."

"Don't be too sure," laughed Randzau, who had just seen from the Portuguese papers that France was on the point of surrender. "By that time the German Army will be in London and I'll meet you there. Maybe I'll get you a commission in the German Army in return for your great services to the Reich."

Next day Randzau flew back to Germany, leaving Owens to make his own way back to London. In Berlin the Abwehr man handed over the report and drawings for the new British radar equipment to the technical branch of the Luftwaffe and was at once swamped with demands for further information.

By the end of June, 1940, Owens was back in London and in contact with Randzau by radio. With the help of the R.A.F. renegade he was soon able to answer most of the Luftwaffe's queries.

Eventually in September, when the invasion of Britain seemed imminent, Randzau received a signal from Owens saying that he hoped to reach Lisbon by the end of the month. "I hope to be accompanied by a friend," concluded the signal. Soon afterwards came a further signal fixing the meeting for the first day of October at the former rendezvous in the Portuguese capital.

For days Owens failed to arrive on ships entering the Tagus. Just as his anxiety became acute, Randzau received a message from The Don. Owens had arrived but was so ill as a result of persistent sea-sickness that he had been put to bed on arrival. It was in Owens's hotel bedroom that Randzau saw him.

"Well, Johnny, what happened?" asked the German.

Owens explained that, as he had suspected, he had no difficulty about exit documents. After being caught in severe gales off the Irish coast, however, the convoy of which his ship formed part had been attacked by German submarines. Eighteen ships had been sunk.

"What about your friend from the R.A.F.?" asked Randzau.

"He was smuggled aboard a ship which I think was in the convoy. I don't think it was sunk, but I am not sure."

"What have you brought me this time?" asked Randzau.

"Not very much on paper, Herr Doktor," said Owens, "but if he has escaped your submarines I have brought you the man who will tell you a great deal. It's getting very difficult now to get information. I have to be very careful now since the fall of France—and all that scare about parachutists."

They both laughed as Owens told Randzau the full story of Schmidt and Björnson.

The Welshman went on to give Randzau a general report on conditions in Britain. But it was information that had already been picked up from British papers reaching Berlin, and Randzau made no attempt to conceal his dissatisfaction. Owens was quick to notice the German's black looks. At once he became almost pitiful, pleading and protesting that he had done his best. Suddenly it was clear to Randzau that the little man was nearly hysterical.

"Is it not enough that I'm bringing you this R.A.F. chap?" Owens asked. "He can tell you more than I can ever find out. Things in Britain are getting more and more difficult for me. From now on, I'll have to concentrate on sabotage. If you can give me the explosives others will help me to start sabotage."

"Don't get so worked up," said Randzau, who was becoming bewildered by Owens's display of nerves. Randzau decided that the Welshman's career as a master spy was drawing to an end and that it would be wise gradually to dispose of his services so that there was no chance of his becoming a liability to the Abwehr. But that would take some while.

In the meantime there was no reason why he should not be given sabotage equipment.

That afternoon Randzau and Owens called on Dr. Rudolfs, the head of the Abwehr sabotage division in Lisbon. Rudolfs knew all about Owens from Lahousen and he was only too willing to provide him with a supply of fuses disguised as fountain pens in presentation boxes.

It was not until forty-eight hours later that the ship on which the R.A.F. renegade had been concealed reached Lisbon. He was a darkish man in his late thirties and his skin had the yellow look that comes from years in the tropics.

"This is Mr. Brown," said Owens as the Englishman gave Randzau a limp handshake.

"How do you do," said Brown and laughed nervously. Randzau noted that there was little sign of laughter in his hard penetrating eyes. Brown was definitely a more complex character than the extrovert Owens.

"I understand you are in a position to help us," said Randzau.

"If you pay enough," said Brown. "I am desperately in need of money."

"How much," asked Randzau.

"Well," said Brown, "if I am to work for you I should require £250 a month. But perhaps it would be better if I told you all I know. I think that you will understand that I have an extensive knowledge of certain of the latest technical developments. If you give me, say, £2,000 in notes I will be prepared to undergo any examination you wish at the hands of your own technical experts."

"That is most interesting," said Randzau carefully. "But I fear it would be impossible for you to meet our technical people here. If you are prepared to go to Germany, I promise to return you to Lisbon whenever you wish without restraint."

"That's wonderful!" interrupted Owens. "Let's go, Jack."

"I'm sorry," Randzau told Owens, "but it will be impossible to take you with us. Transport is difficult and it will be quite enough to arrange travel for one Englishman."

Despite his years in the Abwehr, Randzau was a sympathetic man and did not like rebuffing Owens in this way, but it was obvious that the Welshman didn't relish life in wartime England any more and wanted to get to Germany and stay there.

Owens was deeply disappointed, but he tried as best he could to cover up his feelings. Turning to Brown he said: "You go, Jack. If the Doktor gives you a promise you can rely on it. I have worked with him for years and he has never broken his word to me."

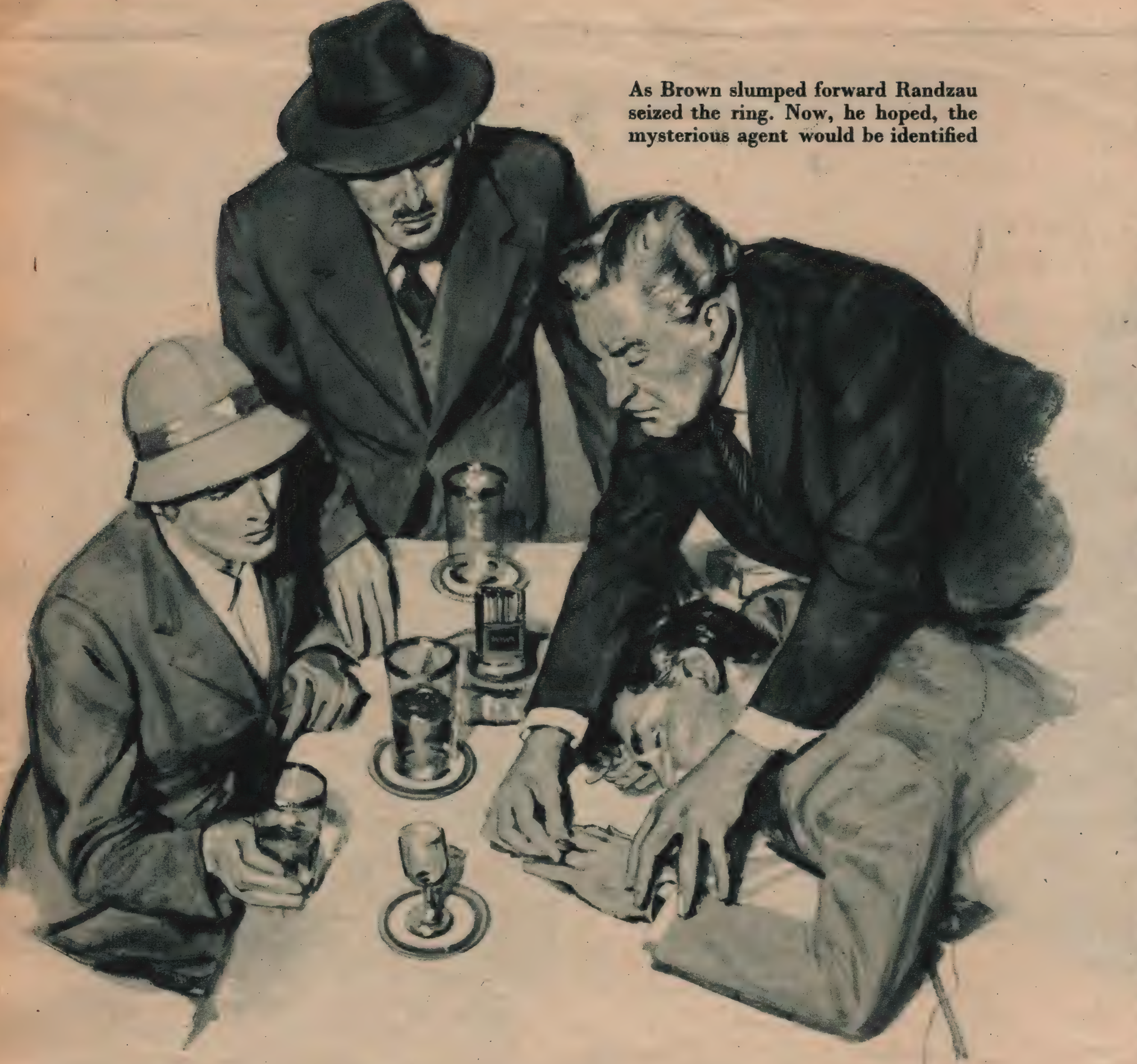
"All right," said Brown. "When do we go?"

Within a week, Brown had been flown to Hamburg.

When he reached the city he was immediately given accommodation in one of Hamburg's great luxury hotels, the Vier Jahreszeiten. He was greeted by Randzau, who arranged for technical experts to present him with long lists of questions prepared by Luftwaffe headquarters in Berlin.

After he had answered the detailed questionnaires, he was interrogated at length by experts flown from various parts of Germany to see him.

Brown was so quiet, unassuming and so determined not to give trouble that Randzau felt that he and his wife had a duty to entertain him. And so the



As Brown slumped forward Randzau seized the ring. Now, he hoped, the mysterious agent would be identified

strange British visitor to wartime Hamburg was taken to fashionable restaurants, luxury hotels and parties in private houses. Everywhere he went he commented on the well-dressed people and the excellent meals still obtainable in restaurants. Rationing in Nazi Germany was spread much less evenly than in wartime Britain.

Brown seemed to enjoy these visits greatly, and during these remarkable weeks Randzau and his British visitor were often joined by Frau Randzau.

One evening, as they sat together in the downstairs bar of the Vier Jahreszeiten, Frau Randzau commented on a large cameo ring which Brown wore on his left hand. Brown promptly pressed open the cameo to reveal a miniature portrait of a beautiful girl.

"Your wife?" asked Frau Randzau.

"Not yet," laughed Brown.

Randzau was thunderstruck. He had noticed that ring dozens of times, but it had never occurred to him that in it might lie a clue to Brown's real identity.

Randzau rose at once with an apology and telephoned the Abwehr headquarters in Sophienstrasse. A quarter of an hour later, an elderly man entered the bar and after nodding to Randzau, sat down in a quiet alcove. Randzau told Brown: "That is a good friend of mine in the alcove. Maybe you would like to meet him."

Introductions were quickly made and the head waiter, after a knowing look from the man, appeared and took an order for drinks.

The Germans and the Englishman raised their glasses. "Prosit!" said Brown and drank. Soon his eyes started to close. His head dropped. Then he was sound asleep.

"How long will the knock-out drops last?" asked Randzau.

"Two hours, sir," said the man. Randzau ordered the head waiter to put a screen round the alcove. Quickly Randzau opened Brown's ring and removed the girl's picture.

"Take that to the office and have it photographed," he ordered. Ninety minutes later the man returned and Randzau put the picture back.

When Brown stirred, sat up and yawned, he asked: "Have I been asleep?"

"Think nothing of it," said Randzau. "The Scotch here must be stronger than in London."

Next morning in his office, Randzau examined an enlarged copy of the photograph, which was covered by letters and numbers in the form of a code. Weeks later, Berlin decided that the code was for an address in a neutral capital. The Abwehr already believed that this address had been used as a post office for the Russian security services.

By this time the Abwehr had realized that there was little more to be got from Brown. He was summoned to Berlin and closely questioned by Canaris. The little admiral seemed to be toying with some counter-move in which Brown would play a leading rôle. But when Randzau informed his chief that he had given his word of honour that Brown would return to Lisbon, Canaris said at once: "Very well. Send him back. Naturally you must honour such a pledge. After all, we are German officers—not members of the Gestapo."

After cordial farewells, Brown left Hamburg, but while changing planes in Madrid he completely disappeared. He was never seen again by the Abwehr. The Abwehr chiefs were fairly confident that Brown had achieved his real aim. He had been determined to leave England when it became too hot for him. And the Abwehr was tolerably certain that before long he found his way to Moscow.

Meanwhile, Owens broke down when he learned that his chief source of information had vanished. Weeping and shrieking, he implored The Don: "Let me go to Germany. Let me go to Hamburg."

But The Don had strict orders. On no account was Owens to be permitted to reach wartime Germany. As soon as a passage could be arranged he was shipped back to England. The Abwehr had little further need for a spy who had outlived his usefulness.

A few weeks later Johnny was sending messages again to Hamburg. His titbits were of interest but seldom contained important information. When, shortly before Christmas, he appealed to Randzau for money it was finally agreed, after consultation with Lahousen and Canaris, to send him £500. At Christmas it was duly delivered to him by the Japanese Embassy in London.

He continued to send messages until the spring of 1941 when suddenly he radioed: "Help me. My life is in danger."

The Abwehr did not reply.

It was years afterwards that an Abwehr chief was told by a returned German spy that he had met a man, whom he believed was Owens, in Dartmoor towards the end of the war. Recently word reached Germany that Owens is now living in Ireland.

Although Owens was perhaps Hitler's most successful British spy he was certainly not the only Welshman to work for the Abwehr.

On April 27, 1940, Lahousen recorded in his diary that according to a Reuter dispatch monitored in Berlin there had been an extensive fire at a "state aircraft works"—apparently a shadow factory at Denham, Buckinghamshire. He added that he had no doubt that Welsh extremists had been responsible.

He added, however, that a full report from the Welsh agents had not been received and could be expected to take some time as direct contact was possible only by a very roundabout route. Owens and his Welsh compatriots were kept in watertight compartments so far as possible, and Owens's radio transmitter was not used for contact with the Welsh saboteurs.

Later, Lahousen learned that several assembly bays were destroyed and that a number of aircraft nearing completion had been burned out. . . .

With the invasion of Britain in prospect, Lahousen considered what sabotage operations would be necessary to assist the German troops who were expected to land on the south coast. One major operation for which extensive planning was carried out was aimed at cutting the three main railway lines from the north of England to London. This, it was thought, would hinder the movement of troops towards the south. Two agents were trained for the job and were to have sailed from Brest in a French fishing smack. But both men were killed in an R.A.F. raid.

A month later, on November 6, when Lahousen knew that there would certainly be no invasion of England that year, he recorded that three Cuban seamen who had been recruited in France for the Abwehr had left in a fishing boat to undertake sabotage operations in England. He called this operation "Crayfish I."

But after the Cubans left Brest nothing more was heard of them. In after years Lahousen was inclined to believe that either their boat had been sunk by a storm—or, much more likely, they had got cold feet on the way across the Channel and had gone over to the British on arrival. He once remarked: "I was never able to calculate exactly how many of our agents went over to the British, either as a result of bribes or threats."

Lahousen had another operation which he named "Whale." On November 11 he noted in his diary that it was proposed to land a spy and a radio operator on the South Wales coast in order to establish a permanent link with the Welsh extremists. He felt that unless there was one of his own trusted agents on the spot with a radio set who could keep in day-to-day contact with Berlin, nothing very much was likely to be achieved.

To this entry he added an interesting comment: "I have given instructions that an attempt should be made to make contact with certain Scottish Nationalists of whom we are aware."

The departure of Operation Whale was delayed by stormy November weather, and Lahousen ordered that to fill in time his agent and the radio operator should undergo a further intensive sabotage course.

The sea transport for Operation Whale was to have been handled by "V-Man Hein"—that redoubtable ocean yachtsman, Captain Hans Nissen—who would have as crew two other ocean yachtsmen from Bremen and Hamburg. But "Hein Muck," as he was nicknamed, was soon to be detailed for more important missions, and after the war Lahousen could not recall whether in fact Operation Whale ever took place. He was certain that no contact was made with the Scottish Nationalists.

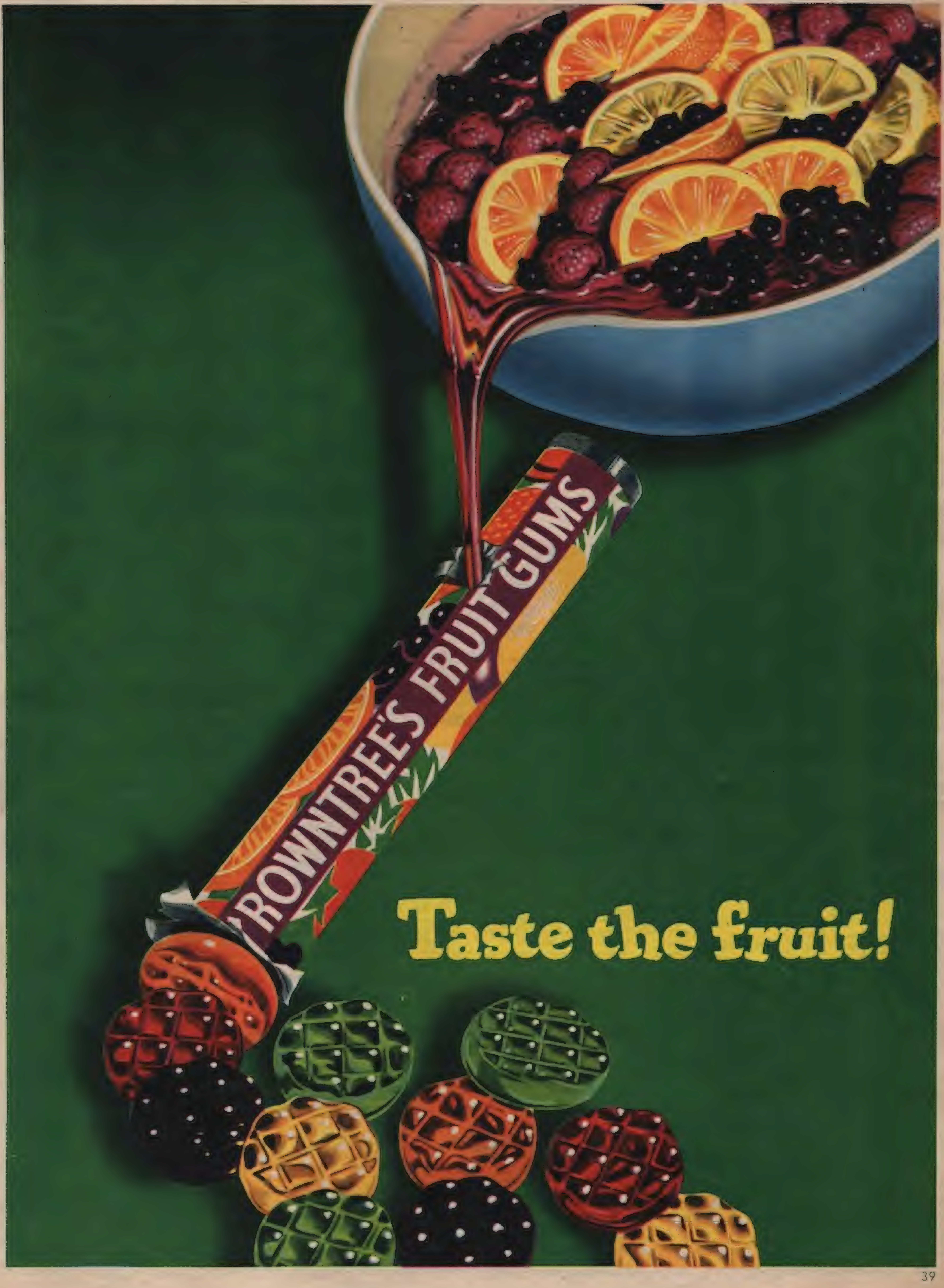
On November 14, 1940, Lahousen noted in his diary that one of his agents, a Spaniard, had met in London a leader of the Welsh Nationalist extremists.

According to the Welshman there could be no more sabotage unless the Germans sent more money. Lahousen at once authorized the payment of £2,500—but he was beginning to come to the conclusion that although the Welsh sent plenty of reports of what they had done, it was most difficult, if not impossible, to obtain confirmation of their exploits.

In after years, Lahousen commented that he doubted very much whether he ever really got his money's worth out of the Welsh.

NEXT WEEK: The fantastic plan of Vera the Beautiful Spy

Charles Wighton and Gunter Peis's story will be published as a book by Odhams next year. It will be called "They Spied on England"


ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS
Taste the fruit!

Fifty-pound wife

Continued from page 30

space in the national dailies than the strip cartoons."

"This is ridiculous," said Jim. "That agreement was just a gag. Of course it's not legal. You know it isn't. I——"

"Oh, it isn't legal," agreed Silas. "It's worse than that. It's laughable."

"I'm not going to stay here arguing," said Heck. "I'll see you in court." And he drove off.

When Jim returned to something like normal consciousness through the red haze of anger into which his encounter had plunged him, he drove for three miles towards Morrowfield with the intention of consulting Messrs. Gobal, Venning, Sowerby and Beall. But then he realized that he was not yet ready to explain the peculiar details of this case to any of those gentlemen, and returned to Clockhouse Farm.

Like Silas, he could very well imagine not only the cross-examination by the clever counsel and the facetious captions to the press photographs. He could also see the smirk on the face of Mr. Gobal and his colleagues when the case was laid before them. . . .

By the following Monday, when he went up in his Land-Rover to Marly Field to see how the spraying was going on, he had still not been able to bring himself to take any action. Then, as he was returning through the open field gate into Burnt Hill Five Acre, he avoided only by inches a girl on a white horse who had come cantering out from behind the hedge.

"Hey!" he called. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"And the same to you," answered the girl promptly.

"This happens to be my land," Jim said coldly. "I don't——"

"Oh, then you must be Jim Parkinson," the girl said, swinging herself easily off the white horse and hitching it to the gate. She was a glossy-haired brunette, neatly and faithfully followed inch by inch by her green sweater, although her jodhpurs did little credit to whatever sort of legs she had. Her smile was white and arresting; her eyes dark and compelling.

"I'm Leilah O'Brien Hallett," she said.

"No!" cried Jim in astonishment.

He got out of the Land-Rover to take a closer look. So far as he had bothered to think about her at all, his mental picture of Heck's daughter had been an interpretation of her father in feminine terms; a slab-faced mare of a girl, not an iridescent beauty.

"I am, though," Leilah said. "And if you think I'm the sort of girl you can throw dice for in public houses, you've made a big mistake."

"But I never thought you were."

"Neither did my father, really," Leilah said. "Yes, he's told me all about it."

"Proud of it, I suppose?"

"Well, he has been rather naughty about the whole thing, it's true. What do *you* think of him?"

"My opinion of him isn't the sort of thing I'd tell his daughter."

"That's gentlemanly," Leilah acknowledged. "But he isn't really as black as he's painted. He has a queer sense of humour, that's all. Of course he deliberately made the thing so ridiculous that he knew you'd never dare take him to court—but after all it wasn't much worse than an involved sort of practical joke. When he was tired of laughing, he'd have given you your money, I'm sure. Now that you've threatened him, though, he'll dig his heels in."

"Sense of humour, you call it," said Jim. "Well, I dare say my sense of humour will stretch to round about thirty bob; but when it comes to fifty pounds. . . ."

"Yes, I know," agreed Leilah. "This isn't the first time his sense of fun's run away with him and I've had to try and patch things up just for the sake of the family's good name."

"No!" protested Jim. "Don't *you* start that, for Heaven's sake."

"Start what?"

"I've heard it before: 'And sure, if there's anything dearer to me than life itself, 'tis the honour of me family.'"

"You forgot to say 'begorra.'"

"But I'm not done, you know," Jim went on. "Your father knows I couldn't bear to have the whole thing brought out in the cold daylight. I'd be the laughing stock of the county. So would he, but then he wouldn't mind. But I'll think of something."

"That's really why I came to see you," Leilah said. "I'd like to straighten it out somehow."

"For the honour of the family?"

"Well, for mine, at least. After all, I do think I ought to rate higher than that old van of yours."

"Now I've met you," Jim told her, "I'd throw in the Land-Rover and the convertible as well."

"That's a flattering sort of insult."

"Come to the farmhouse," Jim said, "and have some elevenses. We can discuss it there in comfort. Will you? You can follow me along."

"Now, please don't anybody bother about washing-up"

Leilah did. Jim learned that she did not live with her father but ran, in partnership with an aunt, what she referred to as a roadhouse on the Marverly road; it was really only a superior sort of café with a rose garden and a riding school attached. She refused to be ashamed of her father or even to apologize for him, but she was anxious that he should be somehow gently forced to pay his just debts. The only problem was how this could be achieved.

That morning they could think of no way of bringing it about. Nor could they the next morning, when Jim called at the roadhouse to continue the discussion.

It was an intractable problem. During the next six weeks they met constantly to discuss it; at Clockhouse Farm, at the roadhouse, dining and dancing in Morrowfield, running out to rural solitudes in the convertible.

But they reaped the reward of this perseverance and chanced at last upon the solution. . . .

One torrid Saturday morning, Hector O'Brien Hallett was lolling on a deck-chair on his lawn with a newspaper and a crooked cherrywood pipe when he heard a car stop at his gate. He looked up in time to see his daughter and Jim Parkinson coming up the crazy-paved path.

Jim was grinning, but Leilah's face was pale and strained. She was severely dressed, for such a bright morning, in a grey linen suit and was wearing little make-up.

"Hallo, Father," she said in a flat, dead voice. Her face looked wan and melancholy, and her eyes avoided his.

It was enough to bring Heck to his feet with wide eyes of concern; he was very fond of Leilah. He looked at her closely, ignoring her escort. "Leilah, what's the matter?" he said. "There's something wrong—I can see there is."

"Nothing wrong," said Jim jauntily. "Quite the contrary, Mr. Hallett."

"No, nothing wrong," agreed Leilah, but in the same tone of despair and with the same face of misery. "We have some news for you, Father, that's all. You must congratulate us. The fact is"—she had a catch in her voice—"Mr. Parkinson . . . that is, Jim . . . and I are going to be married."

"Eh?" cried Heck. "What did you say? Married?"

"That's right," Jim put in cheerily. "We're on our way to see the vicar about the banns. Thought you ought to know, though. Leilah, show him your engagement ring."

"Married?" repeated Heck, his eyes darting from one to the other suspiciously. "Well, my girl can marry wherever her heart is; but it's not here. If a girl gets engaged and looks as if she's going to a funeral, there's something wrong. You can't fool your father, Leilah."

"Just emotional stress," said Jim.

"Leilah," said Heck accusingly, "you don't love this man."

His daughter looked him in the eyes at last; she was pale, proud and inflexible. "There's one thing I do love," she said sternly, "more than life itself: and that's the family honour."

"Hooray!" cried Jim.

"So *that's* it," exclaimed Heck.

"Yes," said Leilah. "My mind's made up. You won't change it."

"Do you honestly expect me to believe," said her father, "that because of that tipsy tomfoolery of old Potter's——"

"A promise has been made," said Leilah, "made on the word of an O'Brien Hallett. It must be kept. Don't you see I can't keep a shred of self-respect if it isn't? If Mr. Parkinson—Jim—wants to marry me, well then, he must."

"You're mad," said her father. "You can't mean it."

"Oh, come now," Jim put in. "Don't take it to heart. You've lost a daughter and gained a son, you know."

"I do mean it," said Leilah. "It's your doing, but I'll try to forgive you. Goodbye, Father."

Heck said desperately: "Wait." He went into the house, came back with an enamelled cash box, and quickly counted out ten £5 notes into Jim's hand.

"Thank you," said Jim. "D'you know, I'd almost forgotten that."

"If I was a younger man, I'd make you forget a lot more," said Heck. "Now you get to hell out of here."

"Oh, not to hell," said Jim. "In the other direction, in fact. Got to call at the vicarage, you know."

"Oh dear, we're late," said Leilah. "We must hurry."

"Now look," said Heck, in bewilderment. "Don't you understand? I've paid this lout off. I know you were always the obstinate one, Leilah, right from the cradle, but you don't have to go through with it now. He's got his money. That darn-fool agreement's scrubbed right out, void, finished."

"A very good thing too," said Leilah. "I'm not going to have people say I was only worth fifty pounds. Besides, it isn't true. Look what I fetched on the open market; look what Jim offered. Not just an old estate wagon but the convertible and the Land-Rover and four tractors and half a farm and a dress allowance . . . oh and something more he's promised me, too. . . ."

"Yes," said Jim, putting his arm round her shoulders. "Love. Fifty million cubic yards of love. Or even more."

Heck's face assumed a brick-red colour and a dangerous expression. "What is this you're telling me?" he demanded.

"Never mind, dear," said Leilah, laughing at him and patting his cheek. "I love him and I'm going to marry him and we're off to see the vicar and you can tell Mother when we've gone and when we come back we'll celebrate. But I'm *so* glad you were nice about the fifty pounds; I wouldn't want to think I was married to Jim as a bad debt."

She turned. "Come on, Jim: the longer we stay, the worse it is for his blood pressure."

There was still one more humiliation in store for Heck O'Brien Hallett. When he went inside to tell Leila's mother—and he was in a fine state of confusion between rage and joy, a semi-coherent schizophrenic—she smiled at him patronizingly and said: "I could have told *you* that; everybody's seen that coming off weeks ago."

Hector O'Brien Hallet realized that he must be getting old and simple. But there were still pleasures in life, even for the simple. He went to the telephone to have the champagne sent up to the house at once from the Dog and Shepherd.

THE END

Solution to the gift problem

Christmas gifts for friends overseas present no problems if you take advantage of John Bull's Christmas overseas subscription service. A year's subscription to John Bull is a present every week for twelve months, and it costs only 32s. 6d. (21s. 8d. for Canada). Your gift will be announced by an attractive greetings card bearing your name.

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4.50 from Paddington

Continued from page 21

hale and hearty one. He may live to be ninety-odd?"

"Easily. He spends his life taking care of himself—and his constitution is sound."

"And his sons and daughters are all getting on—and they are all feeling the pinch?"

"You leave Emma out of it. She's no poisoner. These attacks only happen when the others are there—not when she and he are alone."

An elementary precaution on a poisoner's part, Craddock told himself but didn't say so. Instead he continued, choosing his words carefully: "Surely—I'm ignorant in these matters—but supposing just a hypothesis that arsenic *was* administered? Hasn't Crackenthorpe been very lucky not to succumb?"

"Now there," said the doctor, "you *have* got something odd. It is exactly that fact that leads me to believe that I have been, as old Morris puts it, a damned fool.

"You see, it's obviously not a case of small doses of arsenic administered regularly—which is what you might call the classic method of arsenic poisoning. Crackenthorpe has never had any chronic gastric trouble. In a way that's what makes these sudden violent attacks seem unlikely. So, assuming they are not due to natural causes, it looks as though the poisoner is muffing it every time, which hardly makes sense."

"Giving an inadequate dose, you mean?"

"Yes. On the other hand, Crackenthorpe's got a strong constitution, and what might do in another man doesn't do him in. There's always personal idiosyncrasy to be reckoned with. But you'd think that by now the poisoner—unless he's unusually timid—would have stepped up the dose. Why hasn't he?

"That is," he added, "if there *is* a poisoner, which there probably isn't. It's probably all my ruddy imagination from start to finish."

"It's an odd problem," the inspector agreed. "It doesn't seem to make sense. . . ."

"Inspector Craddock!" The eager whisper made the inspector jump. He had been just on the point of ringing the front door bell of Rutherford Hall.

Alexander and his friend Stoddart-West emerged cautiously from the shadows. "We heard your car, and we wanted to get hold of you."

"Well, let's go inside."

CRADDOCK'S hand went out to the door bell again, but Alexander pulled at his coat with the eagerness of a pawing dog. "We've found a clue," he breathed.

Damn that girl, thought Craddock. Aloud he said: "Splendid. Let's go inside the house and look at it."

"No." Alexander was insistent. "Someone's sure to interrupt. Come to the harness room. We'll guide you."

Somewhat unwillingly, Craddock allowed himself to be guided round the corner of the house and along to the stable yard. Stoddart-West pushed open a heavy door, stretched up, and turned on a rather feeble electric light.

"It really *is* a clue, sir," said Stoddart-West eagerly, his eyes gleaming behind his spectacles. "We found it this afternoon in the boilerhouse."

Importantly, Stoddart-West, in the best detective story tradition, drew on a pair of rather dirty gloves and took from his pocket a photographic folder. From this he extracted in his gloved fingers, with the utmost care, a soiled and crumpled envelope which he handed to the inspector.

Craddock took it with due solemnity. He liked the boys and he was ready to enter into the spirit of the thing.

The envelope had been through the post. There was no enclosure inside. It was just a torn envelope—addressed to Mrs. Martine Crackenthorpe, 126 Elvers Crescent, N.10.

"You see?" said Alexander breathlessly. "It shows she *was* here. Uncle Edmund's French wife, I mean—the one there's all the fuss about. She must have actually been here and dropped it somewhere. So it looks, doesn't it——"

Stoddart-West broke in: "It looks as though *she* was the one who got murdered—I mean, don't you think, sir, that it simply *must* have been her in the sarcophagus?"

Craddock played up. "Possibly, very possibly," he said.

"You'll test it for fingerprints, won't you, sir?"

"Of course," said Craddock.

Stoddart-West gave a deep sigh. "Smashing luck for us, wasn't it?" he said. "On our last day, too."

"Last day?"

"Yes," said Alexander. "I'm going to Stodders's place tomorrow for the last few days of the holidays. Stodders's people have got a smashing house. Queen Anne, isn't it?"

"William and Mary," said Stoddart-West.

"I thought your mother said——"

"Mum's French. She doesn't really know about English architecture."

Craddock put the envelope carefully away.

"Come on boys," he said, "we'll go into the house. You've been very helpful."

Craddock was escorted by the boys through the back door into the house. This was, it seemed, their common mode of entrance. The kitchen was bright and cheerful. Lucy, in a large white apron, was rolling out pastry. Leaning against the dresser, watching her with a kind of doglike attention, was Bryan Eastley.

"Hallo, Dad," said Alexander kindly. "You out here again?"

"I like it out here," said Bryan, and added: "Miss Eyelesbarrow doesn't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Lucy. "Good evening, Inspector Craddock."

"Good evening. Mr. Crackenthorpe is still here, isn't he?"

"Oh yes, Cedric's here. Do you want him?"

"I'd like a word with him—yes, please."

"I'll go and see if he's in," said Bryan. "He may have gone round to the local." He unpropped himself from the dresser.

"Thank you so much," said Lucy to him. "My hands are all over flour or I'd go."

"What are you making?" asked Stoddart-West anxiously.

"Peach flan."

"Goodoh," said Stoddart-West.

"Gosh! I'm terribly hungry," said Alexander.

"There's the end of the ginger cake in the larder." The boys made a concerted rush and collided in the door.

"They're just like locusts," said Lucy.

"My congratulations to you," said Craddock.

"What on—exactly?"

"Your ingenuity . . . over this." Craddock took out the envelope. "Very nicely done."

"What *are* you talking about?" Lucy said.

Craddock felt suddenly dizzy. "Didn't you fake this clue—and put it in the boiler room for the boys to find?"

"I haven't the faintest idea what you mean," said Lucy. "Do you think that——"

Craddock put the envelope quickly away as Bryan returned. "Cedric's in the library," Bryan said. "Go on in."

He resumed his place on the dresser. Inspector Craddock went to the library. Cedric seemed delighted to see him.

"Doing a spot more sleuthing?" he asked. "Got any farther?"

"I think I can say we are a little farther on, Mr. Crackenthorpe. And, arising out of our latest information, we want a few statements. I'm starting with you, as you're on the spot."

"I shan't be much longer. I'm going back to Iviza in a day or two."

"You told me, Mr. Crackenthorpe, that you left Iviza on December the twenty-first and arrived in England that same day?"

"So I did."

Emma Crackenthorpe came through the adjoining door from the small morning room. She looked wonderingly from Cedric to the inspector.

"The records show that you actually entered this country on the evening of December the nineteenth," Craddock said. "Perhaps you will now account to me for your movements from that time until lunch-time on December the twenty-first, when you arrived here."

Cedric looked very cross indeed. "That's the hell of life nowadays," he said angrily. "All this red tape and form filling. What's all this fuss about, anyway?"

"The twentieth happens to be the day we believe the murder was committed. You can refuse to answer, of course, but——"

"Who says I refuse to answer? Give a chap time," Cedric said, with a sidelong glance at Emma.

Emma said quickly: "I'll leave you." She went through into the next room and closed the door behind her.

"Good old Em," said Cedric. "Well, here goes. Yes, I left Iviza on the nineteenth all right. Planned to break the journey in Paris, and spend a couple of days routing up some old friends on the Left Bank. But as a matter of fact there was a very attractive woman on the plane. . . . We got to London on the nineteenth and went about together."

"And on the twentieth?"

Cedric made a grimace. "Morning pretty well occupied by a terrific hang-over."

"And in the afternoon? From three o'clock onwards?"

"Let me see. Well, I mooned about, as you might say. Saw a film. Then a drink or two in the bar and a bit of a sleep in my room, and out about ten o'clock with the girl friend and a round of various hot spots. Next morning I got a chemist to give me a devil's brew, and then started off for this place, pretending I'd just arrived at London Airport."

"Can any of this be substantiated?"

"Most unlikely, I should think," said Cedric cheerfully.

Emma re-entered. She held a small engagement book in her hand. "You want to know what everyone was doing on December the twentieth—is that right, Inspector Craddock?"

"Well — er — yes, Miss Crackenthorpe."

"I have just been looking in my engagement book. On the twentieth I went into Brackhampton to attend a meeting of the Church Restoration Fund and after lunch I did some shopping. I had tea about a quarter to five at the Shamrock Tea Rooms and then went to the station to meet Bryan, who was coming by train."

"Thank you, Miss Crackenthorpe," Craddock said. He could hardly tell her that, as she was a woman, height five foot seven, her movements that afternoon were of no great importance. Instead he said: "Your other two brothers came down later, I understand?"

"Alfred came down late on Saturday evening. My brother Harold did not come down until Christmas Eve."

"Thank you."

"I suppose I mustn't ask what prompts these inquiries?"

Craddock took out the envelope. Emma stared bewildered. "That's my handwriting. That's the letter I wrote to Martine. Did she . . . have you found her?"

"It would seem possible that we have—found her. This empty envelope was found *here*."

"Then she *did* come here. You mean it was Martine there—in the sarcophagus?"

"It seems very likely, Miss Crackenthorpe," said Craddock gently. . . .

It seemed even more likely when he got back to town. A message was awaiting him from Armand Dessin, of the Paris Prefecture. It confirmed that Anna Stravinska, the missing ballet dancer, had gone on a cruise and had finally reached Jamaica. She had sent a postcard from there to a girl friend in Paris.

Craddock crumpled up the message and threw it into the wastepaper basket. He started to read the report on Harold Crackenthorpe's alibi for December 20.

Harold was noticed at Sotheby's about 3.30, but was thought to have left shortly after that. His photograph had not been recognised at Russell's teashop, but his manservant confirmed that he had returned to Cardigan Place to dress for his dinner party at a quarter to seven—rather late, since the dinner was at 7.30, and Mr. Crackenthorpe had been somewhat irritable in consequence. The man did not remember hearing him come in that evening, but as it was some time ago could not remember accurately and, anyway, he

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Browning bought the new refrigerator and entered into the normal hire purchase agreement with a finance company.

But within a few weeks of delivery the refrigerator broke down. Despite Browning's repeated complaints, the dealer failed to put the machine into decent working order. So Browning took him to court.

"The dealer sold this machine to my client; it has broken down within a short time of purchase, yet he has refused either to replace it or repair it adequately," said Browning's lawyer. "My client is entitled to damages—and a new refrigerator."

But Browning received neither. The judge said that both claims were without foundation.

WHY? *A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page 43*

TOLERANCE—I

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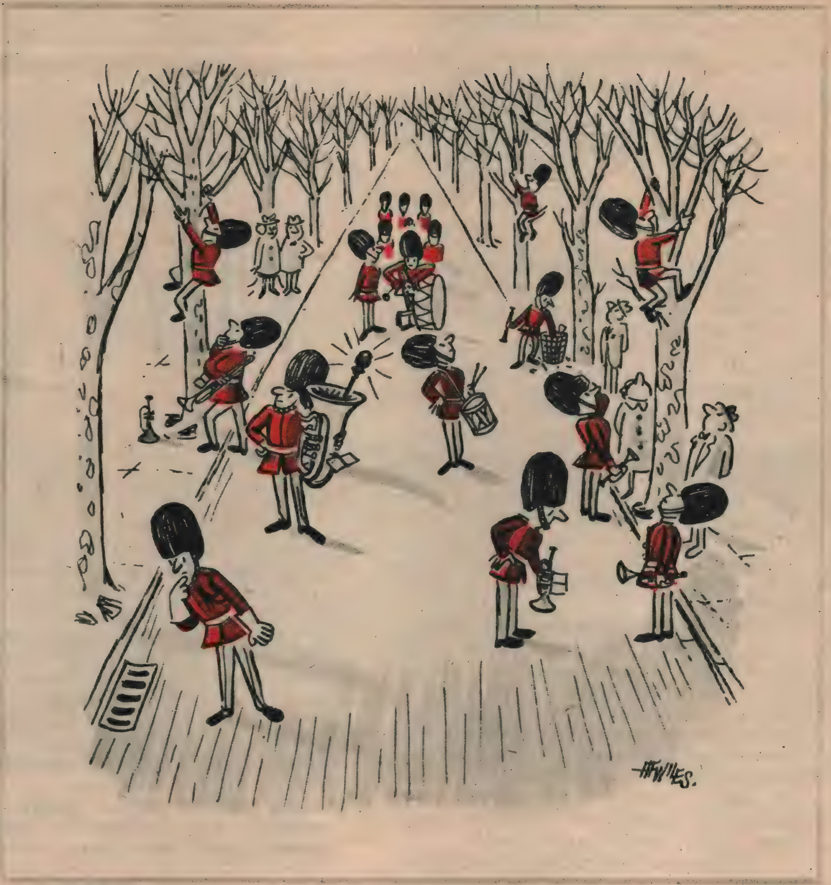

frequently did not hear Mr. Crackenthorpe come in.

"All negative," said Craddock, with a sigh.

"And here's the report on Alfred," said Sergeant Wetherall.

Some nuance in his voice made Craddock look up sharply. Wetherall had the pleased appearance of a man who has kept a tit-bit until the end.

In the main the check was unsatisfactory, but Wetherall's large finger indicated the final paragraph.

Sergeant Leakie, assigned to a case of thefts from lorries, had been at the Load of Bricks, a lorry pull-up on the Wadmore-Brackhampton Road, keeping certain lorry-drivers under observation. He had noticed, at an adjoining table, Chick Evans, one of the Dicky Rogers mob. With him had been Alfred Crackenthorpe whom he knew by sight, having seen him give evidence in the Dicky Rogers case.

He'd wondered what they were cooking up together. Time, 9.30 p.m. Friday, December 20. Alfred Crackenthorpe had boarded a bus a few minutes later, going in the direction of Brackhampton. William Baker, ticket collector at Brackhampton Station, had clipped ticket of gentleman whom he recognized by sight as one of Miss Crackenthorpe's brothers, just before departure of 11.55 train for Paddington. Remembers day as there had been story of some batty old lady who swore she had seen somebody murdered in a train that afternoon.

"Alfred?" said Craddock as he laid the report down. "Alfred? I wonder."

"Puts him right on the spot, there," Wetherall pointed out.

Craddock nodded. Yes, Alfred could have travelled down by the 4.33 to Brackhampton, committing murder on the way. Then he could have gone out by bus to the Load of Bricks. He could have left there at 9.30 and would have had plenty of time to go to Rutherford Hall, move the body from the embankment to the sarcophagus, and get into Brackhampton in time to catch the 11.55 back to London.

"Alfred?" he repeated. . . .

At Rutherford Hall there was a gathering of the Crackenthorpe family. Harold and Alfred had come down from London and very soon voices were raised and tempers were running high.

On her own initiative, Lucy mixed cocktails in a jug with ice and took them towards the library. The voices sounded clearly in the hall, and indicated that a good deal of acrimony was being directed towards Emma.

"Entirely *your* fault, Emma." Harold's deep bass voice rang out angrily. "How you could be so short-sighted and foolish beats me. If you hadn't taken that letter to Scotland Yard—and started all this——"

Dr. Quimper came out of the study, where he had been closeted with old Crackenthorpe. His eye fell on the jug in Lucy's hand.

"What's this? A celebration?"

"More in the nature of oil on troubled waters. They're at it hammer and tongs in there—mostly abusing Emma."

Dr. Quimper's eyebrows rose. "Indeed?" He took the jug from Lucy's hand, and went into the library. . . .

"Girl!"

It was old Mr. Crackenthorpe's familiar salutation. He was peering out of the study door just behind Lucy.

Lucy turned. "Yes, Mr. Crackenthorpe?"

"What are you giving us for dinner tonight? I want curry. It's ages since we've had curry."

"All right, Mr. Crackenthorpe, you shall have it."

"That's right. You're a good girl, Lucy. You look after me, and I'll look after you."

LUCY went back to the kitchen. She had planned to have mushroom soup that evening, followed by fricassée of chicken. Abandoning the chicken, she began to assemble the ingredients for curry. The front door banged and from the window she saw Dr. Quimper stride angrily to his car and drive away. . . .

It was 2 a.m. when Dr. Quimper drove his car into his garage, closed the doors and came in, pulling the front door behind him rather wearily. Well, Mrs. John Simpkins had a fine healthy pair of twins to add to her present family of eight. Mr. Simpkins had expressed no elation over the arrival.

Dr. Quimper walked upstairs to his bedroom and started throwing off his clothes. Then the telephone rang. He swore, and picked up the receiver.

"Dr. Quimper? This is Lucy Eyelesbarrow from Rutherford Hall. I think you'd better come over. Everybody is ill."

"Ill? How? What symptoms?"

Lucy detailed them.

"I'll be over straight away. In the meantime. . . ."

He gave her short, sharp instructions. Then he quickly resumed his clothes, flung a few extra things into his emergency bag, and hurried down to his car. . . .

Inspector Bacon, of the local police, was looking upset. "Arsenic?" he said. "Arsenic?"

"Yes. It was in the curry. Here's

the rest of it for your fellow to have a go at. I've only done a very rough test on a little of it, but the result was quite definite."

"So there's a poisoner at work?"

"It would seem so," said Dr. Quimper dryly.

"And they're all affected, you say—except that Miss Eyelesbarrow. Looks a bit fishy for her."

"What motive could she possibly have?"

"Might be barmy," suggested Bacon. "Seem all right, they do, sometimes, and yet all the time they're off their rocker, so to speak."

"Miss Eyelesbarrow isn't off her rocker. If she's feeding the family arsenic in their curry, she's doing it for a reason. Moreover, being a highly intelligent young woman, she'd be careful *not* to be the only one unaffected. What she'd do, what any intelligent poisoner would do, would be to eat a very little of the poisoned curry, and then exaggerate the symptoms."

"And then you wouldn't be able to tell?"

"That she'd had less than the others? Probably not. People don't all react alike to poisons anyway—the same amount will upset some people more than others. Of course," added Dr. Quimper cheerfully, "once the patient's dead, you can estimate fairly closely how much was taken."

"Then it might be"—Inspector Bacon paused to consolidate his ideas—"it might be that there's one of the family now who's making more fuss than he need. Someone who, you might say, is mucking in with the rest so as to avoid arousing suspicion. How's that?"

"The idea has already occurred to me. That's why I'm reporting to you. It's in your hands now. I've got a nurse on the job that I can trust, but she can't be everywhere at once. In my opinion, nobody's had enough to cause death."

"Made a mistake, the poisoner did?"

"No. It seems to me more likely that the idea was to put enough in the curry to cause signs of food-poisoning—for which probably the mushrooms in the soup would be blamed. People are always obsessed with the idea of mushroom poisoning. Then one person would take a turn for the worse and die."

"Because he'd been given a second dose?"

The doctor nodded. "That's why I'm reporting to you at once, and why I've put a special nurse on the job. She knows about the arsenic, and so does Miss Eyelesbarrow.

"You know your own job best, of course, but if I were you I'd get out there and make it quite clear to them all that they're suffering from arsenic poisoning. That will probably put the fear of the Lord into our murderer and he won't dare to carry out his plan. He's probably been banking on the food-poisoning theory."

The telephone rang on the inspector's desk. He picked it up and said: "Okay. Put her through." He said to Quimper: "It's your nurse on the phone. Yes, hallo—speaking. . . . What's that? Serious relapse? Yes . . . Dr. Quimper's with me now . . . We'll be along right away."

He put the receiver down and turned to Quimper. "Alfred Crackenthorpe is dead."

To be concluded next week

WHY? *See page 41*

BECAUSE, said the judge, in such cases the dealer does not sell the refrigerator (or motor car, or whatever else it may be) to the customer; he sells it to the finance company, which then hires it out to the customer, who pays off his instalments to them. The dealer no longer has anything to do with the customer, whose claim (if any) is against the finance company—unless the dealer has given some specific assurance or guarantee.

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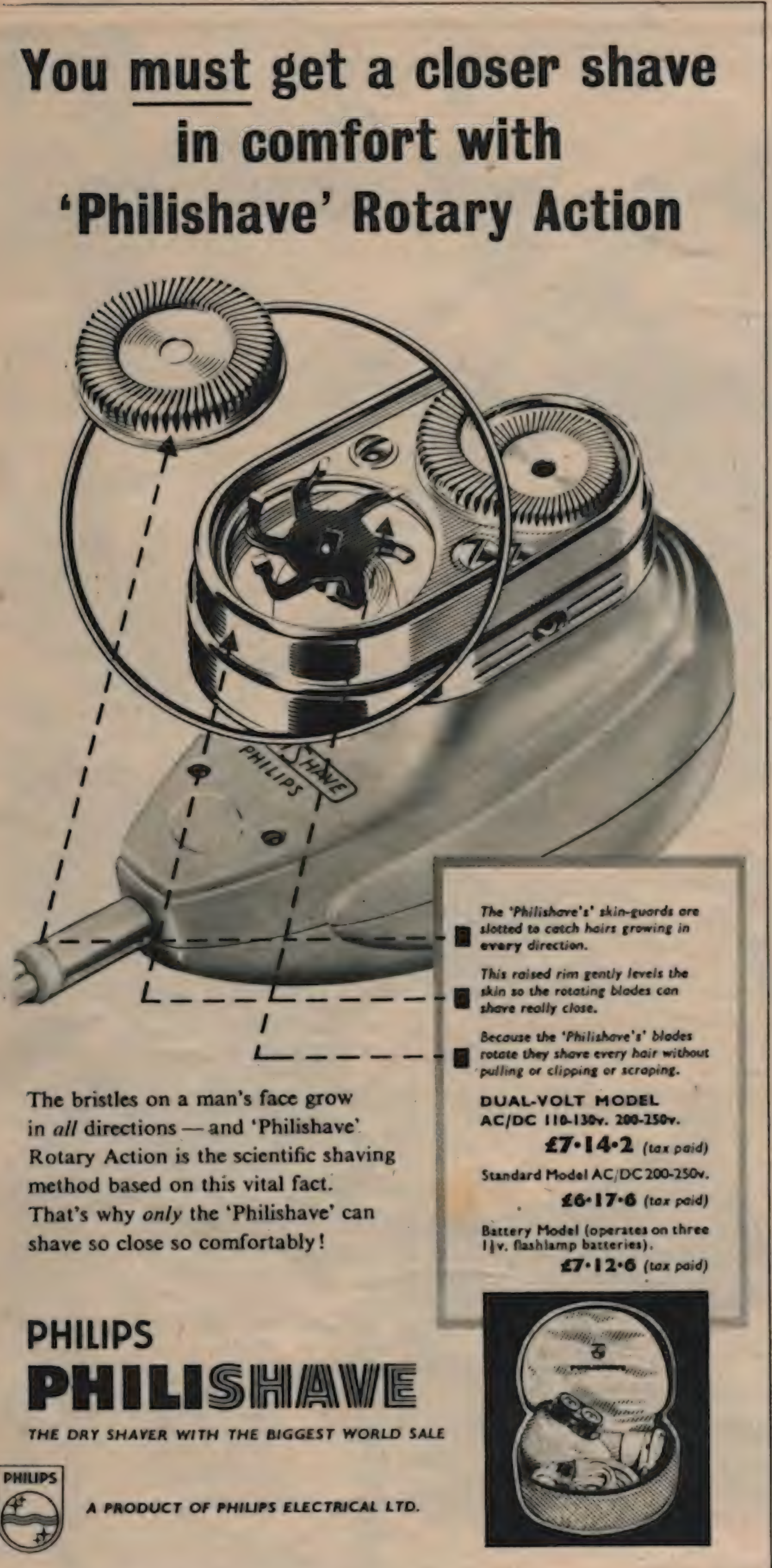

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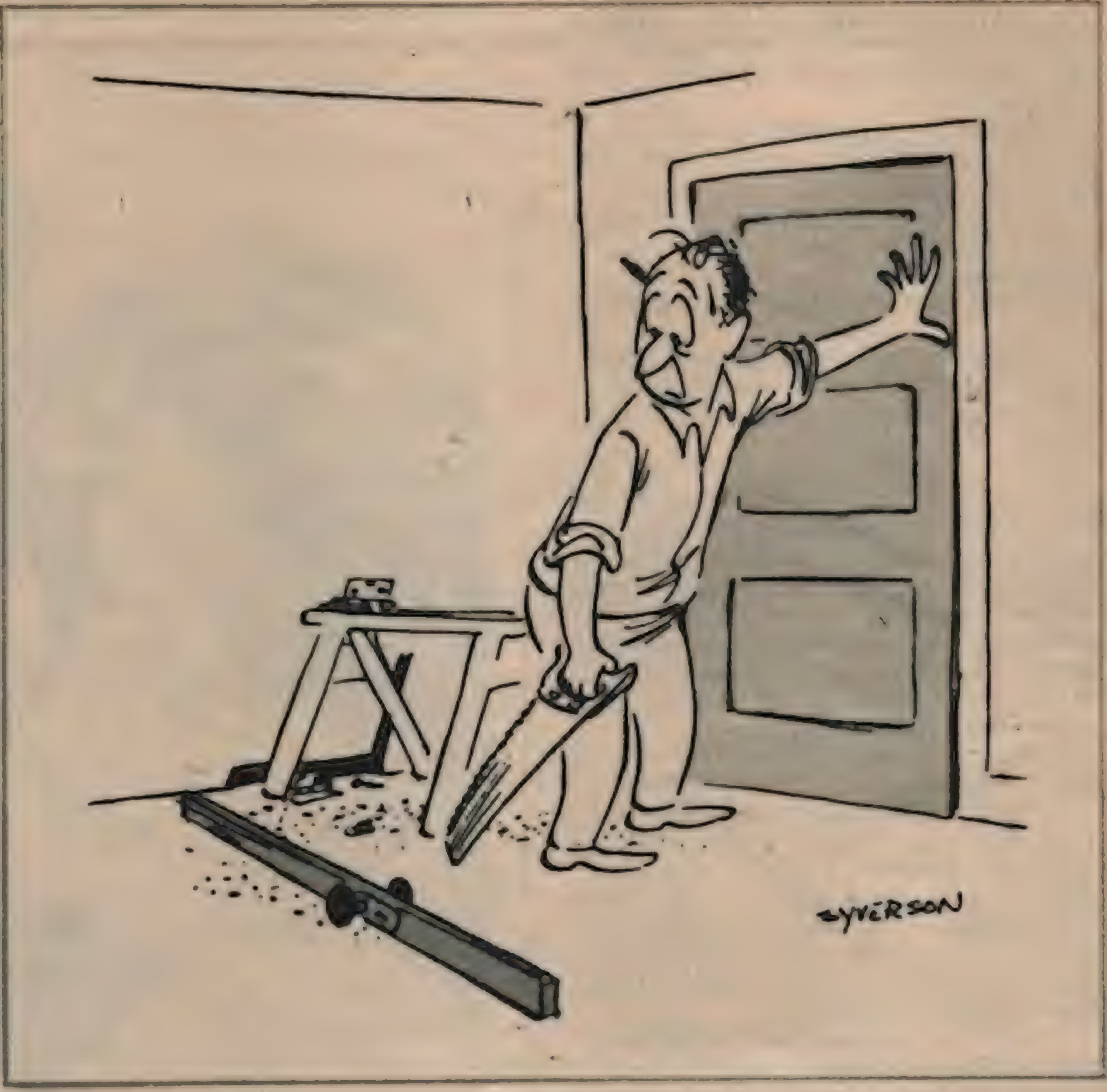

Ingrid rides the Wall of Death

Continued from page 27

when the booth's canvas top has been removed in very hot or windy weather, can be a hidden menace. The water soaks into the soft pinewood of the wall and is brought to the surface only by tyre pressure. Two long scratches on the scarred New Brighton wall—"agony marks"—show where Ingrid once fell on the rain-soaked wood.

Audiences may endanger riders, too. Cigarette ash, flicked over the top of the wall, has temporarily blinded Ingrid, and coins thrown by spectators have cut her. Though audiences are insured, no company will insure riders; when injured, they depend on the money which customers throw in response to appeals. "Some watchers think the middle of my act is the time to contribute," says Ingrid.

The wall attracts a crowd of bizarre hangers-on. One man has come every weekend for the past four years to watch Ingrid ride at New Brighton. He never fails to bring her chocolates.

Ingrid has been asked by a fairground worker to elope with him to France; by a dark-skinned, elegantly dressed man to join a harem; and by a tramp, who ran round the wall practice track ten times for the price of a meal, to join him on the road.

One Saturday night recently, Ingrid and Joe Regan, another rider, were doing their usual crowd-catching "trailer" in front of the booth. This consists of performing balancing feats on motor-cycles which buck and sway as their wheels race over a set of rollers and which are held in check by chains.

"A gang of Teddy boys began jeering," Catchpoole recalls, "and one youth shouted out: 'Anyone can do that.' I grabbed the mike and invited him to try."

The youth sat on the machine and stayed upright for a few seconds, but as he shakily tried to stand up it slid sideways and he was thrown off. "With his drape jacket split, he slunk off," says Ingrid, "and we got a wonderful audience. But it's lucky that the boys weren't around later. Standing on the saddle during the 'trailer,' I fell off myself."

Ingrid admits that wall riders tend to be temperamental and highly strung. Two women riders once fought over a bouquet of roses tossed into a pit in Germany.

"My own wedding was a little eccentric," says Ingrid. She and Norman McGunegall, a car salesman, decided to marry in the August holiday season. One morning she was married, and the next day she was back riding the wall.

Few performers work on the wall all the year. Riders earn £10 to £12 a week during the seven-month summer and autumn season, but some only ride at weekends on a daily rate, filling in with other jobs. Ingrid has been a model, a chocolate factory worker and a cinema attendant when not riding, and recently applied unsuccessfully to go on an Antarctic expedition.

She has given autumn performances in Germany for the past four years and her pay rises from 30s. a day in Britain to £2, with all equipment provided. But she must do fifty shows daily against twenty to thirty in Britain. Equipment is costly, and riders usually buy second-hand. No riders wear crash helmets, which would detract from the spectacle.

Liverpool-born, Ingrid was an art student of fifteen when she first went on the wall—as a passenger.

Visiting New Brighton fairground, she heard the booth "barker" asking for volunteers to ride "pillion," which means sitting on the handlebars. She volunteered. The rider who took her up, Johnnie Clark, told her: "You're so relaxed. You'd be a natural."

Clark later asked her to ride pillion regularly over an Easter holiday because the show was a rider short. She agreed, and later was invited to learn solo riding.

"Having a girl in the show helps to bring in women spectators as much as men. It removes some of the horror," says Bill Miller, Catchpoole's partner at New Brighton. He was a pioneer English rider after the Wall of Death had been brought to Europe from America.

Since then—in the 1920s—British riders have become acknowledged as the world's best, which, says Catchpoole, is why Ingrid and he are regularly invited to Germany. "There I am expected to ride much faster than the usual English thirty miles an hour," says Ingrid. "Which perhaps explains why seven riders have been killed in Germany since the war. None has been killed in Britain."

Ingrid expects to go on riding while there are Walls of Death, but she admits that they are having difficult times. There were a dozen in Britain in 1950: now, with the cost of building and equipping a new wall at £10,000, there are only six—at New Brighton, Southend, Aberdeen and Barry Island, and two which travel from fair to fair.

"I find it increasingly difficult to get riders," says Catchpoole. "People prefer less dangerous ways of earning a living, and girls like Ingrid are one in a million." THE END

A soldier with the Arabs

Continued from page 13

enough to be able to hold his own on terms of equality. There was never any British domination of Trans-Jordan or of the Arab Legion. The energy and affection of the people of the country were simply reinforced by the technical and financial help of Britain in cordial co-operation.

Little did we dream that the happy little country we served was so soon to be destroyed—not by any mistakes on the part of Trans-Jordan, but by the overwhelming disaster of Palestine.

King Abdulla liked to adhere to old Moslem customs. We were less enthusiastic about them, for they meant that we were often deprived of our rare chances of a holiday.

Friday is the Moslem day of rest, and it was a holiday for us, whereas Sunday was a working day. But every Friday morning the King held a levee, and senior officials and officers had to attend. We were obliged to don our best blue uniforms, with Wellington boots and stiff high collars, and be up at the palace at 8 a.m. (King Abdulla always rose at dawn.) The visitors were always received in batches. The Prime Minister and the cabinet went in first. Then came the senior officers of the army, who were later followed by judges, officials, merchants and notables.

When shown into His Majesty's presence, we each in turn saluted and shook hands with him. There were usually eight or ten of us, and when all had paid their respects, the King motioned us to chairs. In the East, great importance is—or used to be—attached to seniority. Consequently, the senior officer present was the only man entitled to speak. The remainder sat in silence unless spoken to. For twelve years of King Abdulla's reign I was the senior officer, and thus obliged to provide the necessary small talk, or to give vent to suitably intelligent comments if His Majesty chose to speak.

When the King wished to dismiss us, he pressed a bell on his desk, and a Negro entered with coffee. As soon as he had dispensed a cup to all those present, I rose and said: "Will you permit us, sir?" The process of shaking hands and saluting was then repeated and we withdrew.

The customs which we found most irksome were those connected with the Moslem feasts. There are two of these in the year—the Great Feast or Feast of Sacrifice, and the Feast of Ramadhan, at the end of the month of fasting. Each feast was celebrated by five days' official holiday, which consisted of one day before the feast, the day of the feast itself, and three days afterwards. The day of the feast, however, involved official ceremonies for us, so that we could not go away for the whole five days.

TOLERANCE—2

There are two sides to every question, because, when there are no longer two sides it ceases to be a question.

Lord Samuel

Moslem law prescribes that the morning prayer should be offered when the sun is one lance's length above the horizon. This description was doubtless satisfying for the Prophet Mohammed, who probably rose before dawn and had ample leisure in which to observe the exact moment when the sun was a lance's length above the horizon. But in our case it was more difficult. Reveille had to be fixed, trucks had to parade to transport the troops, who had to de-bus, fall in and march to their various positions.

As the Moslem feasts are reckoned according to the lunar months, they come on a different date each year and dawn is therefore at a different time.

When the day came, I had to be

24 hours a day–every day for the next HUNDRED YEARS

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"I do believe *they're* pretending not to see *us*"

ready in front of the Great Mosque before sunrise, in full dress with sword and decorations. The streets were lined with troops and a guard of honour with colours and band was drawn up outside the mosque. Members of the cabinet, general officers and senior officials awaited the King.

When the sun was a lance's length above the horizon—in theory at least—His Majesty arrived with a sovereign's escort of his lancers. The mosque was usually packed with an overflow congregation praying on the flat roof above.

After prayers, the King drove in state to the palace, along streets lined with troops. An hour later a reception was held in the throne room. His Majesty stood at one end of the room. First members of the royal family entered, kissed his hand and then stood on the King's right. Then the Prime Minister and cabinet shook hands and lined up on the King's left.

Senior officers of the Arab Legion—there were usually eight or ten of us—came next. We formed up on his right. The remainder of the visitors filed past, shaking hands and bowing.

It always seemed to me a delightful relic of the old Arab patriarchy to see shopkeepers, sheikhs, bedouins, farmers and mechanics, all filing past to say the Moslem equivalent of "Happy Christmas" to their King. Now that Western democratic organization has been introduced—or perhaps it would be wiser to say, with the increase of sophistication—these relations between ruler and people no longer exist.

The floor of the throne room was in polished parquet and very slippery. At one time, a small Persian carpet used to be spread in front of the King. This carpet slid all too easily, and was liable to shoot away beneath the feet of an unwary courtier, causing him to sit down in a highly undignified manner at the feet of his sovereign. We used to find these prolonged ceremonies rather wearisome, so we diverted ourselves by wondering which of the advancing dignitaries would come to grief.

At the end of the palace ceremony, I set out with Abdul Qadir Pasha, for many years my deputy, and Ahmed Sudqi Pasha to pay formal calls. We started with the Prime Minister, then the Minister of Defence, the King's cousin the Amir Shakir, then the Amir Tellal, former prime ministers, the Chief Qadhi and the head of the Circassian Community. At each house we gave the greeting: "A Blessed Feast! May you every year be happy."

"Welcome! Welcome! May you every year be happy," the host would answer. We sat down, and the inevitable cup of coffee, tray of sweets, or sticky lemonade followed. After five minutes' polite conversation, we rose saying: "Will you permit us? May you every year be happy"—and moved on to the next port of call.

In the town, the children ran excitedly about, dressed in new clothes for the feast. The little girls especially were resplendent in gay colours—red or yellow satins or bright blue silk dresses.

Looking back now, those happy days seem to have been in a past life. . . .

In 1947 this delightful existence was clouded by far-reaching events. President Truman, whose government, together with the Russian government, had been criticizing the British handling of the mandate for some while, demanded the admission of 100,000 Jewish refugees into Palestine.

The Arabs were indignant. Representatives of the Arabs and of the Jews were summoned to London for a conference. But they failed to agree.

Mr. Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary at that time, acknowledged defeat. He notified the United Nations that Britain would hand back the mandate. It was a decision fraught with human tragedy.

Britain announced May 15, 1948, as the day on which she would withdraw.

There was at first a feeling almost amounting to consternation in Lake Success. It had been easy to tease Britain for the manner in which she had conducted the mandate. It was less easy to find an alternative régime.

It's a striking fact that, in the subsequent tussle at the U.N. to devise a workable solution to the problem, the United States and Russia worked hand in hand. Both were in favour of the plan which was finally accepted—the separation of Jews and Arabs by the creation of the new state of Israel. The Jews, who accounted for one-third of the population of Palestine, were awarded sixty per cent of the area of the country, including the fertile coastal strip.

TOLERANCE—3

Broad-mindedness is the result of flattening high-mindedness out.

George Saintsbury

In 1948 I was the military adviser on a delegation which went from Trans-Jordan to London in connection with amendments which had to be made to a treaty. The other members of the delegation were Taufiq Pasha Abu al Huda, the Prime Minister, and Fauzi Pasha al Mulqi, the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The treaty modifications were negotiated with no great difficulty. Then Taufiq Pasha requested a private interview with Mr. Bevin. The Trans-Jordan Prime Minister spoke no English, and consequently he asked me to accompany him as interpreter. The meeting took place in the Secretary of State's room in the Foreign Office.

Taufiq Pasha explained the reason for his request for an interview, while I translated for him, sentence by sentence. The Jews, he said, had prepared a government which would be able to assume power as soon as the mandate was terminated on May 15, but the Palestine Arabs had made no preparations to govern themselves. They had no leaders there capable of organizing an administration.

In the same way, the Jews had prepared a police force from the Jewish members of the Palestine Police. But, what was more important still, the Jews had an army in the form of the Hagana. The Arabs had no armed forces, and no means of creating an army.

Consequently, Taufiq Pasha explained, if the situation were left as it was, one of two things would happen. Either the Jews would neglect the United Nations partition plan and seize the whole of Palestine up to the River Jordan, or the Mufti would return and endeavour to make himself ruler of Arab Palestine. Neither of these alternatives would suit either Britain or Trans-Jordan. The Mufti was the bitterest enemy of Britain and had spent the war with Hitler in Berlin. He was also an irreconcilable enemy of Trans-Jordan and considered himself to be the personal rival of King Abdulla.

DURING recent weeks, Taufiq Pasha continued, King Abdulla had received many petitions from Palestine Arab notables, begging for the help and protection of the Arab Legion as soon as the British forces withdrew. The Trans-Jordan Government accordingly proposed to send the Legion across the Jordan when the British mandate ended, and occupy that part of Palestine awarded to the Arabs, which was contiguous with the frontier of Trans-Jordan. This would not include the Gaza area and Upper Galilee.

I can to this day almost see Mr. Bevin sitting at his table in that splendid room. When I had finished my translation thus far, he said: "It seems the obvious thing to do. But do not invade the areas allotted to the Jews."

It should be recollected that, when this conversation took place, neither the British nor the Trans-Jordanians had any idea that the Arab League would intervene—much less that the Arab States would send in troops.

A few days after my return to the Middle East, an orderly told me that I was wanted on the telephone. When I picked up the receiver, I heard the voice of Broadbent, an officer seconded from the Palestine Police who was in charge of the police branch of the Arab Legion.

"Please don't be alarmed, sir," he said. "Your family are safe—but your house has been blown up."

"What happened?" I asked.

"A bomb went off just outside your house at eleven o'clock this morning, sir. None of your family was injured, but all the windows were shattered. Mrs. Glubb has gone to stay with her mother."

When I arrived home, I found that the house was not habitable. All the rooms were strewn with broken glass. The wind and rain were blowing in.

My wife had been suffering from an attack of influenza and was in bed. Our bedroom was on the ground floor, and it appeared that a time-bomb had been placed in the garden, immediately outside the window. By an extraordinary fortunate coincidence, my wife was lying on her side with her back to the window. She was stunned by the explosion, but when she recovered her presence of mind, she found that her pillow and hair were full of splinters of glass. If she had been lying on her other side, she would have received this terrible hail in her face and eyes.

Anyone standing up in the room would have been killed. As it was, our bedroom furniture remained pitted and torn with splinters until we left Amman eight years later. Luckily our little girl Naomi, aged four, was at

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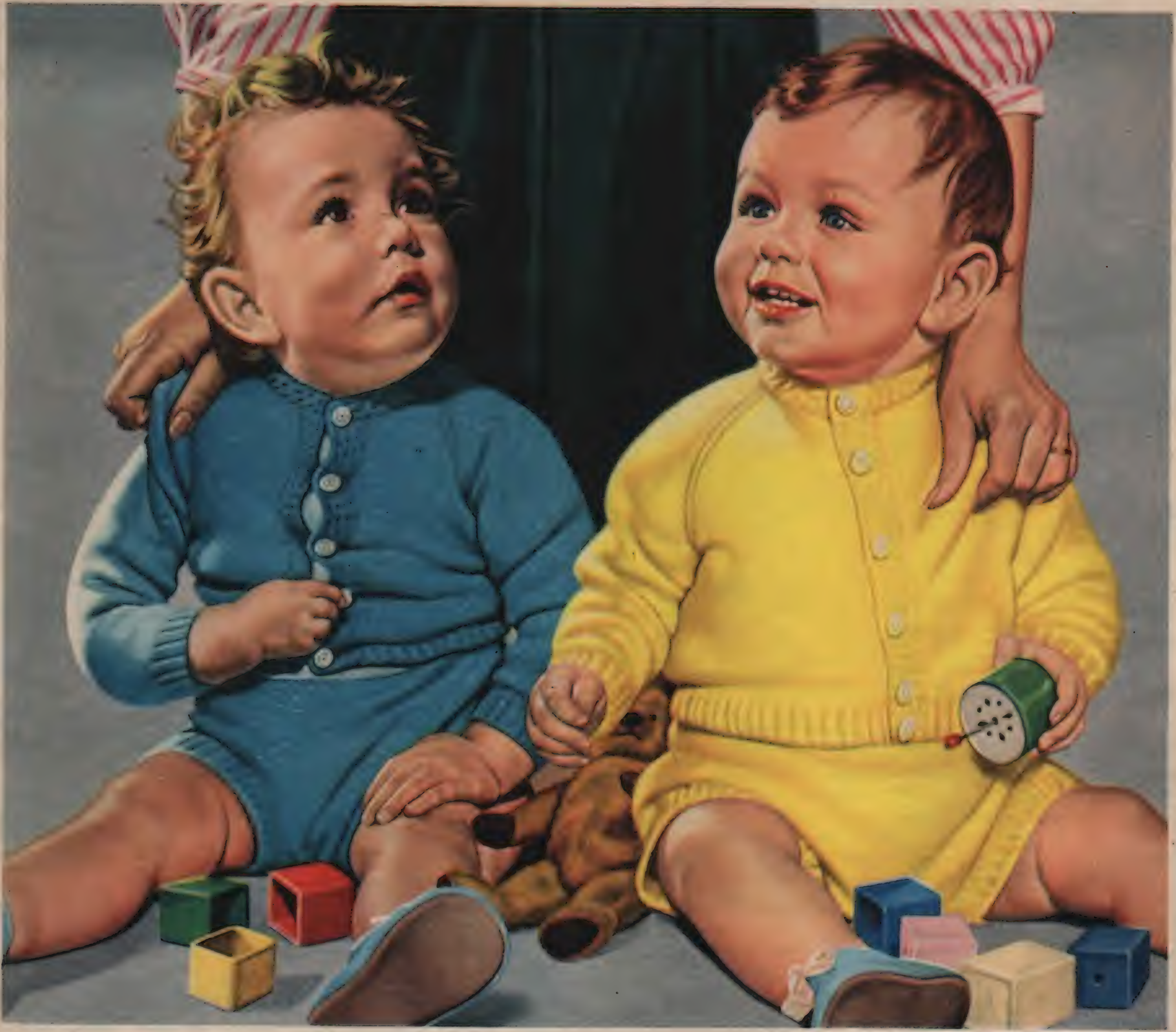

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a kindergarten school a hundred yards from the house.

No arrests were made. The police reported that the bomb had been placed by a young man who had come down from Damascus in Syria.

They alleged that the motive of the crime was to protest against the Anglo—Trans-Jordanian treaty. I felt no qualms of conscience. The treaty was extremely favourable to Trans-Jordan.

The overall conduct of Britain, though, was less commendable, for by surrendering the mandate to the United Nations, without reserving any rights to Trans-Jordan, she had virtually condemned that country to death. Trans-Jordan had lived hitherto by exporting cheap and bulky agricultural produce—principally wheat, barley and wool. All these imports, and Trans-Jordan's exports, had passed through Haifa port, which was free to Trans-Jordan as long as Britain held the mandate. But the partition plan had awarded Haifa to the Jews.

Henceforward any Trans-Jordanian exports or imports would either be at the mercy of the Jews, or would have to be sent through Damascus to Beirut, passing *en route* through two other independent countries—Syria and Lebanon. In the case of bulky and low-priced exports, such a long overland haul was prohibitive.

But it was not Trans-Jordan's impending economic death which was worrying the young man who tried to blow up my house. In Syria there were already bitter anti-Western parties, to whom the idea of any Anglo—Trans-Jordanian treaty was unacceptable, whether it were to the benefit of Trans-Jordan or not.

In those days, I had no guard on my house. Thereafter I always had a guard and an escort.

As the end of the mandate drew nearer, fighting and confusion in Palestine increased.

The strategy in the locations of many Jewish colonies became increasingly obvious. The Jews had established one group of colonies immediately north of Jerusalem, and another south of it, between Bethlehem and Hebron. Thus the chief Arab cities—Jerusalem, Hebron and Nablus—could be cut off from one another and isolated, whenever the Jewish command so desired.

Of these colonies, the most troublesome was that at Nebi Yacoub. Only three miles north of Jerusalem, it consisted of a small village with a considerable frontage on the main Jerusalem—Ramallah road. The Jews had built a concrete blockhouse only about twenty feet from the road. From the end of 1947 until the date for partition, this blockhouse was continually manned by armed Jews. When British control began to relax, these men, whenever the spirit moved them, fired at a few yards' range at any Arab vehicle attempting to pass.

On one occasion I was on this road going to Jerusalem, and drove safely past the blockhouse. But when we approached the Arab village of Sha'fat, a mile farther on, we heard heavy firing. We came across the G.O.C., General Sir Gordon MacMillan, standing in the road with a military police sergeant. The general's car was parked close by.

"So damned stupid! Infernally annoying!" the general was saying.

It appeared that a convoy of Jewish vehicles had left Jerusalem to carry supplies to Nebi Yacoub. The Arabs had blocked the road and were attacking the convoy.

A bend in the road prevented us from seeing what was happening in the village street. A few stray bullets passed by as we advanced on foot.

When we rounded the bend, we saw a large Jewish armoured car halted in the middle of the village. The street was wide. The houses and the small gardens in front of them were full of Arabs firing rifles at the armoured car. Every now and then, the muzzle of an automatic was thrust through a loophole in the side of the armoured car and a few bursts were fired at the Arabs. The noise of all the firing was deafening.

"I think I now have the answer to the first part of that question"

Suddenly we saw an armoured car coming up the road from Jerusalem beyond the village.

"It must be from the Household Cavalry Regiment," said the general. "Now we can stop this nonsense."

The armoured car halted two hundred yards beyond the village, and then opened up with a machine gun. It appeared to be spraying Jews and Arabs indiscriminately.

"Get him on your wireless set. Tell him not to fire," shouted the general. "We want to stop this battle, not add to it."

Then he turned to me: "Glubb! Can't you stop the Arabs firing?"

"I'll have a try," I said, "but it won't be easy."

I darted across the road and through a small garden to the back of a house. Two Arab Legion soldiers followed me. We began to work our way through the back gardens behind the houses. The Jewish armoured car was only twenty yards away now. The British car fired a long burst which whistled over our heads.

"God curse their fathers," growled one of the soldiers beside me. "They want to kill us." He gave me a grin.

We ran forward again and jumped over a low wall, about fifteen yards from the Jewish car. A crowd of excited Arabs was lining the wall, shooting at the Jews.

"Stop shooting," I shouted. They did not hear. I seized one man by his collar. "*Ya walad, la tirmi.* Stop shooting, my lad."

I thumped the other Arabs on the back. "Stop shooting," I yelled. Just at that moment, a loophole in the Jewish vehicle opened. We ducked in time. A burst of what seemed to be Sten-gun fire went over.

"If you stop shooting and let us take over the Jews, you can have the car and everything in it," I shouted. "Why get killed? You can have the armoured car and all the contents."

Some of them were listening now.

"We want the arms and ammunition," one man said.

"All right!" I said. "Stop your men firing."

"Who is he?" asked a villager.

"He is the Father of Faris," said one of my men. It is a compliment among Arabs to address a man by the name of his eldest son. My eldest son was christened Godfrey, but the Amir Abdulla—as he then was—said that he must also have an Arab name, and called him Faris, meaning "Knight." I therefore became "the Father of Faris."

When the villager heard who I was, he remarked: "By Allah! They say he is a good man."

It took us nearly a quarter of an hour to stop all the villagers shooting. We waved the British armoured car up until it was right against the Jewish car. Then we knocked on the door of the Jewish car.

"Come out," shouted the sergeant in the British car. "We're British."

At last the Jews, who feared a trap, ventured to open a crack of the door. The sight of the sergeant reassured them. One by one we got the Jews out and passed them into the British vehicle. Two of them could only hop. Several others were dead.

The British vehicles drove off. I called my soldiers to one side and waved to the villagers. "It's all yours," I shouted. . . .

Although nearly a year elapsed between Britain's announcement of her intention to abandon the mandate and her actual withdrawal, only at the last moment did it become clear that the Arab states proposed to fight the Jews. The pressure to do so came from Egypt, seconded by Syria.

TOLERANCE—4

The danger of a broad view is that it is often a shallow view.

A. S. Eddington

I called on Taufiq Pasha, to ask what financial arrangements Trans-Jordan's government proposed to make to pay for the war. To my amazement he replied that no additional sums could be made available.

"You have your budget allotment for the Arab Legion," he said. "You will have to make the most of that."

"But, sir," I replied, "the money allotted to pay for an army in peacetime cannot possibly be enough for a war. Egypt for example has voted £45,000,000."

"The people who insist on making this war had better pay for it," said Taufiq Pasha bitterly.

I was defeated. I came away perplexed and anxious. What was to be done? The Arab Legion Canteen Fund, I knew, was £4,000 in credit. The money, of course, should have been spent on amenities for the troops. But necessity knows no law. I drew out that £4,000.

Meanwhile, only a matter of days remained before May 15. During the British mandate Palestine and Trans-Jordan had been entirely distinct countries. There were only three proper road bridges over the Jordan.

Of these, the northern two—the Mejama and Shaikh Husain bridges—now led straight into Israel territory. Allenby Bridge alone was available to enable the Arab Legion to cross into Palestine on May 15.

Unfortunately, once over the bridge, the chief road access either to Ramallah or to Hebron lay through the centre of Jerusalem City where a battle would probably be raging.

I went to study this road problem. As I drove up from the banks of the Jordan towards the little town of Jericho, the long range of the Palestine mountains faced me like an immense wall four thousand feet high. I looked westwards over Jericho and could see on the left the rocky, narrow gash in the mountains where the brook Kerith emerged—where Elijah had been fed by the ravens. Slightly to the right, the Mount of Temptation towered above the palm trees of Jericho—the mountain which was reputed to be the site of our Lord's forty days in the wilderness.

Between the brook Kerith and the Mount of Temptation was the solution to my difficulty—a low spur running down from the mountains to the plain.

Further reconnaissance confirmed that this spur was not interrupted by either ravines or cliffs, and that it would be possible to make up it an earth track passable to wheeled vehicles. It emerged on the crest of the mountains at Beiteen, where Jacob had laid his head on a stone and had seen his vision of angels going up and down to Heaven.

There was still the difficulty that Palestine was a separate country until May 15. The Arab Legion had no right to commence road-building while the mandate was still in force, so I gave the £4,000 from the canteen fund to an Arab officer and sent him to employ villagers on opening the road. It was just passable on May 15.

Some months later the Director of Archeology, Gerald Harding, told me that it was up the same spur, nearly four thousand years previously, that Joshua led the Children of Israel to the invasion of Palestine. . . .

Two days before the mandate ended, representatives of the Arab League arrived in Amman with their secretary-general, Abdul Rahman Pasha Azzam.

He astonished me by remarking casually that he would be willing to accept me as commander-in-chief of all the Arab armies. I could not help laughing.

"No thank you, sir," I answered. "I am unfit to command the Arab Legion—much less several different armies."

I could not understand his offer. Later on, Egypt awarded the title of supreme commander to King Abdulla, but when His Majesty requested an order of battle of the Egyptian Army, his request met with no reply, nor did he ever receive or despatch a single official letter.

In spite of this, however, the Egyptians on various occasions attributed the subsequent failure of the operations to the incapacity of the royal commander-in-chief. It was only then that it dawned upon me that Azzam Pasha's offer to me was perhaps intended for the same purpose. A foreign commander-in-chief could have been disregarded if the operations went well, but might have proved a useful scapegoat if the war ended in defeat.

In one respect, however, Azzam Pasha's visit gave me immense satisfaction. He told us that we need not worry about money. The Arab League, he said, had a war chest of nearly £4 million. He made us an immediate payment of £250,000. This indeed was a load off my mind.

The Egyptians appeared to have the

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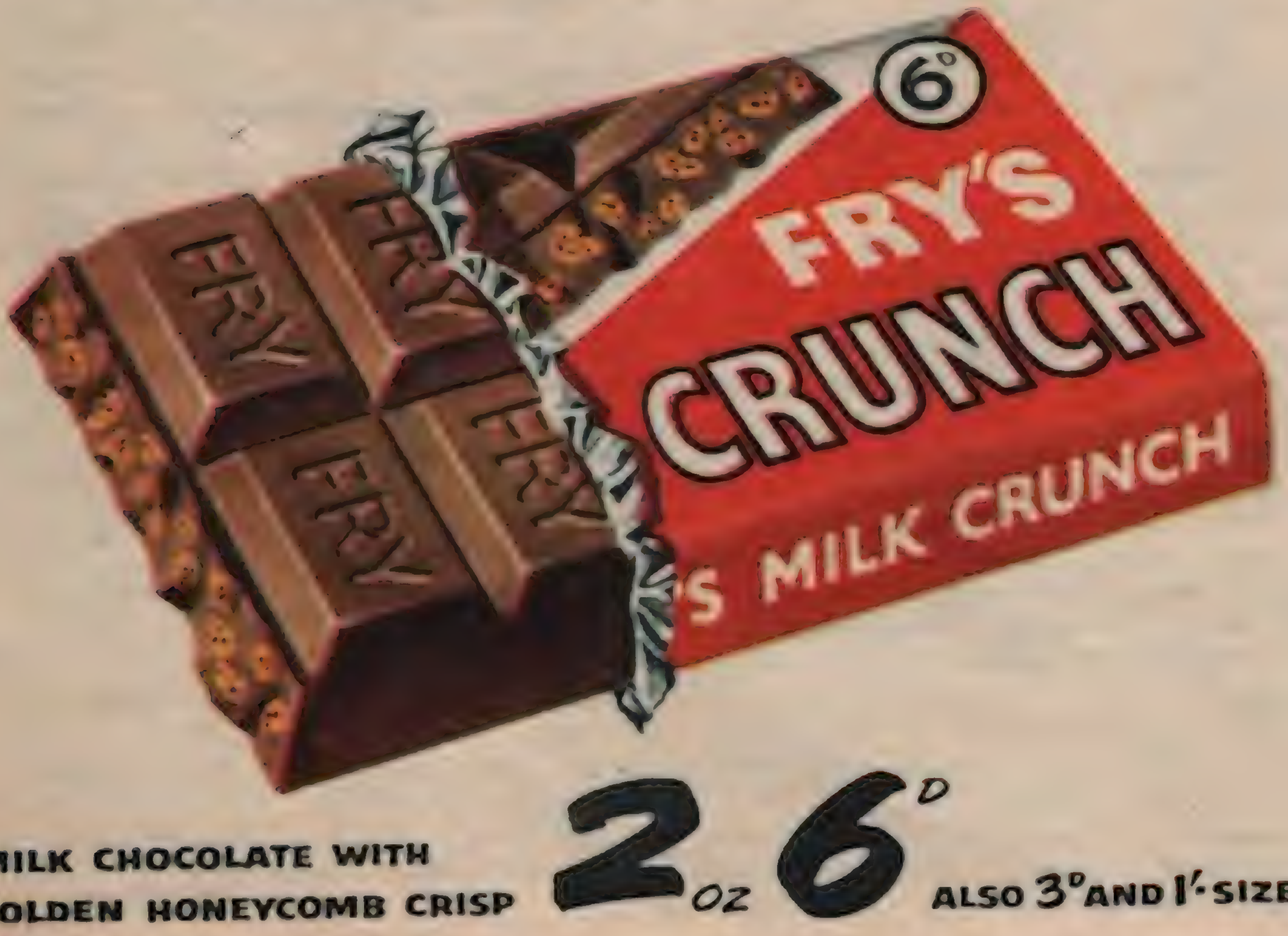

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Mum, you're wonderful!

The family favourite—Mum's special steak and kidney pie! She starts with chunky squares of meat, chopped kidney, button mushrooms and thinly-sliced onion. The gravy? BISTO, of course, smooth and rich, and on top of everything a pie-crust as decorative as you please. Nice, slow cooking and then—what an aroma as Mum lifts the first golden slice! Yes, BISTO *is* the crowning touch! Hey, young Bobby, not so fast with that plate . . . small boys are served *last!*

ah! **BISTO**

the crowning touch

largest of the Arab armies—about 10,000 men. The total Arab force which took the field on May 15, 1948, was 21,500, as against the Jewish force of 65,000, but it must be emphasized that these figures are only estimates. Official figures have never been published.

The Egyptian army proposed to enter Palestine through Gaza. The Syrian and Lebanese armies were to intervene from the north, while the Iraqi army crossed the Jordan opposite Beidan.

The three areas which the Arab Legion was charged to defend formed the three districts of Samaria, Judaea and Hebron. The Jews were in the flat coastal plain.

The four regiments of the Legion which were to enter Palestine moved on May 14 from Zerqa to Amman and thence down the long twisting road to the Jordan valley, four thousand feet below. They were to bivouac on the east bank of the Jordan and cross the Allenby Bridge at dawn on May 15. The mandate was to end officially the previous midnight.

May 14 was sultry, with a haze of dust hanging over the roads. In the city of Amman and in every village along the road, the people were gathered, cheering and clapping wildly as each unit drove past. The flat roofs and the windows were crowded with women and children.

The troops themselves were jubilant. The procession seemed more like a carnival than an army going to war.

I joined the column as it passed through Amman and drove with the troops to the Jordan. When I returned to Amman in the evening I found that the telephone line to Jerusalem was still intact. The King and the government were receiving heart-rending appeals. "The Jews are advancing everywhere. The city is in confusion. All Arabs will be massacred. For God's sake, come and save us."

JERUSALEM was not only of immense moral and religious value. It was the key to the military situation. I told the King and the Prime Minister: "We must either arrange a truce in Jerusalem, or concentrate on holding the city. But if we move into the city we shall use up half our army. Then we would not be able to hold the rest of the country and would be outflanked and eventually defeated."

The King telephoned the Belgian Consul-General. The Truce Committee was in touch with both sides, the Belgian said.

I went back to my house, full of anxious forebodings, I knew the extent of Jewish preparations. I knew that the Arabs had no plan and that there was no co-operation between them. We still had received no ammunition. The people expected us in two or three days to take Tel Aviv. How was I to act amid so much folly?

I fell upon my knees, and prayed.

The following day, the Belgian Consul-General called on King Abdulla. He arrived in the name of the United Nations Security Council to protest against the "unilateral aggression" committed by the Arab armies by their entry into Palestine.

This was the first time since their establishment that the United Nations had denounced an aggressor. With commendable promptitude, they issued their denunciation within a few hours. The only doubt which might have been raised was whether they denounced the right aggressor. To the Arabs, Britain appeared to be the original aggressor, for she had introduced the Jews into Palestine by force of arms, against the will of the people.

On May 16, the Arab Legion had only entered the part of Palestine allotted by U.N.O. to the Arabs, at the request of the latter. It had not anywhere even approached the boundary of the Jewish area, as defined in the partition scheme. The Jews, on the other hand, were already in occupation of considerable areas allotted to the Arabs and had begun to conquer Arab Jerusalem. But no United Nations protest was addressed to the Jews.

Throughout May 16 the Truce Committee struggled on with gradually diminishing hopes of success. Every now and again there was a glimmer of hope. The Jews had agreed to cease fire and observe the truce—but in every case the report was again contradicted.

All the time those anguishing telephone calls continued to come from Jerusalem—"Save us! Help us! They are up to the Jaffa Gate. They are scaling the walls of the Old City."

At noon on May 17, King Abdulla ordered an attack on the Jews in Jerusalem. He thought — and the Belgian Consul apparently agreed—that this might frighten the Jews into accepting a truce.

The situation required a decision. If we intervened would the chances of a truce be increased or decreased? Could the Jerusalem Arabs hold on for another twenty-four hours?

We moved our outposts a little nearer Jerusalem in the north. A troop of two twenty-five-pounders took up a position from which they could support an advance if ordered. The 8th Infantry Company was on the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem from the east.

Next morning, the Arab defenders of Jerusalem's Old City, who included two garrison companies of the Arab Legion, seemed to be failing. The Jews were now everywhere using armoured cars as well as small arms. A major battle had developed.

The whole responsibility seemed to rest on me alone. That evening I made up my mind. There was no use any longer hoping for a truce. I sent a signal to the King: "I have decided to intervene in force in Jerusalem."

Divisional Headquarters were ordered to attack at dawn on the nineteenth and establish contact with the Old City. The 8th Infantry Company on the Mount of Olives was to join in the defence of the Old City.

The die was cast.

NEXT WEEK: I am summoned by the King—and called a traitor

"A Soldier With The Arabs," by Sir John Glubb, is published as a book by Hodder and Stoughton, at 25s.

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Nancy Spain

THE most memorable meal of my life occurred when I was a Wren officer during the war. I was stationed at the time at a Fleet Air Arm station called H.M.S. Condor at Arbroath.

There we used to go in for quite a lot of Light Entertainment. It was good for morale. Part of Light Entertainment were tennis tournaments. And, to encourage the others, the W.R.N.S. officers were forced to enter.

One day, to my horror, I got into a doubles final. And the final day coincided with a date to lunch on board a Free French warship.

After dry martinis we plunged into Lobster Americaine. With this we drank some innocuous white wine.

Then we had veal, plus Chateauneuf du Pape '34. After this we had a marvellous sweet, like cream buns reeking with rum, and some champagne. Then there was coffee. And brandy. Rather a lot of it.

I was taken to the tennis courts, in triumph, by the entire ship's company. I darted off to change. I found myself on court.

Then, and only then, I remembered that one of my opponents was a player of world class and a former runner-up at Wimbledon.

I tried to escape. I was firmly pushed back into court by some gallant Frenchmen.

During the first set I could see the ball as big as a football. I did nothing wrong. We (or the Chateauneuf du Pape) won the first set 6—0.

At the beginning of the second set the brandy took over, and I could hardly see the ball at all. Moreover my eyes kept closing. We lost the set.

Then suddenly the champagne was back: in the third set my eyesight fluctuated from non-existence to downright brilliance, and the score mounted and mounted, 18-17, 19-18. My, it was a ding-dong battle.

At 24-all the last drop of champagne was sweated out on my forehead. It was my service, and we lost . . . and lost the set 24-26.

I have never lifted a tennis racket again.

How to make Lobster Americaine

Ingredients: ½ lb. rice; one lobster, small glass of brandy; seasoning; butter.

Use three parts of rice to one part water. Wash rice and put into cold, salted water. Bring to boil. Then, over a low light, cook until all the water is absorbed (the whole process should take about seven minutes). Dry in warm oven until each grain of rice stands out separately. Add a few pats of butter and keep warm.

Remove lobster from shell and cut into one-inch square sections. Just before adding sauce, put lobster sections into thick frying pan and add brandy, setting it alight.

The sauce: mix fish stock with half a cup of cream, 1½ oz. butter, season, add garlic (chopped fine) and the lobster roe or tomato purée to colour. Mix over a low light and, if the sauce is not thick enough, add a little cornflour.

Pour sauce over the lobster and simmer for a few minutes. Just before serving, pour a little more brandy over the top. Put the rice on to a plate. Gently pour the lobster and sauce over it.

Children of the red desert

Continued from page 26

to cry. For a moment he could only stare in embarrassment.

"He . . . he's not well at all," she said between sobs. "He's made me ill worrying about him . . . his tempers . . . the way he broods. . . ." She raised her head, wiping her eyes. "Haven't you noticed it? He's no longer the same person. He forgets things. His mind wanders."

Mallory listened while she poured it all out, all that had been stifled inside her for years.

"He needs to get away," she said. "But he would never listen to me. It was always duty, his job, and this terrible desert. How I hate the desert." She beat the table with her hands.

Mallory soothed her, touching her lightly on the shoulder.

"I just can't carry on," she told him, biting her lips nervously. "He'll kill himself yet. He'll make a mistake one day with those savages out there. . . ." She broke down again, leaving it unsaid.

Now he patted her shoulder unashamedly. "I'll bring him back," he promised. "Somehow I'll get him back."

He left her and went out into the white-hot glare of the compound to find Mapula, the native tracker, a little, yellowish man, part Bushman, part Hottentot, who would lead him to Baharu, the Point Sixty of the superintendent's map. . . .

SABUTANE and Maria Kramer's waving figure were out of sight at last. Mallory settled down to the ride, the reins hanging loosely and the rifle lying across his lap. The tracker was ahead on his own mount, leading the pack camel by a long rein of hide.

Mallory was dozing in the jolting saddle when he heard a call from the tracker, who was pointing to something out there in the shimmering wastes. He shook himself, and stared about him. He asked: "What is it, Mapula?"

The tracker pointed again. "Balala, *baas*."

Mallory fumbled for the binocular-case swinging from his saddle. With the glasses he carefully examined the distances, sweeping back and forth, but he still saw nothing.

"Which way are they travelling?"

"I don't know, *baas*. They are hiding now."

Mallory grimaced. "We'd better go and meet them."

They moved on, Mallory vaguely excited at the prospect of meeting a band of what might be semi-hostile nomads. He would talk to them and explain what the government was doing on their behalf; how the Bechuana ringleaders were being rounded up, and how they would be fined and imprisoned after they had returned their loot to the original owners.

"They have gone, *baas*," Mapula called to him later, and he saw for himself the tracks disappearing behind rocks.

"Which way?" he asked, secretly disappointed.

The tracker pointed north, which was a relief to Mallory, since Sabutane lay directly south.

"We'll try and catch up with them," he said. "Carry on."

They camped that night between the dunes. The evening meal was finished, and Mapula was scraping an empty meat can with his fingers and then sucking them, when all at once he raised his head and stared past Mallory. He seemed to freeze.

Mallory, the hairs on his neck prickling, slowly looked over his shoulder.

He was staggered. How they had approached so close without being heard was beyond him, but, standing a few yards away, were six or seven little brown men in kilts of hide. They were motionless, staring down at him with glittering, greenish eyes, and even in that unguarded moment he noted the tiny bows they were carrying and the arrows ready at hand.

He turned cautiously to face the

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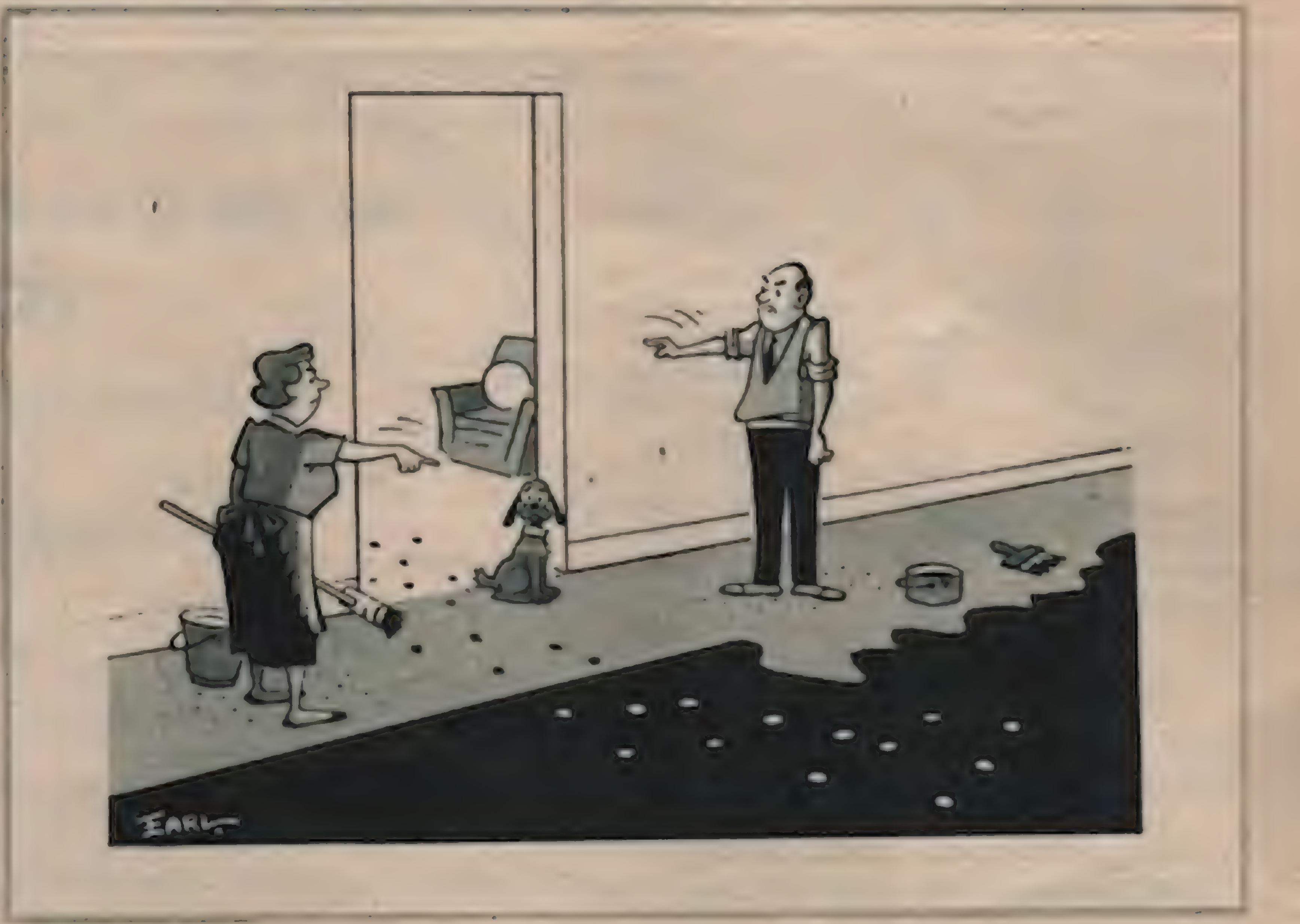

intruders. "Ask them what they want, Mapula," he said shortly.

Mapula addressed them in guttural, staccato bursts and was immediately answered in the same manner by one of the strangers, who punctuated his remarks with angry gestures.

"What did he say?" Mallory asked.

"*Baas,* they are hungry—their women and children are hungry. They say their goats have been stolen and they want them back."

"Tell them," Mallory said, "that the government is angry with the Bechuanas, and that they will be punished. The goats will be returned to the Balala. They have nothing to fear."

Mapula translated, and recoiled from the outburst which immediately followed. All the Balala started talking at once, waving their bows and stamping the ground with their feet. One of them pointed at Mallory and let loose a torrent of words whose meaning was quite unmistakable.

"*Baas,* they say it is all words—all talk. They say you, the *inkosi,* must feed them and their people."

"I can't," Mallory said. "Tell them it's impossible. But wait——" His hand groped for the rucksack beside him, and he drew out three tins of beef, which was more food than he could really spare. Then he slowly stood up and offered them to the little men. When they made no move, he lightly tossed the tins on the ground in front of them.

The Balala ignored the gift, turned away and vanished as swiftly as they had come. Mallory realized at once that he had blundered, not having counted on the pride of these primitive little nomads. They had asked for an ox and he had offered them a chicken.

He was undecided as to what to do next. It was the hunched figure of Mapula with his staring, frightened eyes that forced him to take a grip on himself. Now he sensed danger in the air, and something had to be done quickly.

His first act was to stamp on the dying camp fire, pounding it into the sand until not a spark remained. The camel saddles were lying nearby, and he whispered to Mapula, telling him to crawl behind them and lie down. After strapping on his holster, Mallory grabbed the rifle and joined his tracker, so that the two of them lay in a comparatively guarded position between the saddles and the crouching camels. In the all-enveloping darkness Mallory listened and waited tensely.

Suddenly Mapula beside him stiffened, touching him lightly on the arm. Both of them heard the soft thud—*phut!*—and ducked instinctively, while behind them one of the camels bellowed and started to struggle to its feet.

Mallory stayed low, and was just bringing his rifle to rest on the saddle when he realized that the camel had fallen again and was trying to get up. He knew then that it must have been hit and started to crawl towards it. As he did so the camel keeled over and began thrashing its legs frantically.

Mallory lay hugging the sand. While the camel groaned and struggled in its death throes, he tried to work his way round it and face the direction from which the arrow had come. But by this time the other two beasts had also risen and were milling around in panic dangerously close to him. There was no time to waste so, drawing his pistol, he jumped up and approached the dying animal as close as he could. He took careful aim and fired a round into its head. The beast sagged like an empty bag.

"Get the fetters off," he yelled, and Mapula came up at a crouch and started to free the carcass from its living mates.

All this time Mallory had been expecting a shower of arrows. When no more came, he called to Mapula and fell back behind the saddles. There he waited, pistol cocked, while Mapula pacified the two camels and got them to lie down again.

"*Baas,*" Mapula said simply, when he finally lay beside him, "they will not come."

"What do you mean?"

"They kill camel," Mapula said. "When we leave, they will eat it."

"Are you sure?"

"*Ja, baas.* Their families will come, and they will feast."

Mallory felt relieved, but only momentarily. He had been attacked; the camel, government property, had been destroyed. It was as simple as that. He made a half-hearted attempt to persuade himself that reaching Baharu and Kramer was more important than anything else, and a single camel sacrificed to satisfy the hunger of the nomadic Balala did not matter. But he was a policeman and he knew that, if he just left and went on his way, pretending that he had done the sensible thing, it would always be there in the mind, like a painfully remembered lie.

"It is better we go, *baas,*" Mapula whispered, looking about him.

"We're staying," Mallory said tersely. "Get some sleep. I'll wake you later."

He sat there, trying to keep his tiredness at bay while Mapula slept. He kept thinking of Kramer, recalling in detail their conversation that night round the camp fire. He went over it again and again, though to no purpose except that it made him angry and bitter whenever he thought of it. Still, the superintendent was due for a shock when he saw his assistant riding into Baharu, believing him to be suffering temptation in Sabutane.

"Serves him right," Mallory muttered. "Should know better . . . must be the desert. . . ."

Mapula sat there in the chill, purplish light of dawn and gazed at the dunes opposite him. Mallory awoke, saw him and remembered, and turned on his side to look in the same direction. There was only sand, meeting the sky in all directions. "Let's eat," Mallory said.

When the sun rose and beat down mercilessly on their sweating bodies they crouched closer to the animals for what little shade the beasts could offer them. Mallory checked his rifle and pistol and waited for the first sign of Balala. They were surely watching and waiting, wondering why the white man did not carry on and leave them to their meal.

Then, in the late morning, something dropped from the sky and landed in front of them, raising a tiny shower of sand. Even as Mallory saw the arrow lying there, more followed.

"Down," Mallory shouted, and started to crawl behind the camels. He lay there, staring into the frightened eyes of Mapula.

He had not expected this; he had believed the Balala would come and palaver with him and listen to his harsh words regarding the government's displeasure. He had meant to punish them, to fine them ten goats as the price for the lost camel, and only then would they be allowed to eat it. But it was not to be, it seemed. The Balala were angry, and no longer cared where their arrows fell.

He started to cast around for some gully or pile of rocks to which they could run—and it was fortunate he looked behind him when he did. He saw three little figures poised on the crest of a dune not thirty yards away, and their bows twanged in the same instant as he turned his head. He heard the buzz as a shaft skimmed past his neck, heard the hoarse bellow of a camel, and then saw Mapula squirming on the ground beside him.

The Game

by WILLIAM CLARKE

Thirty thousand people
Watching a ball in flight
Is not such a fantastic thing
As would appear on sight.

It's much the same as thrilling
To a symphony's upward curve
Or the sudden flash of a firefly's
wing
On its distended nerve:

Or watching the girl you're
courting
Put up her hand to her hair:
All life's poetry of motion
Frozen a moment there.

He fired and kept on firing, until two of the little Balala dropped back behind the dune, leaving the third lying in the sand. Mapula made no sound, but kicked silently with his hands grasping the shaft in his stomach.

It finally came away in his hands, broken off at the point of entry, and Mallory stared, horror-stricken.

"I finish, *baas*," Mapula groaned. His face was ashen-grey.

There was nothing Mallory could do. He turned away, choked with blinding anger. He reloaded the rifle, jumped to his feet, and ran swiftly at a crouch between the dunes. More arrows fell about him, but he was not hit.

He breasted one dune and scrambled down its slope. He started up the next and had almost reached the top when he suddenly came face to face with a Balala who was making his way down the dune.

The Balala was carrying his bow in one hand and a small spear in the other. He flung the spear. As it struck Mallory in the thigh, he fired his rifle point-blank from the waist. The Balala dropped, and a moment later Mallory himself sank down to the sand plucking at the spear with his hand. He felt the warm blood streaming down his leg.

The pain hardly bothered him, or the blood. He was thinking about the poison, which must now be running through his veins.

He opened his eyes again, and it was then that he saw the Balala approaching in line. There were a lot of them, and they came purposefully. He closed his eyes and waited.

A sudden volley of shots among the dunes brought him to life again. Slowly he raised his head and looked about him.

The Balala had fled and were scattering among the dunes in all directions, their cries mingling with the hoarse shouts of the camel riders who were pursuing them. A moment later Kramer came in sight, running on foot with two troopers behind him. He came scrambling up towards Mallory.

"I thought they'd done you in," he panted. "Now don't try to talk for a minute." His expert hands touched lightly about the wound.

Mallory gave a tired grin. "Just tell me I'm not dying, sir."

Kramer gave him a sharp look. "They don't poison their spears," he said. "It's not practical. You've just got a nasty flesh wound."

A trooper appeared with the first-aid kit, and the superintendent started to clean and bandage the leg. Mallory lay back, relaxed and full of blessed relief.

"It's a miracle, sir," he said, "how you made it in time from Baharu. You must have half killed the camels."

Kramer, who was tying the bandage, paused and looked at him. "We didn't come from Baharu," he said shortly. He bent to his task again. "We came from Sabutane. I gave you a day's start and followed you back. I know now how wrong I was, but at the time I just didn't believe you." He hesitated. "No, I'm not proud of myself, but I had to make sure. That's the way I felt at the time." He raised his eyes to Mallory. "Maria, she took it badly. I told her everything."

Mallory lay staring up at Kramer. He felt no anger, only a sadness, a deep pity, for this man who had caused his judgment to be overshadowed so foolishly and futilely with jealousy. Not only that—there had been the losses in lives, camels and prestige. But could Kramer really be blamed?

"There was a message from Serowe," Kramer said. "They've got the Bechuanas and are bringing them in. We'll take this lot in, too, and the matter'll be settled once and for all."

Mallory nodded. "That's the end of it, then."

"Not for me." Kramer took off his helmet and wiped the inside brim with a handkerchief. "I bungled the job and, when they get your report, they'll have me on the mat."

"My report?" Mallory asked.

"You're still a policeman," Kramer reminded him, his voice hardening again. "It's your privilege to report what happened, you know."

"I think I know what you mean, sir," Mallory said. "You sent me back to Sabutane, followed me, and then discovered I wasn't there. So you had to chase after me. I see what you mean, sir. It would all need a lot of explaining."

Kramer got up, shaking the sand off his clothes. He seemed to have aged suddenly.

"But I bungled a bit, too," Mallory said.

"We'll discuss it later," Kramer said, turning away.

"Wait." Mallory raised himself up. Then he blurted out: "You're bushed. You need a rest and you've got to take one. Unless you apply for leave, I'll make a report and tell the whole damn story. I'm doing it for you, sir," he said softly, "and her."

The superintendent sat down again in the sand, resting his head in his hands. "I know what you mean," he said after a long pause. "You're right. I need a rest. I'll—I'll tell Maria. She'll understand."

He got to his feet again, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and bawled an order to the nearest trooper. Just then he sounded like his old self again.

It was the end of the little war over goats.

THE END

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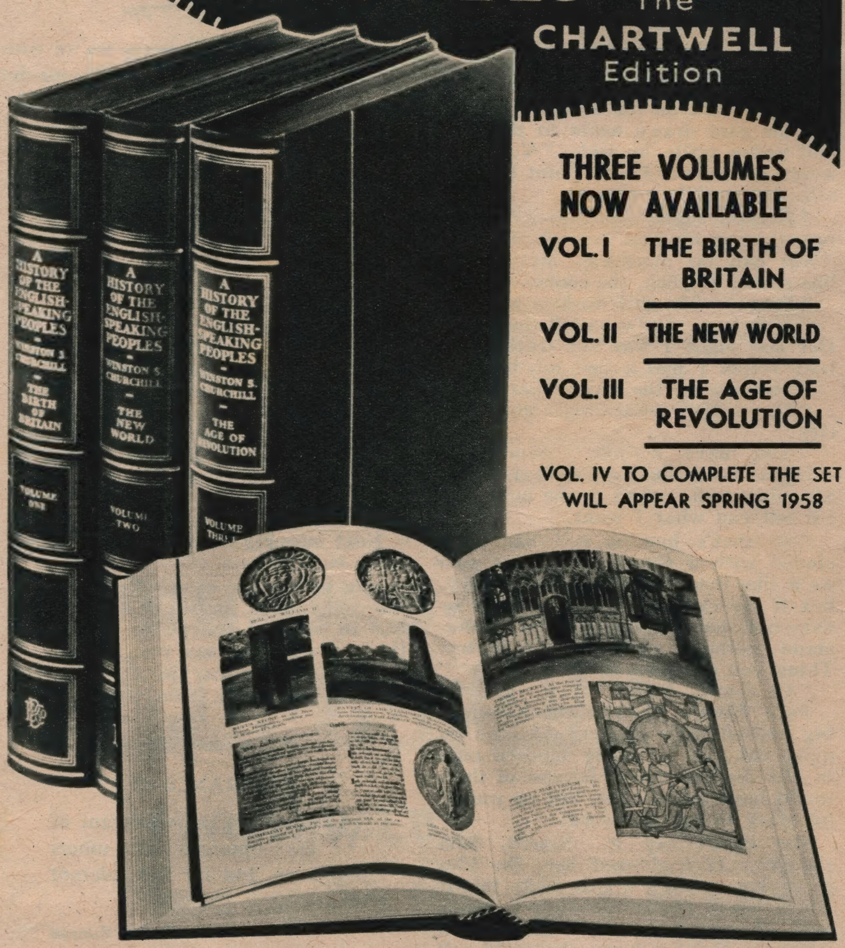

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Everyone calls me Paco

Continued from page 15

Norman Mansbridge

"Charles, we've won first prize—a fully-furnished, semi-detached, ideal home!"

paved alleyway between high brick walls. Paco thrust open a door and shouted, "Teresa!" An answer drifted down a flight of steep narrow stairs, and he sent up a babble of Spanish.

"Wait a minute," Sam said. "What kind of restaurant is this?"

"Follow me, please," Paco begged.

It was no restaurant at all; it was a private flat.

Sam had never seen a smaller flat, or one that had more right to be gloomy and depressing. How the devil could a place with only one window, and that overlooking an alley, be anything but depressing?

But it wasn't. Its walls were bright blue and yellow, its floor red, its home-made furniture painted all the colours of the rainbow. And the girl Paco introduced as "My wife, Teresa," was a black-eyed young beauty.

The children, both of them, were big-eyed miniatures of Paco Moreno himself. A boy and a girl. "Six and three," Paco said. He grinned proudly, reciting a string of names for each.

Sam sat down in a daze. The three-year-old promptly climbed on his knees.

"Rest yourselves, please," Paco said. "I go and help with the coffee."

For the first time in days, Mary appeared to be enjoying herself.

"You see?" she said. "I told you he was a nice young man."

Teresa Moreno brought the coffee, and a painted tray heaped high with little spiced rolls. Sam shared a roll with the child on his knee. When he felt his gaze drawn again to the blue and yellow walls, he said: "You have a nice place here, Paco. Paint it yourself, did you?"

"Not me, señor. My Teresa." Paco proudly put his arm around his wife. "She can do anything, my Teresa. She speaks English, she cooks——"

"Paco!" The girl made a face.

"It is true. I always tell the truth. But last night I was not truthful. I told Teresa I had a fine job today."

"Showing us the city?" Sam said.

"*Si*, señor. Showing you the city."

"You have a job," Sam said. "Right now, find us a taxi. This afternoon come round to the hotel and I'll tell you what I want. . . ."

"So that's how it is," Sam concluded with a shrug. "I'm not sure we'll like living here in your country, but if we can find a small house or flat—not too expensive, you understand—perhaps we'll give it a try. Think you can help us?"

"Of course, señor!"

Paco Moreno showed them houses; big houses; little houses; old ones on quiet old streets; gaudy modern ones in new developments. Several of them would have suited Sam, but he waited for Mary to say the word.

She didn't say it. Scared, Sam thought. It frightened her, the idea of having to say: "This is it; this is where we'll live." He didn't blame her. It wasn't her fault she was a woman without a home she could call her own.

If we'd had children, Sam thought, *it might be different. We'd feel we had something, no matter where they were. We could live in China then and it wouldn't matter. But this. . . .*

After four hours of it, he told Paco to take them back to the hotel. He said: "We'll try again tomorrow."

There was a message from Gleason at the hotel, and Sam phoned him. "Have dinner with me," Ted Gleason said. So Paco drove them to the Viajero and dropped them there, with orders to bring the car round to their own hotel in the morning.

Gleason, a friendly, red-faced man, shook his head when told of the arrangement. "Not wise," he said. "You can't trust these fellows. For all you know, he may load your car with pals of his and go gallivanting all over the town tonight."

Paco, they told Gleason, was helping them to find a place to live. Again the red faced man frowned. "You should have gone to an estate agent. Before this Moreno is through with you, he'll be getting a cut somewhere—out of your pocket."

"You know him, then?" Sam asked.

"Not personally. But I know the breed: they're sharp, live by their wits. They speak some English, know the city like the backs of their hands. In fact, if they had any capital, some of them might do pretty well for themselves. But pickings are slim as a rule. I'd be careful if I were you."

"I will be," Sam said.

Next morning Paco took them to see some more houses.

But it was no good. Paco did his job well enough, whatever his motives, but to none of the places he showed them would Mary say yes.

Silent in the car as Paco turned back to the hotel, Sam tried to face the problem squarely. They had money enough: the sale of his business had left him comfortably well-off. The climate suited him; he hadn't felt even a twinge. And they had to settle down somewhere. But Mary was not happy here. That settled it.

TOLERANCE—5

Women are more tolerant of the opinions of others than men, but far less tolerant of acts.

Damon Runyon

Stepping out of the car when they reached the hotel, Sam hesitated a moment, then sighed and said, with a long face: "Come in and we'll settle up our accounts, boy. Mary and I will be leaving in the morning. We're going back to Canada."

Paco turned to stone. "Tomorrow, señor? You go tomorrow?"

"No," Mary said.

Sam turned to her with a frown. "But I thought——"

"Sam, I'm awfully tired: really I am. Why can't I stay here at the hotel and rest for a day or two while Paco shows you the sights? I mean—after all, you ought to see what there is to be seen, before we go home."

Home, Sam thought. *Where's that?* But he laid a hand quickly on Paco's shoulder. "All right, boy, it seems you work tomorrow."

As a guide, Paco Moreno acknowledged no superior. By two in the afternoon Sam had done the National Palace with its museum and murals, Chapultepec Park with its castle, and was returning from the Guadalupe Shrine.

"We go now to the national pawnshop, I think," Paco said brightly. "All tourists go there to look for bargains."

"Son," Sam said, "if it's all the same to you, let's leave the bargains for tomorrow. I've seen enough for one day. To be truthful, I'm not in the best mood for sight-seeing. Head for your flat, boy—and we'll stop at some shops on the way."

It took the two of them to carry Sam's purchases up the stairs. At the sight of the bags of fruit and pastries, and the toys for the children, Paco's wife gasped.

"Now, now," Sam said, embarrassed, "it's nothing. How about some coffee for a tired old tourist?"

"You did not find a place to live?" Teresa asked with concern.

"I've stopped looking. Didn't Paco tell you?" With a shrug, Sam sat down. "My Mary wouldn't be happy here, Teresa. She isn't well."

"Not well?"

"I mean—it's a little hard to explain."

Sam let it go at that and turned his attention to the youngsters. By the time the coffee was ready he was on the floor with them, showing them how to play a toy accordion.

"Señor Bradley——"

He looked up. Teresa, standing over him, had changed her dress and wound a bit of white cloth about her glossy hair.

"Your wife is at the hotel, señor?"

"Hold on," Sam said. "You mustn't put yourself out to go over there. You've enough to do——"

"Of course I go. If she is ill, she need a friend."

Sam stood up and took hold of her hands. "She isn't ill, Teresa. I mean, it isn't that kind of illness. Look——"

Suddenly, without meaning to, he was telling them the whole long, unhappy story—what the doctors had said about finding the right climate to live in; how he'd sold the house and the boatyard; how he and Mary had been aimlessly drifting about ever since.

"She just feels lost," he said. "There's nothing you can do."

"I go to call on her," Teresa said firmly.

Sam, coffee cup in hand, heard her going down the stairs; heard the street door shut.

"You've got a wonderful wife, Paco," he said. He went to the window to look down.

Teresa was at the mouth of the alley. A taxi was pulling up to the curb behind Sam's car. Sam thought she had hailed it. He was wrong. The driver leaned over to open the door, and Mary got out, her arms so full of bundles that she couldn't open her bag to pay the man. Teresa ran to help.

"Well, I'll be an old sea urchin!" Sam said. "Paco!"

SAM was standing by the table, hands on hips, when Mary halted in the doorway. Paco had gone racing down the stairs to help with the bundles.

"I might have known it," Mary said. "Sam, what are you doing here?"

"Maybe the same thing you are." Sam could feel himself grinning.

"I've been shopping all morning," Mary said.

"You must be dead."

"I haven't felt so well for months." She moved aside to let Paco and Teresa in, and watched them put her purchases on the table. "Sam, I want to talk to you. I've been thinking."

"You want to sit down," Sam said gently. He led her to a chair and gave her his coffee. Then, oblivious of the rustle of wrapping paper, he stared at his wife.

Something had happened, he realized. It wasn't only that Mary had taken a liking to the Moreno family and gone on a shopping spree; it was something bigger. It showed in her eyes. Her eyes had a light in them.

He took the empty cup from her and put it on the window sill. He caught hold of her hands.

He said: "What is it Mary?"

"I've been thinking," she said again.

The children were squealing over their presents. Teresa was trying to shush them. Paco was telling them sternly to remember their manners and say thank you to the nice señora. To Sam it was all background noise.

"I've been thinking about what Mr. Gleason told us," Mary said.

Sam frowned. "He wasn't talking about Paco. He didn't know Paco."

"I don't mean that. I mean about needing capital, being able to help themselves if they had a little backing.

"Sam, we've got idle money in the bank. You and Paco could be partners, sort of. There's lots of ways you could help him build up a real honest-to-goodness guide service. It would give you something to do. Sam, you haven't been happy. Face it. You wouldn't be happy here if we just took a house and sat around like bumps on a log, getting older."

Sam walked to a chair. "Mary," he said, "you haven't been looking at houses again?"

"I went to look at one," she said calmly. "The little one with the funny red-tile roof and the big garden. We'd like it there, Sam."

Sam put his hands on her arms. "Mary, are you sure? You're not just wanting to play fairy godmother?"

She looked at Paco and Teresa and shook her head. "If you mean do I feel sorry for anyone, no. Except for us, perhaps, for not counting our blessings." She smiled at him and then turned to Teresa. "Teresa," she said, "could you teach me Spanish?"

Sam laid a hand on Paco's shoulder. "I think you and I will go for a little walk, boy. There's something I want to talk over with you."

Mary, Teresa and the children were chattering excitedly. Paco put both hands over his ears, grinned, and said: "With all this racket going on, it is better we are tourists again, eh?"

"Tourists, my eye," Sam said. "I live here now." THE END

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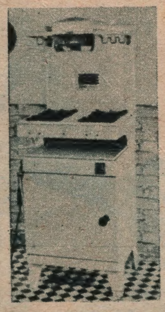

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Life Is Precious, So
Queen Of The Home
In The Teeth Of Opposition
Missiles Galore
Men Must Work And
Old Soldiers
To Get Thin
Ready For Christmas
Blackmail
Boy With A Guitar
Spending More
Bold Indeed
The Tweedy Set
Doctor Nature
Sadly, Silently
Technician Dad
Cold Feet
Nothing To Laugh At

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Waste Of Good................
Made....................Jealous
The Art Of......................
Neglected......................
.................................Sign
His Little......................

EXAMPLE ....
BULLET
EX. ....
B.
EX. ....
B.
EX. ....
B.
EX. ....
B.

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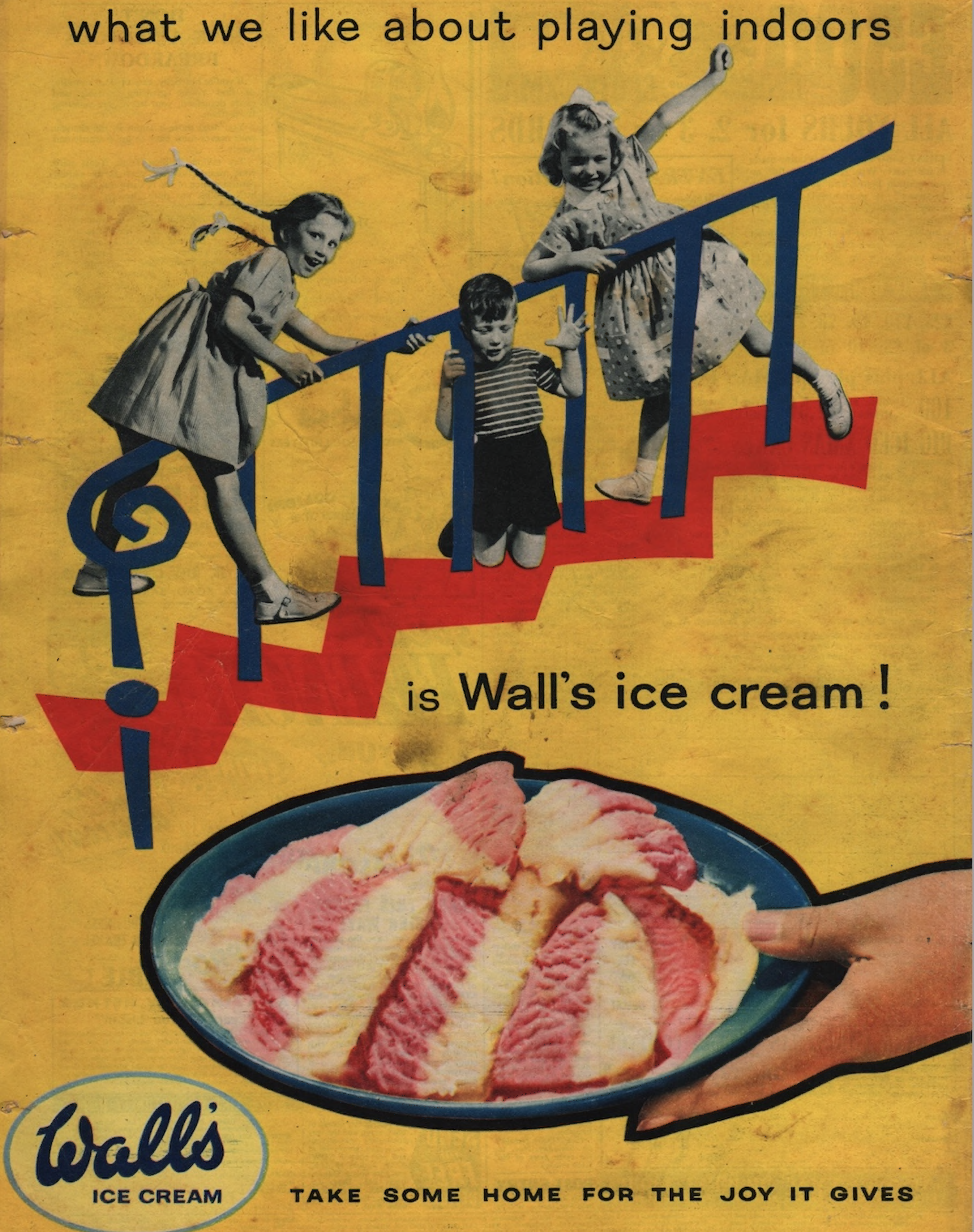

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